THE

SEXAGENARIAN;

OR, THE

Recollections

OF A

LITERARY LIFE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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Pelliculam veterem retinens et fronte politus
Astutam vapido gestas sub pectore vulpem.

CHAPTER I.

THE next personage of whom some detached and mutilated memorandums present themselves, must be an object of conjecture, but the peculiarities concerning him are very striking, and the changes of his character and conduct so very considerable, that it may not be unamusing to some readers, to look back on the last twenty-five years, and endeavour to discover to whom they will apply.

The individual alluded to in our Manuscript, is mentioned as having been educated in the principles of the Dissenters, and to have officiated in earlier life as a clerk in some manufactory, or with some merchant, at Liverpool. It may be questioned, whether he ever entirely got rid of his former prejudices, but on some occasion or other, he chose to offer himself to the Bishop of Landaff

as a candidate for orders. By him he was ordained, and he rendered himself so acceptable to the Bishop, that he made him his Chaplain. Preferment he had none to give him, at least no opportunity of making provision for his Chaplain presented itself, and the subject of this article was for a long series of years confined to a scanty income, obtained from laborious curacies, and from the not much more tolerable labour of pen-drudgery for booksellers.

With his entrance into holy orders, the spirit of orthodoxy and loyalty did not immediately accompany him. His more intimate associates were still those, who, on all occasions, avowed and practised hostility to the Established Church, and friendship for French principles; and he so far forgot himself, that for a time, at least, he was an active member of the famous, or rather infamous, Corresponding Society. His very particular friends were Mr. Stone, Helen Maria Williams, Mr. Holcroft, Mrs. Wolstoncroft, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Kippis—*et id genus omne.*

In this interval he published sermons, which were well received, some essays, rather heavy, but which indicated powers of thinking. He translated a very popular theological work, and this with so much success, that it introduced him to the notice of an excellent and venerable prelate, who has before been named, and who always eagerly sought

oppor-

opportunities of distinguishing and rewarding literary exertions, particularly such as promised to be useful to the Church.

Our gentleman had then the discretion to withdraw his name from the above-mentioned society, and demonstrated a little more circumspection, with respect to those with whom he associated. He however married a rigid Dissenter, to whom he eventually owed the prosperity, which attended his close of life.

By a concurrent series of fortunate circumstances, he was finally introduced to the Premier, and employed by him in some confidential services. The consequence of this was preferment so considerable as to secure a perfect independence.

His publications were very numerous, and he had obtained a sort of name among publishers, which occasioned many manuscripts of authors to be confided to him for revision and correction. Among others, he superintended the very popular work by Colonel Drinkwater, on the siege of Gibraltar. It is, however, to be apprehended, that he sometimes allowed his name to be prefixed, when he had not a great deal to do with the substance and body of the work.

And so much for Dr. * * * * * * *.

His primum studium est ciere risum
Ex re qualibet, et leves cachinnos
Movere, et recitatione ficti
Lingas nobilium excitare laudes.
Norunt scommatibus placere salsis
Et mordacibus irritare dictis
Si quem simplicióribus notarunt
Vitæ moribus esse, et institutis
Aptant denique, punctum ad omne, frontem.

CHAPTER II.

THE vicissitudes of fortune, of principles, and of conduct, which characterised the individual above introduced, not improbably brought to the recollection of the Sexagenarian, another personage of still more eccentric and contradictory qualities. For immediately succeeding the above sketch, after the erasure of some lines, in which occur the words *inconsistency, unprincipled, uncommonly good luck,* we find the following observations :—

I have often regretted that on leaving his society, I did not constantly write down the good things said

said by JOHN WILKES. I transcribe from memory these few particulars concerning him, and I may perhaps hereafter increase the catalogue.

He was really a sad dog, but most delightfully amusing, facetious, witty, well-informed, and with much various, though not profound learning.

He was sometimes so intolerably sarcastic, and more particularly at the expence of his friends in the city, that the wonder is, how he could so long continue in their good graces. He never put any restraint upon himself, when in company, on the other side of Temple-bar, but indulged in all the satire of his wit, at the citizen's expence. A few examples, among a hundred that could easily be given, may suffice.

When confined in the King's Bench, he was waited upon by a deputation from some ward in the city, when the office of alderman was vacant. As there had already been great fermentation on his account, and much more apprehended, they who were deputed, undertook to remonstrate with Wilkes on the danger to the public peace, which would result from his offering himself as a candidate on the present occasion, and expressed the hope that he would at least wait till some more suitable opportunity presented itself. But they mistook their man; this was with him an additional motive for persevering in his first intentions. After

much

much useless conversation, one of the deputies at length exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Wilkes, if you are thus determined, we must take the sense of the ward." "With all my heart," replied Wilkes, "I will take the non-sense, and beat you ten to one."

Upon another occasion, Wilkes attended a city dinner, not long after his promotion to city-honours. Among the guests was a noisy vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who, on his entering the dinner room, always with great deliberation took off his wig, suspended it on a pin, and with due solemnity put on a white cotton night-cap. Wilkes, who certainly was a high-bred man, and never accustomed to similar exhibitions, could not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length, the deputy, with unblushing familiarity, walked up to Wilkes, and asked him whether he did not think that his night-cap became him? "Oh! Yes, Sir," replied Wilkes, "but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face."

Wilkes's dislike of the Scotch was sufficiently notorious, yet he was very partial to Boswell, and often sought his society. I dined with him once, *(loquitur Sexagenarius noster)* when, among some enlightened people, was present a heavy, stupid, consequential fellow, who held some city office, and who often, in the course of the conversation, treated Wilkes with much rudeness. It seemed that Wilkes

and Boswell had met in Italy, and had ascended to the top of Vesuvius together. They recapitulated various circumstances of their expedition with much pleasantness and good-humour: and among other things, Boswell reminded Wilkes, with no ordinary satisfaction, of the exquisite Lacryma Christi, which they had found at a hermitage for the accommodation of travellers, half-way up the mountain: "Pray brother Wilkes," said the citizen, "what is Lacryma Christi?" The answer which is here omitted, joined the most perfect wit, to the grossest blasphemy.

But neither would Wilkes spare Boswell, or conceal before him his prejudices against the Scotch nation. He seemed to seize, with particular avidity, every opportunity to play upon Boswell, when any thing relating to Scotland was introduced. "You must acknowledge, my friend Wilkes," observed Boswell one day, "that the approach to Edinburgh from the London road, presents a very picturesque and interesting picture." "Why so it perhaps may," returned Wilkes, "but when I was there, the wind was in my face, and it brought with it such a confounded stink, that I was obliged to keep my handkerchief to my nose, the whole of the way, and could see nothing of the prospect."

Not long afterwards, Boswell was speaking of some Scotch nobleman, who was very fond of planting, and had ornamented his domain with some very

fine and beautiful forest-trees. "Where could this possibly be," said Wilkes; "I travelled through the country with an American servant, and after we had visited various places in different parts of Scotland, I enquired of him what his general opinion was of the country?" "Oh, Sir!" replied the American, "it is *finely cleared*."

There was a heavy Lord Mayor in Wilkes's time, who, by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object, accumulated an immense fortune, and rose progressively from the dignity of Common-council-man to the State-coach, and the Mansion-house. His first entrance into life was as a common bricklayer. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, his lordship, after a sumptuous repast on turbot and venison, was eating an immense quantity of butter with his cheese—"Why brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with a *trowel*."

There is a singular anecdote of this same Lord Mayor, demonstrative of the parsimonious principles, by the exercise of which he doubtless rose to opulence. His only son was brought up in the same mean profession, and one day fell from a scaffold, and was killed by the fall. The father, who was present, on seeing the accident, only exclaimed, "Take care of his watch."

In the riots of the year 1780, which at the same time endangered and disgraced the metropolis,

Wilkes was lamenting the ungovernable violence of a London mob;—upon this, some brother citizen took him up shortly, and reminded him of the disturbances of which he had formerly been the occasion. "Sir," returned Wilkes, "I never was a Wilkite."

He was not apt to express outwardly any thing like chagrin or mortification, but he certainly took his disappointment at Brentford, the last time that he offered himself as candidate for Middlesex, very heavily to heart. "I should much have liked," he would say, "to have died in my geers." Upon a similar occasion he exclaimed, "I can only compare myself to an exhausted volcano."

Among other peculiarities and contradictions which marked Wilkes's character, was a passion he had for collecting bibles, of which he had certainly obtained a great number of curious editions. But he was nevertheless consistent in his profligacy, and whenever the subject of religion or scripture was introduced, treated both with the keenest ridicule.

He called one morning upon a friend who resided in a very close and retired situation in the city, but who had a small opening before his house, of a few yards square, and two plants, which once looked like lilacs, in large tubs, adorned his windows. Men were employed in painting the outside of the house,

house. "Brother," said Wilkes to his friend, "suffer me to plead in behalf of these two poor lilacs in the tubs; pray let them be painted too."

Wilkes was particularly fond of the society of learned men, though not by any means profoundly erudite himself. On some distinguished Greek scholar being named to him, he expressed a great desire to have his acquaintance. "Pray make me know him," says Wilkes, "and tell him I should very much like pergræcari * with him." To which the person alluded to would have made no kind of objection.

There were other broken and unfinished scraps in the Manuscript about Wilkes, which in appearance were intended to revive the recollection of circumstances to be detailed at some hour of leisure. There is, however, this remark at the end.

Wilkes was of that distinguished eminence for facetiousness and humour, it may indeed be said for wit, that it was the fashion of the day to ascribe any very striking and popular bon mot to him, and about the time of his disappearing from the stage, to him or Jekyll. They have both, in all probability, had the reputation of saying what neither of them ever uttered; though both were eminently

* Pergræcari means to spend the day and night in drinking.

disting-

distinguished for saying naturally and unaffectedly innumerable good things.

A few of these children of questionable parentage are preserved. No matter to which of the above, or to whom, they belong.

Querist.—Where, observed a Roman Catholic, in warm dispute with a Protestant, where was your religion before Luther?

Q. Did you wash your face this morning?

A. Yes.

Q. Where was your face before it was washed?

I wish you at the devil, said somebody to Wilkes.

I don't wish you there.

Why.

Because I never wish to meet you again.

Where the devil do you come from? said Wilkes, to a beggar in the Isle of Wight.

From the devil.

What is there going on there?

Much the same as here.

What's that?

The rich taken in, and the poor kept out.

The following may with greater probability be assigned to Jekyll than to Wilkes.

Your

Your friend N. is married.

To whom?

The tall Miss G.

What to that thin lankey piece of furniture: it could not be from the lust of the flesh, for she has not an ounce upon her.

At a dinner where great satisfaction was expressed, it was facetiously proposed that the president should proceed to the kitchen, and kiss the cook.

That, observed * * *, would be a salute at Spithead.

When a certain popular nobleman was appointed to the green ribband, he met his facetious friend, who warmly congratulated him on his new dignity, and green ribband. Yes, said the nobleman, but you will find me the same man still. Why, then returned the wit, you shall be the Green Man and Still.

A pert young lady was walking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she encountered our facetious friend. You see, Mr. * * *, I am come out for a little sun and air.

You had better, Madam, get a little husband first.

The above are a few of the facetious apopthegms, which seemed, in the opinion of the Sexagenarian to merit preservation. There are others in the Manuscript, but they are either more familiar, or less interesting. Contrasted to the above, are two extraordinary instances of ignorance, which appear to have been written down as marvellous examples of a total want of comprehension and intelligence.

A woman of decent appearance came into a stationer's shop, where the Sexagenarian was present, and desired to purchase a pen, for which she paid a penny. On receiving it, she returned it with the observation, that it was good for nothing. Another was given her, but she gave this also back again, with the same remark. On being asked what fault she had to find with them—" Why how," she returned, " could they possibly be good for any thing, when both had a slit at the end."

The other instance is no less curious, and also happened in the presence of our friend.

A female came into a bookseller's shop with a slip of paper in her hand, upon which was written a verse from Scripture, with the proper reference to the place from whence it was taken.

" I want," said she, " *the sermon* on that text, and two of my neighbours will each be glad of one also." The bookseller surprised, enquired whose sermon it was. " Our curate's," she replied,

" and

" and he preached it last Sunday." On being asked whether she knew if it had been printed, she was a little displeased, and pettishly observed, " how could it be preached if it had not been printed." No explanation or remonstrance availed to satisfy, and she left the shop, convinced that the bookseller could, if he had thought proper, have accommodated her with what she wanted.

Temeritas est videlicet florentis ætatis, prudentia senescentis.

Adolescentia sola est invalida viribus, infirma consiliis, vitio calens, fastidiosa monitoribus, illecebrosa deliciis.

CHAPTER III.

A LITERARY life, like adversity, introduces a man to strange and opposite acquaintance. Genius, talent, and learning, are not limited to rank or station, and the ingenuous desire of receiving, as well as of communicating information, induces an individual of such propensities to put aside those prejudices, which marked differences of opinion in creeds and in politics, have an unavoidable tendency to excite. That such were the feelings, and such the circumstances of our venerable friend, at a certain period of his life, appear from the following loose memoranda, which he evidently intended, at some period or other, to arrange and methodize.

What shall that individual alledge, to ward off and repel the charge of inconsistency, who began his

his career in life under the auspices of James Townsend, of Bruce Castle, of the patriotic Aldermen Sawbridge and Oliver; who confesses that he spent agreeable hours with Price and Priestley, and Horne Tooke, and Major Cartwright, and Kippis; and afterwards with a well known popular Baronet, and Dr. Disney, and Walker of Liverpool, and very many others of this description. The same person in the decline of life, had no friends, associates, or indeed acquaintance, but with individuals whose principles, sentiments, and conduct, were as diametrically opposite, to those of the characters above named, as light to darkness.

The fact is to be thus explained:—The first entrance into life must be incidental altogether; our first connexions are unavoidably those of our relatives, and their friends and associates; principles are unfolded only by time and experience, and then it is, that intimacies and attachments are formed and confirmed by similarity of taste, sentiments, and pursuits. Our Sexagenarian, as appears from his notes, first lived, where almost the whole of what might properly be denominated taste and learning, was confined to the Dissenters. Mark, reader, not Methodists; never was much taste or learning visible among these sectaries, but among the old Presbyterians, who constituted, in the place alluded to, both a numerous and respectable class.

Neither

Neither did the word Presbyterian by any means imply "an immoral man, a pestilent citizen, or a disloyal subject." He was therefore and of necessity compelled, though firm and immoveable in his own religious tenets, to associate much and familiarly with them, in order to participate in common in the literary barter, which was carried on with much fairness and liberality on all sides.

Afterwards having formed a tender domestic connection, the ramification from which, drew him not unwilling to the metropolis; his family engagements threw him abruptly, and in the heat of the American war, amidst "a croud of patriots," many of whose names have before been mentioned. Young and inexperienced, dazzled with the name of liberty, confounded by subtleties of argument, which, if he could not accurately analyze, he was still unable to confute; and lastly, with the prospect placed before him of ease and independence, can it excite surprise, that he should get entangled in a net, of which the meshes were at the same time so fine, as to elude detection, and too strong to allow of escape?

Politics, however, was not the subject for which he was best qualified, nor did they ever interest his affections, or exercise the better powers of his mind. He was rather the instrument than the operator, and he confesses that he has often looked back with

a sort of shame and compunction, at having been, sometimes, the means of circulating ingredients, of the full tendency of which he was then unconscious, but which he has since ascertained to have developed some of those poisonous seeds, the pernicious effects of which, Europe, nay the whole world, has for the last five and twenty years experienced.

He derives, however, some consolation from the hope, indeed the confident belief, that many of those individuals, to whom a chain of fortuitous circumstances thus introduced him, were not themselves aware of the ultimate consequences of their conduct. The spirit of distrust and suspicion, which, in our free country, always follows with unremitting vigilance, the measures and the ministers of government, the emotions of wounded pride, of disappointed ambition, and, in some instances of personal enmity, combined to form the stimulus which actuated the conduct of many of the best and ablest characters among them. Many also, it is apprehended, discovered the illusion in time, and retracted their errors, before they had operated to the injury of their country.

Be the above as it may, the whole of the junta has disappeared like "the baseless fabric of a vision," and of the individuals more particularly alluded to, the writer of these pages was, when

this was recorded, the "only rack which was left behind."

It may not be altogether unentertaining to say a little on some of these worthies, the result of personal knowledge.

What variety of herbs soever are shuffled together in the dish, yet the whole mass is swallowed up in one name of sallet. In like manner, under the consideration of names, I will make a hodge-podge of differing articles.

CHAPTER IV.

JAMES T. of B. Castle, was the most extraordinary character of them all. He was of a good family, his father having been an opulent merchant, Alderman of London, and Member of Parliament. Whether this gentleman had that determined and implacable spirit of resistance to the measures of government, which afterwards characterized his son, has not been recorded. This James T.'s first appearance as a candidate for political fame, was when he served the office of Sheriff, with Sawbridge, and perhaps the same office has never since been filled by such individuals, possessing, in such entire unison, qualities so eccentric. It is not intended to write T.'s life, though it deserves a place in our biographical collections, far better than many which there make their appearance.

The

The principal upon which he seemingly acted, was to resist government in every thing, though this was hardly fair on the score of gratitude. He married a natural daughter of the last Lord C. who left Mrs. T. all his estates, which were very large indeed, but as she had been born abroad, and had never been naturalized, the estates were forfeited to the crown. The then Lord Holland had an intimate political connection with Mr. T.'s father, and through his parliamentary interest, the estates were restored to Lord C.'s daughter, and confirmed to her by act of Parliament.

This liberality had, however, no sort of influence on his conduct; his own opinion on any subject was the standard of right, and *fari quidsentiat*, his motto. During the time of his serving the office of Sheriff, it was thought expedient by government to execute some rioters in Spital-fields, in the neighbourhood where there offence had been committed. This he and his brother Sheriff strenuously resisted, contending they were not justified in seeing the sentence of the law put in force, except at the usual place of execution. They were, however, obliged to give way. Upon another occasion, he resisted the payment of the land-tax, and suffered his effects to be seized at T. from the excuse that in the case of Wilkes and Lutterell, the county of Middlesex was not legally represented.

He

He had great natural eloquence, though he had not taken much pains in the cultivation of his mind; and he always commanded attention in the House of Commons, where he once very narrowly escaped being sent to the Tower, in consequence of some intemperate expressions against the Princess Dowager of Wales. His most particular friends were Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré. He represented Calne, Lord Shelburne's borough, and when in town, always resided in his Lordship's house. Whatever may be thought of his politics, though they certainly were of a mischievous tendency, he was a firm and steady friend, and so tenacious of his promise, that he would leave the remotest part of the kingdom, and the most delightful society, to attend and give his vote at Guildhall, though for the meanest individual, and the humblest office. He was very proud and tenacious of his dignity among the great, though of the most conciliating affability with his inferiors. He would travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without a servant, and with a small change of linen in a leathern trunk behind the saddle.

The Sexagenarian once accompanied him on a fishing excursion, in a remote province, and he chose, in the kitchen of the village-alehouse, where they stopped for refreshment, to dress some of the fish that had been caught. A labouring man came in to enquire

quire

quire of the landlord how to get a letter to London *at least expence.* "Give me your letter," said Mr. T. "and it shall cost nothing." He accordingly asked for pen and ink, and franked it; to the great amazement of seven or eight peasants, who were standing about to see the novel spectacle of a *Gemman* dressing his own fish.

A great deal more might be said, and not without exciting interest, of this singular character, but it appears that our friend's memorandums must be curtailed; they would otherwise extend to too great a length. With the exception of Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré, Mr. T.'s political friends varied somewhat with times and circumstances. He was once very intimate with Lord Thurlow, with Horne Tooke, with Sawbridge, and Oliver, and Wilkes, and many similar characters of that day, but before his death, these connections ceased altogether.

His son, it seems, partook of his father's enthusiasm, or what they mutually understood to be the cause of liberty, and attached himself to the flaming patriots of the day.

The London Aldermen of those days, at least it is true of many among them, were in some respects different from those of the present. There were not a few individuals of birth and fortune, but little connected with commerce, who used their influence to obtain the Aldermanic gown, entirely from political

tical views and purposes; such was Mr. T. and such also was Sawbridge.

Mr. Sawbridge was a country gentleman, with no city connections, but ardent in his politics, and exasperated against government, for what he considered as a violation of the constitution, in not permitting Wilkes to sit as representative for Middlesex. He at that time sate in Parliament for one of the Cinque Ports, and so distinguished himself by the part he took in favour of Wilkes, that he became exceedingly popular with the citizens of London, who, before he was an Alderman, elected him with T. to the office of Sheriff. He was in due time both Alderman and Lord Mayor, and afterwards represented the city of London in three succeeding parliaments.

He was a violent and constant opposer of the American war, and a systematic advocate for parliamentary reform; and during the whole of the time that he had a seat in the house, he never failed to make an annual motion to shorten the duration of parliament.

He was a perfect gentleman in his manners, and very little calculated to assimilate with those, into whose intimate society, his political enmities and prejudices introduced him.

Another of this circle was Mr. Oliver; he was a West India merchant, and in his external manners, the perfect gentleman.

The

The circumstance which first introduced him to city honours and political importance, was alike whimsical and accidental. He had a brother, who, on some vacancy for the representation of London, had declared himself a candidate with much prospect of success. He was, however, seized with a violent and dangerous sickness, which prevented his appearing on the hustings on the day of nomination. On this day, however, Mr. Richard Oliver, the subject of the present sketch, presented himself to the citizens, and lamented that the condition of his brother's health rendered it impossible for him to avail himself of the honours which probably awaited him; but that he who now addressed them, attached to the same party, governed by the same principles, and possessed of equal independence, begged them to transfer the kindness they meditated for his brother, to himself. He succeeded without opposition, and in the interval between the day of nomination and election, was chosen an Alderman, and was afterwards Lord Mayor.

Of all the political popular characters of his day, Mr. Oliver, perhaps, was most consistently tenacious of the principles which he first avowed. This he exemplified more particularly with respect to Wilkes. As soon as he began to suspect that Wilkes was actuated by other motives, and had

other

other views beyond those which they vindicated and pursued in common, he withdrew himself entirely from the connection, and obstinately refused to serve the office of Sheriff with Wilkes as a colleague.

Some few years afterwards, and towards the conclusion of the American war, in despair, as he observed in a speech to the Corporation of London, of seeing greater wisdom in the measures of government, he resigned both his Aldermanic gown and seat in Parliament. He then went to visit his estate in the West Indies, where, after remaining some time, he proceeded on his return to England, and died in the voyage on board the packet.

Very different from the above individuals in almost every particular, was BRASS CROSBY, of whom there is hardly any thing more memorable, than that with Oliver, he demonstrated considerable firmness in the affair of the Printers, and was with him committed to the Tower, for a supposed breach of the privileges of parliament. But he was a man of no talents, of coarse appearance, and rude manners.

To the above conclave also belonged RICHARD BECKFORD, a natural son of the celebrated Alderman Beckford, and a mighty lover of liberty; but he was also no less famous as a lover of something else, and that was of eating and drinking. If there shall

shall be any one surviving who personally knew, and can remember him, they will allow that seldom has a more worthy candidate been seen for a place at the Round Table of the Knights of Heliogabalus.

His prowess in this way was enormous. If he had only two bottles of Madeira at dinner, he thought himself stinted, and even after a more copious portion, would not unfrequently go in the evening to some of the fashionable club-houses in the vicinity of St. James's-street, and repeat the dose. He was a remarkably large uncouth man, and had a convulsive infirmity in his head and neck, which made conversation with him exceedingly unpleasant.

Of Colonel Barré and Lord Shelburne, it must be unnecessary to say any thing. They might be considered as the fulcrum, upon which this political association rested; but there is one individual of whom it may be expedient to say a little more, and this was G——e B——s. He was a most perfect, noisy, turbulent demagogue; a great clamourer for liberty, and like all such, sour, surly, and tyrannical in his own family. He expressed a great contempt for women generally, and appeared to have had a remarkable aversion to what are considered as female accomplishments. In consequence of these absurd prejudices, he was particularly harsh to his wife and daughters, and refused the latter the

opportunity of acquiring the commonest and more essential attainments. They trembled at his appearance, and exulted, with unaffected satisfaction, whenever any unexpected incident detained him from his family.

He was what in city language is termed a Deputy, that is, the representative of the alderman of the ward, in his absence. He was a man of strong sense, and by flattering his vanity, he was found exceedingly useful to his party at Common Halls, Courts of Common Council, and Ward Meetings. It was the fashion of that day, and it appears to have continued to the present period, to insult Royalty by insolent attacks, under the names of petitions and remonstrances. On such occasions, the personage here alluded to was always a conspicuous performer.

He had a son, who, bating that he inherited his paternal foibles, as they related to party and politics, was a sensible and accomplished gentleman. He, however, died prematurely.

There were other individuals of this fraternity, but of less notorious importance. The ligature, however, which held them all together, was first weakened, and finally dissolved.

En ego non paucis quondam munitus amicis
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis,
Ut fera ninboso tumuerunt æquora vento
In mediis lacera puppe relinquor aquis,
Cumque alii nolint etiam me nosse videri
Vix duo projecto tresve tulistis opem
Quorum tu princeps.

CHAPTER V.

IT can hardly be a matter of astonishment, that from mixing a great deal with the above individuals, and as well from family connection, as from repeated assurances of independence, the mind of a young and inexperienced man, should in some degree be warped. That he should in some measure feel a favourable bias towards sentiments and prejudices, which he heard perpetually avowed by many whom he esteemed, and vindicated not only with no ordinary degree of subtlety, but with the greatest powers of argument and intellect.

The

The delusion, however, did not last long. The fervour of political association, and the dreams of anticipated affluence, were abruptly but effectually dissolved. The golden image of independence was only seen through a glass darkly, and at a prodigious distance. It became necessary, steadily and diligently to exercise such abilities as were possessed, to fulfil the sweetest of charities, and the most sacred of obligations.

Whilst the mind was still in an unsettled state, and the imagination bewildering itself in visions of fancied occupation, accident (of all accidents surely the most fortunate) placed in the way an individual, to delineate whose character with fidelity and truth, though a most delightful task, yet it is one which requires no ordinary talents—no slight attention.

This occurrence, and this individual, gave a decided bias to the future pursuits, studies, views, connections, and prospects of the Sexagenarian. The influence was like that of an ascendant star, nor ever did one dark cloud interpose between this star and the object, which with complacency and affection, contemplated its mild and benignant aspect. Two streams united, which together formed a river, gentle but far from dull, and full without overflowing. Quickness of conception on one side, was tempered by judicious deliberation on the other;

luxuriance

luxuriance of expression was chastened by classical accuracy, and extreme facility of communicating ideas, was moderated and reined in, by a salutary sobriety and reserve.

At first, indeed, there seemed something like an impassable gulf between the parties, formed by the undisguised exhibition of the qualities of mind by which they were severally distinguished. The first rencontre, for so it may be called, happened at the period, when the popularity of Mrs. Siddons, was at its height. The Sexagenarian, warm, impetuous, and living in much intimacy with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Yates, of theatrical memory, contended for the superiority of his friend and favourite, and considered the excellence of Mrs. Siddons, as solely consisting in the knowledge of her art, without exciting or displaying the great features and impressive emotions of nature. On the other hand, it was argued with equal pertinacity, that Mrs. Siddons had much higher and stronger claims to admiration, and that her popularity was the result of feeling, co-operating with judgment. As usual, neither party was convinced by the argument of his opponent, and they parted not very well satisfied with one another. But the reserve occasioned by this jarring of sentiments soon wore off, and disappeared altogether. Similar studies, pursuits, and

 objects,

objects, induced an intimacy, which was never interrupted but by the cold hand of death.

Something more is to be said of this personage.

Born of highly respectable connections, he was educated at a public school, where his talents soon inspired respect, and his facetiousness and wit, rendered him exceedingly popular. This spirit never forsook him through life, for he invariably continued to animate the society of which he was a part, by incessant sallies of cheerfulness, good humour, and the very best sort of conversation. His talents, however, were of a still higher order, and perhaps, there was no situation within the scope of his ambition, which he was not qualified to fill with dignity, and to the public advantage. He was a sound and excellent scholar, as the term is generally understood, but he was, moreover, distinguished by very extensive general knowledge and acquirements.

He several times claimed the public attention as an author, and the characteristic features of whatever he wrote, was strong sense, sound judgment, and a perfect knowledge of his subject. These solid and sober qualities proved an admirable check upon the too great quickness, extreme vivacity, and rapidity of conception, which distinguished his friend, who, for a term of no very short continuance, was also his coadjutor.

In the progress of a somewhat extended life, he filled different stations, and he discharged the duties of them all, with the most exemplary fidelity and honour. Why was he not appointed to the exercise of functions still more elevated and more dignified? This is a question not very easy to be answered. He might if he had thought proper. If he had condescended to use the ordinary means, which individuals similarly circumstanced, practise, and generally with success, there was nothing in the line of his profession too lofty for his pretensions, and which the connections and friendships he had formed, might not easily have procured. But though not more proud than became a man so endowed, and so distinguished, he had not the flexibility, which in the present condition of society, they who have good things for barter, invariably require of those who want them. He scorned to flatter and bow the knee to those, with whom he had entered life on the level, and had continued to associate with on the same terms of manly equality, but whom better fortune, or greater address, not superior merit, or stronger claims, had raised to the height of worldly honours. Though not without ambition, he had a sort of proud and manly disregard of lucrative situations, merely considered as such, and was not at all inclined to remit his

ordinary habits, or to deviate from his accustomed paths, in pursuit of them.

He did indeed attain, and by force of merit only, the means of passing through life, with great respect and honour, in possession of all its comforts, and with not a few of its best advantages. These he enjoyed to the fullest extent, participating in them, with no very limited circle of old and long-tried friends. What has been said of his claims to worldly distinctions, is equally applicable to his mental endowments. His learning and his talents were equal to any undertaking. He would have been a good historian, if he had directed his mind to that branch of learning. A poet he was, and in the epigrammatic part of poetry was excelled by very few; he was well acquainted with the niceties and subtleties of grammar, and of his own language more particularly. He was by no means disputative, but, if occasion required, was an expert controversial writer. To finish all, he was a critic of no ordinary precision and acuteness.

That he had faults, it is not pretended to deny; but they inflicted no wounds. A sort of coldness and reserve of manner was frequently considered as the result of pride, and sometimes excited unfavourable impressions; but it was not pride, and very soon melted into familiarity. Among his inti-

mate

mate friends it was impossible to be more communicative, facetious, and agreeable. But it is time to have done?

The above tribute is paid from a full and warm heart. It is the result of long, very long attachment, esteem, and gratitude; of a friendship never interrupted; of an intercourse which a continued series of years cemented. Can it be necessary to say more?

Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads.



CHAPTER VI.

THE plane of the Sexagenarian's literary horizon became much extended, in consequence of this connection, and much "*terra incognita*" was discovered and explored. Several planets also in the literary system, were by the aid communicated from this source, contemplated with greater accuracy and precision; the plains of the Muses were traversed with congenial ardour, each deriving similar gratification from the same sources. Much has already been said, and indeed there seems hardly any limit to what might be said, on the talents, characters, performances, and fortunes, of their various associates.

Memoranda of a great many personages still remain more or less detailed in our manuscript; but the work appears already extended beyond perhaps the patience of many readers, and the task of selecting and arranging from a crude mass, is not the most satisfactory that can be imagined.

The Sexagenarian appears to have had from his childhood a remarkable partiality for books of voyages and travels, and sought after them with the extremest eagerness, from the ingenious and imaginary adventures of Robinson Crusoe, to those more important works of authentic discovery, and actual description, which have for the last century, and indeed much before, obtained the sanction of public approbation and esteem. This feeling naturally led him to seek the personal acquaintance of all those among his contemporaries, who had made themselves eminent, either by their geographical knowledge, or their actual visits to remote regions and countries, less perfectly known.

Of many of these personages he has left notes, which induce the disposition to believe, that he had, at one time, entertained the intention of writing something in a connected form, on the subject of the value of their different observations and discoveries. This, however, he did not do; but from the remarks which he had made, the reader may perhaps find some transient amusement in the selection which succeeds.

Alexander Dalrymple.

This was a very considerable man, perhaps few, or none, of his contemporaries could compare with him, either for the extent or the accuracy of his geographical

graphical and nautical knowledge. His works on these subjects were very numerous and very important, and his original manuscripts, which, after his death, were deposited in the archives of the Admiralty, contain many valuable treasures.

It were to be wished, that as far as good policy and the national interests would justify such a measure, government would allow, under certain restrictions, extracts to be made from these papers, for the public information and satisfaction.

The English public have always been zealous and generous encouragers of all undertakings, which have had in view the increase of geographical knowledge. There are no publications more secure of success, than such as profess to detail the discoveries of regions before unknown; which describe the manners of those nations with whom we are less perfectly acquainted, thus combining, at the same time, information with improvement. Such propensities merit, on the part of government, as far as they can consistently make it, an adequate return.

Who could possibly be more proper for such an official undertaking, than the gentleman who succeeded Dalrymple in his situation of Hydrographer? It would be exceedingly difficult to point out a collection, without excepting even national repositories, where so great a mass of books and tracts on geography and navigation could be found, as in the library

library of Mr. Dalrymple. They amounted to many thousands, nor was there perhaps one, in which he had not made some manuscript observation. He had, moreover, the best and most popular works of this kind, in every language.

His conversation was lively, interesting, and full of information; he was obviously subject to great irritability, which might partly be constitutional, and partly perhaps induced by those severe fits of the gout, to which he was subject.

In the decline of life, his personal appearance was somewhat whimsical. Whenever he visited, he carried with him a small stool, which appeared indispensible to his comfort.

He was always ready and willing to communicate what he knew, and it well answered the purposes of those, who wanted information on the subjects of the kingdoms and oceans of the world, to listen with attention to Alexander Dalrymple.

The Sexagenarian appears to have been still more familiarly acquainted with

Dr. P. R.

Dare atque accipere te volo
Dei divites sunt—deos decent opulentiæ
Et factiones—verum nos homunculi
Salillum animæ, qui cum extemplo amisimus
Æquo mendicus atque ille opulentissimus
Censetur censu, ad acherontem mortuus.

CHAPTER VII.

INDEED the memorandums intimate, that not the least interesting circumstance of his literary life was implicated in his connection with this personage. This Dr. R. had a brother, who, for a long series of years had been resident in a remote foreign country, where he successfully prosecuted his profession. He became, from familiar communication and personal observation, so well acquainted with the natural history of the country, the peculiarities of the climate, its endemic diseases, the manners of the inhabitants, laws, usages, and singularities, that he wrote and published an interesting volume on the subject, which was very favourably received, and extensively circulated.

Dr.

Dr. P. succeeded to his brother in his professional reputation, situation, and local advantages, and exercising his mind on similar objects, with the addition of still more favourable opportunities, he very considerably added to the stores which his brother had acquired, and became eminently qualified, to reprint, with important alterations and additions, the work which had obtained to his predecessor, no insignificant degree of credit. He was called upon to undertake this honourable office, and he assented.

At this period, the Sexagenarian was a sort of scholar of fortune, and not being immediately engaged, as it should seem, in any work which exclusively demanded his attention, did not disdain the task of revising the manuscripts of authors, and superintending their labours through the press. For this employment, an adequate compensation was expected and rendered.

The parties, in the present instance, had frequently met, and were on certain terms of familiarity. One evening, the Doctor took the writer of these memoranda on one side, and proposed to him to undertake the revision of his work in manuscript, and the correction of it subsequently at the press. This was readily agreed to, but no terms were mentioned on either side.

The manuscript, which was of no ordinary bulk

[illegible]ent, was received, examined with careful attention, at the expence of no small portion of time, and finally committed to the press.

It extended to no less than two large quarto volumes, and probably altogether a year, or somewhat more, was employed on the labour. In the interval, our Sexagenarian and his family used to speculate on the golden harvest about to be reaped, by way of compensation. What was it to be? a pipe of Madeira? a pair of silver candlesticks? a gold repeater?

At length, the last sheet was sent to press, and the day of publication announced. The corrector waited upon the author to felicitate him on his safe delivery. A week passed away—a fortnight—a month—still no Madeira—no piece of plate;—in short, no solid pudding, but a great deal of empty praise. However it was soon forgotten.

Temporis officium solatia dicere certi est.

And it was not always so. Similar occupations were afterwards thrown in the way, but he had the wisdom taught him by the experience he had obtained, to undertake nothing but with certain specifications of recompence.

This seems no improper opportunity of inserting a detached anecdote on the subject of compensation for literary labour, which occurs somewhere or other in our manuscript.

A vene-

A venerable old clergyman, who had in part, directed the education of our friend, and who took a warm and friendly interest in his reputation and welfare, had been informed, with no benevolent intention, that he prostituted his learning and talents to needy booksellers.

The Sexagenarian, on some occasion or other, revisited the place where his friend and patron resided, and both from affection and gratitude, hastened to pay his respects, where they were so justly due. He was greatly surprised to find the warmth, with which he had hitherto, invariably, been welcomed, changed into extreme coldness.

On requesting an explanation, Sir, said the old gentleman, I am informed that you write for the booksellers, than which I cannot conceive any thing more degrading, or more unbecoming, a scholar and a gentleman.

Pray Sir, did not Addison, and Swift, and Pope, and before them Dryden, write for the booksellers?

Granted, but that was a very different matter: their reputation was established, and they moreover, obtained very large sums for their productions.

If, Sir, the largeness of the sum increases or diminishes, as you appear to conceive it does, the turpitude of the action, how much do you imagine I received for my last work? I beg you also to re-

member

member that I have a large and increasing family, and nothing to depend upon but my talents and my diligence.

Why perhaps fifty pounds.

I have received seven hundred guineas.

The old gentleman's displeasure vanished in a moment. I cannot blame you, I cannot blame you, he exclaimed, and they parted as good friends as ever.

Now to return to the brother author Doctor. Bating this single circumstance of his being too tenacious of his money, he was a most agreeable, well-informed, and good-natured man. Though far advanced in years, he retained a great deal of vivacity, and has often enlivened a numerous circle by his facetiousness and humour. No one endured a jest with greater forbearance; and as he came from a country where the Mahometan law prevailed, and had written a detailed account of the usages and peculiarities of the haram, he was often laughingly reproached with availing himself of the privileges of the Mahometan law to its fullest extent. That he ranked as a bashaw of three tails, had four wives, &c. &c.

Ηδη μεν πολέων εδαην βȣλην τε νοοντε
Ανδρων ηρωων πολλην δ' επεληλυθα γαιαν
Αλλ' ȣπω τοιȣτον εγων ιδον οφθαλμοισιν
Οιον——



CHAPTER VIII.

BRUCE appears to have been seen once, and once only, by our Sexagenarian, who nevertheless expresses, in various parts of his manuscript, a general confidence in his veracity, and a great admiration of his prowess and intrepidity. He lived intimately with some of Bruce's most familiar friends, and had frequent opportunities of ascertaining that many assertions made by the traveller, like those of Herodotus, were confirmed by subsequent observation and examination. But it was Bruce's peculiar character, that if he discerned, or ever suspected any want of confidence in his auditors, he disdained all explanation, and could not be prevailed upon to enter upon any further discussion.

He

He was a very great friend, and frequent correspondent of the individual mentioned in the pages immediately preceding, who was able, from his personal knowledge and local situation, to confirm many things asserted by Bruce, which were at first, in this country, thought equivocal. On his first return from his remote and protracted travels, he had some questions proposed to him on the subject of the Bible in the language of Abyssinia, by a venerable and highly distinguished member of our Church, which he answered very satisfactorily.—He afterwards voluntarily undertook to translate literally, a number of proposed texts from the Pentateuch of the Abyssinian Bible, in order that they might be compared with the English version. He did do this, but they were unfortunately mislaid among his numerous papers. They, however, are most probably in existence, and may hereafter appear.

A very ingenious clergyman, who was also well versed in the Oriental languages, made a Catalogue Raisonné of Bruce's manuscript library, which of itself would be very acceptable to the learned world. The manuscripts, however, it is to be hoped, will not be permitted to remain buried in Scotland, but as they are of the greatest importance to the elucidation of Scripture, will hereafter be deposited in some of the public libraries of this country.

The

The following are some of these manuscripts :—

The Old Testament in five volumes, which do not contain the Psalms, but have a copy of Ludolph's Æthiopic Psalter.

This was transcribed for Mr. Bruce at Gondar, by scribes of the country, upon vellum. The character is clear and beautiful, and there are marginal variations. Many of the books begin and end with a prayer, and as there was never before in Europe a perfect copy of the Æthiopic Scriptures, means should be taken to supply the Christian Church in Africa with a complete copy of the Bible.

The fourth volume contains the book of Enoch. There is moreover the New Testament in Æthiopic, in two volumes, also upon vellum.

The first volume contains a preliminary discourse upon the Gospels, and a Masoretic analysis of the verses and paragraphs.

The Apostolic writings are also found in two volumes, upon vellum. These four volumes, in all probability, compose the only perfect copy of the New Testament in Europe, written in the language of Abyssinia.

Another volume contains the constitutions of the Apostles. Another has the title of Synaxar, and is an history of the Saints venerated in Abyssinia.

The Arabic manuscripts are numerous and valuable.

The travels published by Bruce were greatly in favour with the Sexagenarian, who has left various annotations upon different passages, which they contain. Though very partial, on the whole, to this most extraordinary man, he was by no means blind to his errors, or insensible of his inaccuracies. His confidence in him was very materially diminished latterly, from having discovered, that Bruce, in all probability, never was at the battle of Sebraxos, which he nevertheless describes with circumstantial minuteness, and of which he has introduced plans, drawn up with the precision of one well versed in military tactics. There was also something remarkably mysterious and supicious, as our friend seemed to think, in the circumstance and character of Luigi Balugani, who accompanied Bruce as a draughtsman. He owed more to his talents than he was willing to acknowledge, and the story of his death is glossed over in a very unsatisfactory manner.

There is a long dissertation in our manuscript, on Bruce's theory of Solomon's voyage to Ophir, and perhaps it may be an object of regret, that it is too long for insertion. The conclusions which Bruce drew from his premises are not conceded, nor does he appear to have had a very clear conception of the subject on which he was writing, and has failed altogether in proving that Sofola is Ophir.

To

To conclude this article, it appears, from the concurring testimonies of succeeding travellers, that Bruce was never appointed to the government of Ras el Feel, nor indeed to any government at all.

It may not, perhaps, be impertinent to subjoin, that among Bruce's manuscripts is a Coptic manuscript on Papyrus.

It was found among the ruins of Thebes, in Egypt. It is written in the Sahidic or Theban dialect of the Coptic, that is of the language of the Pharoahs. The above manuscript has been described by Dr. Woide.

Orbis situm dicere, impeditum opus et facundiæ minime capax, constat enin fere ex gentium locorumque nominibus, et eorum perplexo satis ordine, quem persequi longa est magis quam benigna materia, verum adspici tamen cognoscique dignissimum, et quod sine ope ingenii Orantis ac ipsa sui contemplatione, pretium operæ attendentium absolvat.

CHAPTER IX.

WHETHER the person next named in our notes, properly comes under the head of celebrated travellers, may, perhaps, be disputed; but every one will allow, that as far as geographical knowledge is connected with voyages and travellers, there are few, if any, of modern times, to whom science is more indebted, than to Major R.

Before his time, we of this country, hardly knew any thing of the scientific construction of maps, and some individuals here were termed geographers to the King, who were totally ignorant of the principles of their profession. The Major, however, gave a notable example of what might be effected by personal

personal observation, acting in conjunction with real science. The obligations which his country men owe him in this particular, cannot easily be explained, but he may be considered as the father of the English geographical school; and we now accompany a traveller in all those parts of the world, which he has undertaken to illustrate, with confidence and security.

The map of the peninsula of India is beyond all praise, and the elaborate dissertation by which it is accompanied, is perhaps the most perfect thing of the kind in our language.

How little did we know of Africa, till within the last twenty years, and how imperfect were the best geographical delineations of that region, not excepting that of D'Anville! How little also should we still have known even from the well-conducted expeditions of Hornemann, Brown, Park, and others, if the same skilful hand had not assisted in the illustration of their several journeys.

The great question of all, however, whether the Niger has any communication with the Nile, still remains undetermined; the learned subject of this article is decidedly of opinion, that these rivers do not meet.

Like many other personages of distinguished merit and superior talents, the notes of our manuscript, represent this eminent geographer, as of the

 most

most placid and unassuming manners, communicating his knowledge with a modest diffidence, and listening to the suggestions, even of the less informed, without the smallest degree of ill-humour. The great work, however, by which his name will go down to posterity, is perhaps his illustration of the geography of Herodotus.

This too is announced in the Preface, to be only the first division of a larger work, which was intended to comprehend the whole of the ancient geography, as improved by the Grecian conquests and establishments, with such portions of military history, as appear to want explanation.

None of this had appeared when the manuscript, from which these extracts are made, was written.

The next character which presents itself in our manuscript annotations, is that of a very eccentric and whimsical Irish traveller. He also published a book of travels in Spain and Portugal, by no means uninteresting, or ill-written in itself, but which was bought up and rendered scarce on account of the great beauty of one of the plates, with which it was embellished.

He was the son of a Dutch merchant, who retired from Holland with a considerable fortune, to spend the remainder of his days in this country, and with this view, purchased property in one of our largest provincial towns. This traveller was his eldest son,

and every thing he undertook or did, his studies, pursuits, habits, and acquaintance, were chosen with the most extraordinary waywardness. His characteristic principle was "*fari quid sentiat*," without any very nice regard to time, circumstance, or persons. This was particularly obvious in all he published, and in a neighbouring island, involved him in no trifling perplexity or disgrace. By some thoughtless expression, he offended the females of the place which he visited, and they, to mark their contempt and indignation, thought proper to call a dishonourable utensil after his name, and had a striking caricature of his person visible at bottom.

He published, however, one standard work, upon chess, which will always be quoted with respect by all who are engaged in this particular pursuit, the varieties, chances, and labyrinths of which he well describes, and which any indifferent reader may peruse with satisfaction and amusement. What his ultimate situation in life was, or whether he yet survived, when these notes were written, was apparently unknown to the Sexagenarian. All that appears on this head is in the form of a query, thus: —Did he not afterwards engage unsuccessfully in business of a speculative kind, and lose the wreck of his fortune?

The traveller had a brother of some waywardness also, but who was very amiable, and, unlike the

former,

former, of the most unoffending manners. When young, he had not a mere liking, but an absolute passion for theatrical amusements. He in a manner attached himself to the provincial company of the place where he resided, accompanied them to whatever place they went, never absented himself from any of their performances, assisted them with his countenance on all occasions, his advice, and his purse.

This passion remained for a considerable number of years without the smallest abatement, till he finally formed a connection by marriage with a family, the heads of whom were distinguished by the very highest degrees of theatrical excellence, and not more deservedly popular for their eminence of this kind, than for their general accomplishments. This gentleman also was an author, but of a peculiar kind. His knowledge was indeed principally confined to his own language, in the literature of which, and more particularly in that which related to the Drama, he was remarkably well skilled. The performance which he produced had relation to the greatest ornament of our country, and which, if it was not entitled to the praise of genius, might reasonably claim that of care and diligence, of accuracy and usefulness.

Nam doli non doli sunt, nisi astu colas
Sed malum maxumum si id palam provenit.

CHAPTER X.

A NAME next occurs, but little known in this country, but in some degree implicated with the character of an Englishman, who appears to have obtained a celebrity, of which he was not altogether deserving. The first person is Martin Sauer, the latter, Joseph Billings.

Sauer accompanied Billings, as secretary, in an expedition, undertaken by the command of the Empress of Russia, to ascertain the latitude and longitude of the mouth of the river Kovima, the coast of the Tshutski, and of the islands in the Eastern ocean, stretching to the American coast. He came to this country, partly from commercial views, and partly to publish himself, his own account of this long and perilous voyage.

It was recommended to him, to obtain an introduction to our Sexagenarian, as being a person likely

likely to facilitate his views, with respect to his meditated publication. He followed the advice, and an acquaintance took place, the result of which, gave rise to many curious notes and observations, which have place in our manuscript.

Sauer's narrative was published a great many years since, and is very curious and interesting. When he arrived with Billings at the Bay of St. Lawrence, in the country of the Tshutski, they separated. Billings proceeded over land with much difficulty, and after escaping many dangers, till he arrived at the Kovima, and Sauer returned by sea to Kamtschatka.

It appears both from Sauer's published narrative, and from many private documents and communications, that Billings was far from deserving the reputation he obtained, and that he was by no means qualified to undertake the superintendance of such an expedition. He was remarkably ignorant, and inflexibly obstinate. His ignorance, more than once in the voyage, induced him to mistake one place for another, and his obstinacy was the occasion of his losing two new vessels, constructed for his immediate use. A combination of both these qualities prevented his accomplishing the great object of his mission, which was to ascertain the existence of a north-west passage. In this he failed altogether. Billings, however, was a bold

and hardy navigator, and though he did not accomplish that which was expected of him, is entitled to some share of respect. No notice has, however, hitherto been taken of him in any English book of biography.

Magnas dolebat aliquis amissas opes
Naufragio: Oceanum postulat de injuria;
At ille. Numquid dissimulavi qui forem?
Numquid voraces esse gurgites meos
Nescire debuisti?

CHAPTER XI.

MUCH favourable notice is made in our Memoranda relating to Browne, the African traveller, and many interesting conversations appear to have taken place on the subject of what he had actually observed, as well as of the expeditions which he meditated. He had the enthusiasm of visiting remote and less known regions so strong upon him, that the wonder is, he should so long remain at home after his return from Africa, however tedious, perilous, and painful, his residence at Darfour must necessarily have been.

No man, by his personal manners and appearance, his gravity, firmness, good sense, and judgment, appears to have been better qualified for undertakings of the kind. His demeanour was precisely

cisely that of a Turk of the better order. He conversed slowly and sparingly, never descended to familiarity, observed each and all of the company as if with jealousy and suspicion. But when this wore off, and intimacy was established, he was exceedingly communicative, and readily discussed the subjects about which he was most anxious, and best qualified, to impart information.

After much and long deliberation upon the subject, he finally determined upon the expedition, in the prosecution of which he lost his life. He proceeded by Malta to Smyrna, and from thence through Asia Minor, Amassya, Tokat and Armenia to Tebriz. At this place he remained a few weeks, expecting the arrival of the English Ambassador from Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana. He lived with Sir G. O. some time at Tebriz, who gave him letters to Naserraddin Mirza, son of Beg Ján, King of Boccara, and to Ahmed Ali Mirza, the King of Persia's son, the governor of Khorasan, and residing at Meshhed.

The Ambassador, moreover, procured him passports and letters from the King of Persia and his ministers, and a *Mehmander*, who would have been responsible for his life and property, as far as the Persian dominions extend. His impatience, however, to proceed, induced him to leave the king's camp some hours before his Mehmander was ready, and being in a Turkish dress, and not known to be

an

an Englishman, he was murdered by some wandering tribe of Kurds or Turkomans, near the Kaflán Kúh or Tiger Mountain, after having crossed the river Kezel Ouzan, which separates Azerbarján (Atropatera) from Irak.

He had no English attendant, but whilst he remained in Persia, kept one groom and one valet, both Persians, and had two or three horses.

He left no papers or memoranda behind him when he departed from Tebriz, but a few dispersed fragments were collected at the spot where the body was found.

He often avowed his intention of publishing his travels to Bokhara and Samarkand, and he purposed, had it been practicable, to return by the northern end of the Caspian sea, as he was to have gone by the southern end of it. The Ambassador made such representations to the King of Persia, that both he and his son Abbas Mirza took the greatest pains to discover the assassins.

Mr. B. was in appearance and indeed in fact, one of the most reserved men in the world—cold, cautious, and wary; and yet, in this last journey, he was so impatient to proceed, that he not only refused to wait for the escort, which the Ambassador undertook to provide for him, but he made a display of the gold which was to enable him to accomplish his purpose.

This last fact, though strongly asserted, is so incompatible

compatible with his general habits and character, that it may well excite a suspicion of its accuracy. True it certainly is, that the same morning brought to England the news of his safe arrival at Tabriz, on his way to Kurdistan, and of his being murdered by the very band, who undertook to be his guides and protectors.

The intelligence of his death came to England through Somnerat, the celebrated French traveller. It is, however, to be hoped, that as some of his papers remain in private hands, the public will have, sooner or later, the benefit of his observations, as far as he was actually able to proceed.

The annotations relating to Browne, in our manuscript, conclude with a paragraph, in which serious regret is expressed, at his scepticism with respect to religious subjects. Indeed he appears to have been an avowed disciple of the school of Volney, and the other miscreant writers of that stamp.

He has deformed and defaced his otherwise valuable publications, with some passages so bad as not to be transcribed, and some remarks which he has inserted on education, prove that he had adopted many of the wildest absurdities of the modern French philosophy.

The following particulars concerning the latter part of the life of Browne, are added by him who revised and has superintended the publication of these volumes.

His

His intention, as above stated, was to proceed from Tebriz to Khorasan, to the governor of which place he had the strongest recommendations from the English ambassador, then resident at Tebriz with the Persian monarch. This of itself being a distance of nearly a thousand miles, through a barbarous country, was an adventure sufficiently arduous to have deterred any other individual, of a less persevering and determined character. From Khorasan he purposed nevertheless to make his way to Samarcand, and thence to Turkistan, an undertaking which even to the best informed among the natives, appeared to be full of difficulty, as well as danger.

Sir Gore Ouseley, with the greatest kindness and promptitude, undertook to procure him the protection of a Mahmendar, an officer of the King, under whose escort, as far as Chorasan, he not only would have had personal security, but horses and provisions every where at his command, at the expence of the Persian government.

There was, however, some little delay in the equipment of this officer appointed to attend him, occasioned partly by the tardiness of the man himself, and partly by the negociation then near a conclusion between the courts of Russia and Persia, which necessarily occupied a considerable portion of the ambassador's time.

Browne accordingly became impatient, and left Tebriz with two attendants only, directing the

Mahmendar

Mahmendar to follow him. This officer having received his instructions, and apprehensive of the English Ambassador's resentment, lost no time in his endeavour to overtake the traveller. Most unfortunately he found him within forty miles of the Persian Monarch's camp, barbarously murdered. Plunder does not appear to have been the object, as Mr. Browne's papers, pistols, and effects, were recovered, and placed in the hands of Sir Gore Ouseley. His money, of which he had not a great deal, was certainly seized by his servant. But in all probability, he owed his death not so much to any improper display of his property, as to his invincible obstinacy with which he resisted all expostulation and remonstrance, in always wearing the Turkish dress. Now it happens that the Hordes, by some of whom Browne was murdered, entertain the most deadly hatred and animosity against the Turks, for one of whom in all probability he was mistaken.

Strict search was, however, made after his assassins, and a great number of the inhabitants of the district, where he died, were apprehended, upon whom the King of Persia, without any judicial proceeding, expressed to the ambassador his determination of inflicting the summary punishment of death. This, however, Sir Gore O. would not permit.

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The surmise that he owed his death to the circumstance of his appearing as a Turk, is somewhat confirmed by the fact, that within a few months preceding this melancholy event, Sir William Ouseley, brother to the ambassador, and who accompanied him in his mission, passed this very spot without molestation.

It is a subject of the deepest regret, and a most serious loss to literature, that Browne did not live to fulfil the object of his expedition. How well qualified he was to increase our stores of geographical information, his work on Africa sufficiently attested. Of the countries which he meditated to visit, with the view of describing, our information is very scanty as well as unsatisfactory. These were more particularly the regions of Chorasan, Boccara, Samarcand, &c. concerning which regions, our best books of geography communicate very little.

(Further particulars from another hand.)

Notwithstanding all that has been said above, and the seeming attention and assistance paid to the English Ambassador's endeavours to discover and punish Brown's assassins, there is too much reason to apprehend that he fell a victim to the jealousy of the Persian government. People in those remote countries, and the Mahometans more particularly, have no conception whatever of a

person's

person's undertaking the perils and fatigues of a long and distant journey, for the sake of intellectual or scientific improvement only. They invariably attach jealousy and suspicion to such a character wherever he appears, and impute to him, either political motives, or the desire of gain. The regions to which Browne directed his attention, were at the time in a very unquiet and unsettled state. The Persian Sovereign considered his authority over them, as precarious and insecure. The peace with Russia was not definitively concluded, and the government might, not improbably, entertain a suspicion, that Browne's motive was political, and not the avowed one of curiosity alone. Several subsequent incidents, circumstantially considered, very much tend to corroborate the idea, that the Persian ministers were not entirely innocent of the death of this unfortunate traveller.

In the first place, his arms were not touched; his gun, double-barrelled pistols, and weapons were all preserved and carefully returned to the English Ambassador. So also were his papers of every kind, and indeed each article of his property, except his money, which it was generally understood was seized by his servant and secretary.

In the next place, one of our artillery-men, who was stationed at Ispahan, on some provocation he had received, neglect of pay, personal affront, or

some other cause of offence, abruptly left the place, and undismayed by the danger and the distance, endeavoured to make his way to Tebriz, where the Ambassador was then resident, in the court of the Persian Monarch. He then proceeded in spite of every obstacle, nearly to the spot where Browne was murdered, when he was stopped, as it should seem, by some of the miscreants, who had imbrued their hands in the blood of his countryman. They insisted upon his immediate return, which for a long time he refused to do, till at length they told him that if he did not, they would treat him as they did the Englishman the other day.

Browne, when at Tebriz, had lived at the house of Colonel D * * *, who commanded the artillery sent to Persia from this country. This gentleman was greatly affected at the news of Browne's death, and determined, if possible, to obtain his remains for burial. He accordingly availed himself of the influence he possessed, and obtained from the Persian ministers, the necessary mandate, that Browne's remains should be delivered to the Colonel's messengers.

He employed for this purpose a trusty serjeant, who proceeded to the spot. On producing the minister's orders to the principal person of the place, he was informed that the mandate was so peremptory, that it could not be resisted, but at

the

the risk of his head, and he would immediately give the necessary directions for the bones to be collected. Much evasion was nevertheless practised, and so much time lost, that the honest serjeant became impatient, and declared that if what he came for was not immediately produced, he would return without them. At this moment, two men, with each a small burden, were seen approaching, who were declared to have with them what was wanted.

They were delivered to the serjeant, who, as directed, rewarded the parties, and hastened to return. The English gentlemen had intended to come out in a body to meet the relics, had ordered a coffin covered with black velvet to receive them, and intended to inter them with the usual ceremonies of the church. But the serjeant had already returned, and deposited the charge in the officer's house. The surgeon of the British establishment undertook to examine the bones, and arrange them, but on closer inspection it appeared that a gross imposition had been practised. There was indeed a part of a skull, but the other bones were certainly not human, but belonged to some animal.

Since the above was written, information has been received, that a gentleman, an intimate connection of the traveller, has obtained possession of his papers, and of various documents relating to him and his meditated journies. These are methodizing and preparing for the press.

Qui demissi in obscuro vitam agunt, Pauci sciunt—fama atque fortuna eorum pares sunt—qui in excelso ætatem agunt, eorum facta cuncti mortales novere.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM Browne let us proceed to the character next in succession, who had not his imperfections, and with whom the Sexagenarian appears to have had much and familiar intercourse. This was the Ambassador from the East India Company to the court of Ava, during the government of Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth. Before this mission, our geographical knowledge of Ava, and the contiguous countries, was exceedingly imperfect and inaccurate. The few books which had been published on the subject, were principally French, and were confined to unsatisfactory descriptions of Siam and Pegu; whereas the empire of Ava comprehends both Siam and Pegu, which are subordinate and tributary to the court of Ummo-rapoora, or, as it is there denominated, "The Golden Foot." It extends to Tibet and China on the north, and on the south to Junkseylon.

Geographical perplexities were, however, cleared up, and errors, particularly with regard to the Great River Irrawaddy, removed by this expedition of M. S. For example, the river which connects Pegu with the ocean, was by former geographers continued from beyond Pegu, to the frontiers of China; whereas the main river, the mouth of which is Rangoon, passes through Prome to the capital, and to the borders of China. The Pegu river is relatively an unimportant stream, taking its rise a very little way above Pegu.

By the asssistance of Major Rennell and Mr. Dalrymple, the geography of Ava has now received great illustration; and jealous as that nation still continues to be, with respect to the admission of Europeans among them, political necessities, as well as the expediency of commercial interchange, will probably, in the progress of a few years, remove whatever obscurities may yet remain.

With respect to the people themselves, of their manners and customs, the productions of their soil, their religion, and their learning, the European world was almost in entire ignorance. With the exception of a small volume, translated from the French, and entitled "A Relation of the Voyage to Siam, performed by Six Jesuits, sent by the French King to the Indies and China in 1685," there was no book in the English language illustrative of the subject.

No

No person was, in the opinion of the Sexagenarian, who has so expressed himself in our notes, better qualified in all respects for such an expedition than Major S—s. He combined the firmness of the soldier with the courteous manners of the gentleman, and he found the union of these qualities, of no small importance in the progress of his undertaking. He accordingly succeeded to the full extent of his views, and to the entire satisfaction of his employers. This latter circumstance is sufficiently attested by his being dispatched a second time to the same place, to explain some misconceptions which had taken place on the part of the Ava government. Of this second expedition, however, no public notice has been taken, nor did the traveller avail himself of the opportunity thus offered, to correct or enlarge what he had before written and published on the subject.

It is rather remarkable, that so very little should have been previously known of an empire, second only in extent to that of China. The Sovereign considers himself as the greatest Potentate upon earth, and indeed nothing can be more ostentatiously splendid than the grandeur of his court.

The East India Company thought so highly of the services rendered them by their agent, that they voted him a donation of twelve thousand Sicca rupees.

On

On his return to his native country, his active spirit found various opportunities of employment. He obtained a seat in Parliament, he was confidentially employed in some important offices by government, and having retained his situation in the army, refused to resign it, when he might, without the smallest imputation on his honour, or his courage, have retired. He accordingly joined his regiment in the Peninsula, and distinguished himself as well by his personal exertions, as by testimonies of diplomatic skill and acuteness.

But his constitution had long been shaken; he had never entirely recovered his wonted energy, after his second expedition to the court of Ava. He was engaged in the unfortunate expedition of Sir John Moore, and though he survived the battle of Corunna, and got safe back to England, he died very shortly afterwards, really exhausted by debility and fatigue. He certainly was one of those personages, of whom some memorial should be preserved, and as none have preceded the present, imperfect and inadequate as this may be, it will be far, it is hoped, from rendering him dishonour.

Ite nunc fortes ubi celsa magni
Ducit exempli via.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH no less degree of familiarity, and with an equal portion of esteem, is represented the name and character of the Ambassador from the East India Company, to the court of the Teesho Lama, in Tibet. Materials for biographical sketches, are in general easily collected, and when used with skill, importantly contribute both to information and amusement. But it rarely happens, that the writer or compiler of such sketches has the advantage which our Sexagenarian possessed, of a personal intimacy with so many individuals, of such various talents, pursuits, and employments.

With this last traveller the intercourse appears to have been frequent and familiar, and it should seem that he had been consulted on the subject of one of the most curious and interesting works in our language.

What

What had been vaguely and imperfectly represented of Bootan, Tibet, and its Lama, had, till this work appeared, rather the character of Oriental fiction, than of grave, sober, and accurate narrative. Fiction itself, indeed, can hardly proceed further than is exemplified in the Tibetian idea of their Lama, who though he never ceases to exist, withdraws himself from the world, when the body, which he has vouchsafed to inhabit, decays from age or disease, and at a proper interval, again makes his appearance, by animating an infant; his presence in whom is unequivocally ascertained by certain well-known and characteristic symbols.

Few more important volumes than this communication on the subject of Tibet, have appeared in modern times, and our Sexagenarian has not failed to express himself with particular self-complacency from the circumstance of having rendered some service in its publication.

It is not on every occasion that due sagacity and wisdom is exercised in selecting agents for remote political missions, but as in the former instance of the Ambassador to Ava, so in this of the deputation to Bootan and Tibet, the East India Company could not possibly have decided with greater propriety, or with sounder wisdom.

The people of Ava were a lofty, ostentatious, and courtly race. The Ambassador to that region had

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a proper sense of his own dignity, and of that of the nation of which he was the representative, and at the same time entered into all the splendid gaieties of a gaudy court, without rendering any violence to his natural disposition.

The Tibetians were grave, formal, and reserved; marked by the strongest peculiarities of manners, and of prejudices. The agent sent among them, was grave, serious, sensible, properly tenacious of his personal importance, without offending peculiarities, the extreme simplicity and eccentricity of which, cannot, under a less sanction than that of the Ambassador's assertion of what he witnessed, easily obtain credit. What to a European, and more particularly to an Englishman can be more preposterous, than the Polyandry of Tibet, and to see " one female associating her fate and fortune with all the brothers of a family, without any restriction of age or of numbers." Marriage, it is observed by our Traveller, is in Tibet, considered as an odium, an heavy burden, the weight and obloquy of which, a whole family are disposed to lessen, by sharing it among them. Indeed the number of husbands to one female, is not defined nor restricted within any limits. Mrr T. mentions one family in which five brothers were living very happily together with one female, under the same connubial compact.

The termination of this valuable traveller's life was extremely

extremely melancholy. His health had long been impaired by climate, as well as by his fatiguing exertions in the discharge of his functions. In his progress one day from his apartments in the West end of the town to the city, he was attacked in Fleet-street with an epileptic fit, and as no papers were found on his person, to designate precisely who he was, he was carried to the poor-house to be owned. It is more than probable, that under these circumstances, he did not receive all the attention, which his real rank in life claimed, and his immediate situation demanded; but in this place he was not recognized till he was actually dead. His publication will, however, always rank exceedingly high in the class to which it belongs, and the memory of his accomplishments, and of his amiable and conciliatory manners, can cease only with the lives of those who enjoyed the advantages of his friendship.

Et tamen hunc audes maculare et dicere nigrum
Desine: habet certe numen et iste suum.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE last traveller to distant regions, of whom there are notices in our Sexagenarian's Recollections, was a noble Lord, the history of whose life involves many extraordinary particulars. The gay, the witty, but depraved Lord ——, was his uncle, and he has often been heard to detail the very mysterious circumstances of the death of his relation, with much solemnity and pathos. He was at that time at school, his morals therefore were not contaminated by his connection with that nobleman, though it cannot be denied that he afterwards launched into the gaieties of youth, and the dissipation of the times, with an ardour to which, unfortunately, his rank and situation afforded too many and too great facilities.

Disappointed and injured in the domestic establishment he had formed, he had, moreover, to contend with the most cruel and abominable aspersions aimed at the very vitality of his character. These however, from the cause which excited them, as well as from the source from which they were circulated, were, by all those who were qualified to ascertain the facts with precision, discovered ultimately to be the result of calumny and malice.

The late Lord Kenyon, as good a judge of evidence as the most experienced lawyer could possibly be, avowed this opinion forcibly and solemnly from the bench.

In the extreme perturbation of mind and spirits, naturally produced by such circumstances, the noble Lord very judiciously determined to make the experiment, how far change of scene, and the exploring of remote regions, might tend to restore him to the tranquillity he had lost. At this period he obtained an introduction to the Marquis W———, who filled the high office of Governor General of India with great dignity and splendour. To his hospitality he accordingly resolved to resort, and he afterwards lived with the Marquis on terms of friendship.

He proceeded to India, where he enjoyed every facility which authority could bestow, or curiosity require. He first visited Calcutta, on the Bay of Bengal; he then went up to Lucknow, where he spent a month. He then returned down the Ganges to Calcutta, sailed to Ceylon, thence coasted the W. of Ceylon and the eastern shore of the Peninsula to Madras. He afterwards crossed through the Mysore to Mangalore, sailed to the Red Sea, and again returning to Bombay, proceeded to the Red Sea a second time.

His Lordship had intended to have visited Agra, but he was prevented by the war with the Mahrattas. Whilst at Bombay, however, he visited

Poonah,

Poonah, the capital of the Mahratta country, and such other places as were deserving the investigation of an enlightened traveller.

From Bombay he crossed the Indian ocean, and arrived at Mocha, in the Red Sea. After a certain sojourn at that place, he proceeded to Massouah, the key by which means, Bruce was enabled to penetrate to Abyssinia. From Massouah, Mr. Salt, Lord ——'s Secretary, was dispatched to visit the Ras at Antalow. Mr. Salt having successfully accomplished this expedition, joined his illustrious friend at Massouah, and after various perils and difficulties, they arrived in safety at Suez. The rout from Suez was that usually pursued by travellers from the East, namely, to Cairo, Alexandria, Malta, &c.

The details published of these interesting travels, were not, however, so popular as might reasonably have been expected, and as they actually deserved. They certainly contained a great deal of original matter, and a large mass of important information. They were more favorably received on the continent. The translator of them into French has, in his introduction, drawn a strong contrast between the reception Lord ——— met with in his native country, and what would have been given in France to a man of his Lordship's situation in life, who would have performed such a work. Bonaparte considered it so important as to the State of India, that Notes were ordered to be inserted

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by the Police, as an antidote, which was done; the original order is in his Lordship's possession, and it is curious that Lord V. has often been the subject of Napoleon's conversation with Englishmen.

They were considered by the very learned Editor of the voyage of Nearchus, as entitled to the merit of having elucidated many abstruse and complicated points in ancient geography, and in many parts as fairly claiming the honour of actual discovery. Certain it is, that no modern navigator has before taken an actual survey of that part of the African coast, from the straits of Babulmandeb to the 26th degree N. &c. Perhaps the principal cause which restrained their more extensive circulation, is to be found in the first volume, where too great importance has been given to trifles, and the work too much swelled out with circumstantial representations of Oriental ceremonies, visits, dresses, and presents, which scholars contemn, and which in fact had not the charm of novelty to recommend them.

The work was afterwards published in a smaller compass, pruned of many of these eccentricities and unnecessary appendages, and can never, in its present form, be perused without much gratification and improvement.

Upon this work and its author, the following remarks subsequently occur in our manuscript, and are evidently written in another hand, but they well deserve preservation, as well from their erudition as their sagacity.

Indis-

Indiscriminate praise is of no value, but the sense of this noble Lord's merits as a traveller, arises from the consideration of his engaging in such a service, at a time of life when young men of rank, think of little but their pleasures. It arises, moreover, from his attention to the manners of the nations which he visited, and from the judgment of the plan, which he executed with so much ardour and perseverance.

The survey of the western coast of the Red Sea, was a grand desideratum in geography, where nothing essential had been done since the voyage of De Castro. It is not a speculation of curiosity, but a duty incumbent upon a nation, possessed of the greatest maritime power that ever existed, to explore every region, where the sea is navigable, and this not only in a commercial view, but for the extension of science.

Lord ——'s course from the straits of Babulmandeb, up to Salaka, is a survey, not only of importance to navigation and science, but of great utility in shewing that there are means of approaching the most barbarous inhabitants of the coast.

Many of the observations which are introduced upon the coast, above and upon the country of Adel, are the best illustrations possible in regard to ancient geography. They must have been peculiarly gratifying to the very learned Dr. Vincent, as they coincide with the nature, both of the natives and the countries which his pen had delineated from ancient authority.

The trade and caravans of Adel, the intercourse of that country with Arabia and Adooli, the western entrance of the Straits, the Opsian Bay, the Bay of Adooli, the regal government of Axuma, the double sovereignty of Suakin, the independent Bedoweens, above the Tahama, or Tessiborike, the site of Berenice, in Foul Bay, the existence of the gold mines, and the evidence of gold, still obtainable on the coast, all prove, whatever may have been the revolution of governments, or the changes effected by the lapse of time, that the general features are still indelible, and the portrait true.

The bay to which the noble traveller has given the fantastic appellation of "Botherem Bay," with all its intricacies, shoals, and islands, will be found perfectly consistent with both Agatharchides and Diodorus.

The Axumite inscription proves incontestibly the prevalence of the Greek language in Abyssinia. The fact undoubtedly was, that as soon as Adooli became a mart, approachable by the Greeks from Egypt, Greeks established themselves there as residents. Thus they had formerly done all around the Euxine, from the time of Herodotus, to the time when it was visited by Arrian, in the reign of Adrian.

Greeks of this sort were not only merchants, but became ministers, or agents for the native Sove-

reigns, such as Xenophon found in the time of Scuthes, and by such a Greek, the inscription was doubtless drawn up for Aeizaneus.

The whole work does the writer great credit. The style is unaffected; and the commercial speculations, in regard to Arabia and Abyssinia, of greater public importance, than they hitherto appear to have been considered.

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR Memoirs are now drawing towards their close, for although numerous recollections yet remain, they are rather of a miscellaneous and desultory kind, consisting more of detached remarks and local anecdotes, than of any regular and consistent narrative. Such parts of these shall be selected and introduced, as appear best calculated to excite interest, or promote entertainment.

To whom the following "Recollection" can apply, the editor has not the remotest conception, but that the portrait was drawn from nature, is evinced by the strength of the outline, the force of the colouring, and the general appearance as a whole.

A Christian Bishop!—Much veneration has in various parts of these Recollections been expressed

for individuals filling this high and important office, expressed too with an honest warmth, resulting from a near contemplation, and personal experience of their virtues. What ought the characteristics of a Christian Bishop to be? Firmness—learning—charity—general benevolence—meekness—disposition to forgive injuries—spirit of reconciliation—a love of peace, and desire to ensue it.

Great and amiable qualities truly! Yet a Bishop did once present himself in the progress of a literary life, who had not quite all these peculiarly honourable distinctions. Firmness he had, if that term can in justice be applied to him, who is *tenax propositi*—right or wrong. The distinction of learning must be allowed him, without any qualification of any kind. As to the rest—charity—general benevolence—meekness—disposition to forgive injuries—spirit of reconciliation—love of peace—desire to ensue it—a little reflection is necessary before the claim to these qualities can be conceded.

Is it a proof of charity, or benevolence, or meekness, to provoke a large body of united individuals by anonymous insinuations and attacks, which there was a compulsory obligation subsequently to retract and disavow?

By which of the apostles or evangelists are maxims of persecution inculcated? To admonish and

and advise, is certainly part of the episcopal function, and as the very name denotes, to exercise a becoming vigilance with respect to those who are comprehended in their flock. But suppose an honest, industrious individual, proceeding in the line of his professsional duty, which he has invariably found to lead successfully to the object desired, and suppose he declines from conscientious motives, or from pride, or obstinacy, if you please, to deviate from this line, or path, at the haughty suggestion of a superior, be he Dean, or even a Bishop, is he to be persecuted, harassed, exasperated with unrelenting malignity?

Lastly, supposing a professional brother, at the time, of equal pretensions in rank, situation, connections, and accomplishments, from whom attention and kindness had been previously received, and through whom, and in concert with whom, a work of high importance to religion, morals, and learning, had been prosecuted, should, in a thoughtless moment, by a mere casual and inadvertent expression, give cause of offence? Is such a trespass not only never to be forgotten or forgiven, but is it compatible with those qualities, which ought to characterize a Christian minister, whatever be his station, to retain a sense of the transgression, implacable, and eternal; and forgetful of former recipro-

reciprocated kindness, to treat the offender as one deserving to be deprived of "fire and water?"

Fye on such Christian ministers, bishops, or what not!!

Cupit hic regi proximus ipsi:
Clarusque latam via per urbem.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE the subject of Prelates and Prelacy is definitively concluded, it may be as well to insert one anecdote from the manuscript, which stands alone and unconnected, but which the Sexagenarian states he had from authority not to be disputed.

It happened during the ministry of Pitt, that a vacant bishoprick was kept for a long time in abeyance. Among the expectants (for we must not say candidates) was one whose immoderate anxiety and eagerness on the subject, was really ridiculous; (the word in the manuscript was *contemptible*, but this had been erased.)

He used to write or send two or three times a day, to the Premier's Secretary, to learn whether any decision was yet made, and in one of these *grandes epistolæ*, he ingenuously confessed that his solicitude on the subject was so great, that it really deprived him of sleep.

It

It will hardly excite surprize to learn that the above gentleman was not distinguished by greatness of mind, and that he was rather to be classed among the *fruges consumere nati*, than among the *egregia semper patriæ capita*.

The story is on record of the new married Lady Burlington, who when she saw Swift for the first time, fancied from his dress and appearance, that he was, to use the Dean's own words, "some hedge alehouse parson," and accordingly resented his familiarity of address, as presumptuous and insolent. He had asked her to sing, but instead of complying, she left the room in disgust, and in tears. When, however, she next saw him, she approached him with a graceful air and curtsey, and said "I will sing to you Mr. Dean whenever you please." Something not remarkably dissimilar, happened between the great man above alluded to, and our Sexagenarian.

He had an appointment with a much greater man than either of them, and was shewn into the private apartment of the person who had sent for him, and here, by accident, he saw the anxious expectant for the mitre, waiting also for an interview. The personal appearance of our friend was not remarkably prepossessing, and he did not much sacrifice to the graces in his dress; so that his attempts to enter into conversation were resisted, and great talents

for

for silence were exhibited on both sides, for the space of half an hour.

At length the great man entered, who, as luck would have it, first accosted the Sexagenarian, and with particular cordiality. The consequence was electrical. The Doctor's austerity of countenance in a moment relaxed into the most complacent good humour. He was really much concerned, not to have known who the gentleman was, with whom he had been sitting. He should be proud to rank him among his acquaintance, was not ignorant of his reputation, &c. &c.

That conjecture may not be directed to the wrong object, let it be understood, that this person, though subsequently elevated to the Episcopal dignity, was not Bishop A. or B. or C. or D. &c.

About Bishop H. there are a few scattered memoranda in the manuscript, but though the Sexagenarian had occasionally met him, no acquaintance subsisted between them, and though he most highly, on all occasions, venerated his learning and talents, and gave public testimony that he did so, he appears to have been by no means pleased with his personal manners.

Μονῃ θυτεον τῃ Αληθειᾳ.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN a far, far different spirit are written, in several portions of the manuscript, certain notices of a very Reverend Dean, concerning whom there appears to have been the intention of composing something more in detail. How much and how greatly he was revered by the writer, appears from the following quotation, with which the Recollections on this subject are introduced.

Locum virtus habet inter astra,
Vere dum flores venient tepenti
Et comam sylvis hyemes recident,
Vel comam sylvis revocabit æstas,
Pomaque autumno fugiente cadent,
Nulla terris rapiet vetustas
Tu comes Phœbo, comes ibis astris.

This venerable personageo ught, with propriety, to have been introduced in an earlier period of the work;

work; he has indeed been casually mentioned, but his talents and accomplishments were of so high and superior a character, that it looks a little inconsistent with the profound respect which he evidently inspired, not to have solicited attention to him before.

He was one of the soundest scholars in Europe, certainly to be classed among the most skilful and accomplished geographers, an admirable critic, and in every character, and every relation of life, entitled to the most exalted encomium.

With all these claims to esteem and love, he was of the greatest simplicity of manners, unaffected, unassuming, powerful in argument, but not like Johnson, overbearing; an excellent divine, steady patriot, and unalterable friend.

His works will endure with the language in which they were written, and in other languages also; his geographical researches, having necessarily attracted the attention of those engaged in similar pursuits, in all parts of civilized Europe. He seems to have had one talent in common with Herodotus, that with respect to places hitherto partially known, and imperfectly explored, further investigation generally proved his conjectures to have been founded on the most substantial grounds, and his conclusions true. This is more particularly the fact, with respect to the Periplus of the Ery-

thræan Sea, and the examination of the strange hypothesis of Bryant, relating to the plain of Troy.

By the way, the name of Jacob Bryant occurs occasionally in our Sexagenarian's Recollections. It is stated that he once or twice encountered him in literary societies. But he represents Bryant, allowing him at the same time all that his warmest advocates can require, as being very tenacious of his opinions, and impatient of contradiction. Any opposition to his affirmations, however candidly or temperately expressed, he was apt to consider as a declaration of hostility; and on one in which the amiable personage was concerned, who forms the immediate subject of this article, he degraded himself so far as to use the coarsest terms of invective; nay, he even called his learned opponent ASSASSIN.

Mark, reader, the contrast of the two characters. The person thus vilely, as well as falsely stigmatized, merely in reply expressed "surprize to find that a man of letters, of integrity, of talents, of refined manners, of an understanding cultivated by all the studies, classical and religious, which tend to soften asperity of mind, and severity of judgment, should so far transgress the law of controversy, as to style his adversary an assassin, because upon a question of literature, he dared to be of a different opinion, and to assign some reasons for that difference."

That

That Bryant was vindictive whenever his literary reputation was impugned, appears also from the following circumstance. He knew the Sexagenarian to be concerned in a publication, in which some of his assertions and dogmas had been dispassionately discussed, and though he met him at the house of a common friend, who equally respected both parties, he declined entering into conversation.

But to return to our first subject, the venerable Dean. Various are the branches of science which his pen illustrated and adorned; indeed all his publications may be considered as truly valuable, and highly important. The intricacies of the Greek verb, peculiarities relating to the military tactics of the ancients, many arduous and obscure points, both in ancient and modern geography, a most powerful and effective vindication of the system of national education, with various other contingent appendages to learning, have been elucidated by his learning, and embellished by his taste.

The question may naturally be asked why, with such an accumulation of claims, did he not ascend to the highest gradation of his profession? The interrogatory is more easily proposed than answered. Perhaps it is true, that with all his great attainments, and love of literature, the Prime Minister of that day was so occupied with political perplexities

perplexities and difficulties, that he considered the pursuits of the Muses, as trifling and subordinate, and conferred distinction and reward on those only and their connections, and adherents, who were most useful and necessary to him in the prosecution of his views.

However, the honours which were bestowed, were communicated in the handsomest manner possible, and if inadequate to the merits of the receiver, there is great reason to presume that they satisfied his utmost ambition.

Bene navis agitatur-pulcre hæc confertur ratis
Sed conticiscam : nam audio operiri fores.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE are again carried back to a remoter period; but these inequalities, with respect to chronology, merely serve to confirm the opinion long since given, that had life been spared, and opportunity allowed, the Sexagenarian meditated a compact and regular whole.

In the part of the manuscript at which we are now arrived, are many observations and anecdotes of an eccentric, but well-known character, of considerable reputation for science in his day, an excellent antiquary, a polite scholar, and accomplished gentleman.

Such was E. K * * *, of M * * * S * * *. His taste was acute, refined, and multifarious, his knowledge great and extensive, and on certain subjects profound. He possessed some of the finest bronzes in the world, a few exceedingly valuable

luable pictures, beautiful specimens of Oriental curiosities, and more particularly of rare and old china, and above all, a most numerous, well-chosen and costly library. He was bred to the profession of the law, but becoming, by the death of a relation, possessed of such property as made the continuance of his professional labours unnecessary, he retired from it, and afterwards pursued a life of literary ease and leisure.

He kept a hospitable table, to which he frequently invited the more distinguished literary characters of the country. To these he always shewed kindness, and to some whose more necessitous circumstances required it, he communicated more substantial assistance. In the margin opposite to the place where the above sentence appears, the Sexagenarian had written with a note of admiration thus—"We are a needy crew!"

One in particular, a foreigner, who was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and had contributed very largely to the Philosophical Transactions, and was also the author of many curious and profound works on philosophy and chemistry, had perpetual welcome at his table, and received various proofs of more solid regard.

His liberality also in accommodating those who were not fortunate enough to possess literary stores, equal to his own, with the loan of his treasures,

and his readiness of communicating what he knew to those who required it, were equally prompt, kind, and conspicuous.

He had, during that season of the year when the provinces pour their more opulent, refined and enlightened inhabitants into the bosom of the metropolis, weekly meetings of learned and eminent men, among whom were always to be found some of the most distinguished characters of the country.

He had much ardour of curiosity with respect to discoveries and observations in foreign and remote countries, and particularly directed his attention towards Africa. He was familiarly acquainted with all that had, in ancient and modern times also, been published on the subject of that country, which still seems to mock the unavailing efforts of all who attempt to penetrate into its interior recesses. He did not, however, live to see how much of this obscurity and darkness had been dissipated by the generous and patriotic efforts of the African Association, and by the result of the exertions of Browne, Hornemann, Park, and others.

Of all the books which our modern æra have produced on the subject of foreign discovery, he principally avowed his admiration of Turner's Embassy to the court of the Dalai Lama, at Thibet, concerning which we had previously very little, and indeed no satisfactory information. He considered this

work as highly valuable and important, and as filling up an interesting desideratum in the philosophical history of man. The extraordinary peculiarities of religious superstition, which prevail in that country, the extreme singularity of manners, particularly those relating to marriage, where it often happens that one woman is wife to six or seven brothers in a family, had so much occupied his mind, that it is more than probable, that his ideas on these subjects must have been communicated to paper, and remain among his manuscripts.

Hospitable, kind, and generous, he had one marvellous weakness, which often produced the most unpleasing consequences, namely, a childish irritability of temper.

The wrong label accidentally put upon a decanter, on one occasion so exasperated him against the offending servant, that much temporary inconvenience was occasioned to a large and elegant party, who were at dinner. These squalls, however, were short and transitory;—and perhaps more tolerable than the grimace and adulatory obsequiousness of "the Traveller," whose name next succeeds.

Opera haud fui parcus meâ. Nimis homo
Nihili est, qui piger est, nimisque id genus odi ego male,
Vigilare decet hominem qui volt sua tempori conficere
officia.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOUIS has written his own life, restrained by no very strong considerations of delicacy, nor at all abashed by the circumstantiality of what he has disclosed. His parentage, his education, his early and his late amours, the variety of his efforts to get on in the world, his obsequiousness to his superiors, and his final arrival at wealth and independence, are all communicated without the smallest reserve, as if his object, aim, principle, first and last determination, was "*Quærenda Pecunia.*" He does not seem much to have cared about the opinions of mankind, and to have exclaimed with Horace, "*Populus me sibilet,*" &c. "*ad cælum jusseris ibo.*"

Our Sexagenarian, as appears from his notes, was very frequently in his society, and though he ex-

presses himself as greatly pleased and amused with his vivacity, his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, his knowledge of the world, and it must be said of books also, indeed he knew something of every thing, yet he evidently felt no strong disposition to give him his esteem.

There was a man in the time of Gray, and of the same college with the Bard, whose name was Etough, or Etoph. He had been brought up among the most rigid Dissenters, but seeing better prospects before him in our Church establishment, he took orders. This man, by some means or other, had made himself acquainted with the secret history, connections, and particularities, of all the great families in the kingdom.

On account of this knowledge, though exceedingly disliked, and indeed despised, he was very much courted and invited to entertainments. Our friend Louis greatly resembled him. He was for some years resident abroad, in a situation which commanded respect, and in a place which all our young nobility, who make the tour of Europe, never fail to visit. He was necessarily introduced to their acquaintance, and thus in succession became informed of the more important circumstances involved in the history of their respective families.

This he turned to very good account, so good indeed, that his domestic expences were always on

a very limited scale. The invitations he received to dinner, in the full season, were perpetual, and there were many considerable houses, at which a place was always left for him, without the formality of previous notice.

To the very last period of life, he retained his vivacity of intellect, and great activity of body. When turned of seventy, he played billiards with great spirit, and practised all the finesse of the Queue with considerable success.

It was whimsical enough, that never having acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English language, to read or converse in it without an offensive intermixture of his foreign idiom, he should have valuable preferment in the Church bestowed upon him. He had the good sense not to attempt any professional duties, and some ludicrous stories are told of the surprize and astonishment excited among his northern auditors, when he first appeared among them to take possession of his living.

He died rich, which indeed might be expected, for he saved much and spent little; independent of what he received from one noble family, his pension, and his living, he did not inherit less than twenty-four thousand pounds from two other personages of rank, to whom, for a continued series of years, he had paid assiduous and obsequious attention.

In his account of himself, he slurs over the circumstance of his being most affectionately received, and most generously entertained, by his relations in this country; but the fact is, on his arrival he went to the house of his uncle, who had retired from the business of a jeweller with a handsome fortune, and for many years resided in Leicester-square. When the subject of this article died, he left a niece, who had kept his house, but whether she was a daughter of this uncle above-mentioned, or not, was not known to the writer. Whoever she might be, he left her but a scanty provision.

Though frivolity and levity would better characterize him, than to call him a lover of science and philosophy, yet the book he wrote on the discoveries of the ancients, attributed to the moderns, and his edition of the works of Leibnitz, demonstrate him capable of profounder thinking, and evidently prove that he was well acquainted with books.

In the matter in which he was involved with the venerable Archbishop of Moscow, he does not stand in quite so fair a light. He committed himself unadvisedly, nor was his explanation quite perspicuous or satisfactory. Take him for all in all, he was an eccentric character, and if we do not meet with his like again, it is of no material importance.

Numerous are the anecdotes which occur in our manuscript, as communicated by this singular personage,

sonage, but lest our detail should be too far extended, one only is inserted.

A society was established under the most fortunate auspices, of which, the object was, to bring together individuals, who from their relative situations in life, were otherwise less likely to meet upon equal and familiar terms: men of rank, properly so denominated, and those who had exhibited such unequivocal proofs of learning and of talent, as to claim and deserve that countenance, which the conscious dignity of superior intellect is seldom disposed to solicit. Accordingly, the first promoters of the plan endeavoured, in the invitations which they circulated, to assemble personages of distinction, who were universally considered and acknowledged as friendly to the interests of literature, and men of literary character, whose studies and productions had conciliated the general esteem.

To Louis this seemed a mighty fantastical project, and as the invitation immediately came from one, who, though much employed, and exceedingly anxious in the business, did not add much to its allurement, from the splendour of his rank, or the popularity of his name; he declined it with a sort of faint praise and civil sneer, at the same time undertaking to predict that the scheme would fall to the ground. But it turned out far otherwise. The success exceeded the most sanguine hopes of

the first projectors. In a very short space of time, the society comprehended a very large proportion of

The great, and the good, and the learned, and the wise.

It would not be very easy to describe the mortification and chagrin which was felt by him, who had rejected, what he would afterwards have made great sacrifices to obtain. But it was too late. The door was shut, not again to be opened to any force, within his power to apply.

Τ. Αυτος μετειληφὼς της καλῆς εκεινῆς συνεσιας, η παρ αλλη μαθων τοις ετεροις διεξῃεις;

Α. Αυτος μετασχων.



CHAPTER XX.

THE Sexagenarian has, in various parts of his manuscript, introduced detached remarks and anecdotes on the subject of book clubs, literary societies, and meetings of similar denomination.

He seems to have been a member of one in particular, which must have communicated no ordinary satisfaction, as he has sketched a concise delineation of the individuals of whom it was composed, which is here introduced, to exercise the acuteness of those who may be disposed to appropriate the several descriptions and portraits.

The first was a Barrister; a man of singular acuteness, great vigour of intellect, extensive knowledge of modern languages, particularly of French, a very subtle disputant, and never perhaps exceeded in conversation talents. In the time of Louis XIV. it was notorious that the great wits of the day, bestowed

stowed a portion of their morning hours, in preparing themselves to shine in the parties they were to meet in the evening, by making themselves familiar with such subjects as were likely to be introduced, by contriving such verbal artifices as might afford them the opportunity of introducing new jests, puns, jeux des mots, and so forth.

Our legal friend laboured under a somewhat similar imputation, but be this as it may, his talents were of the very highest order, and though perhaps in many of his opinions, and more particularly in those concerning politics, he did not coincide with any one member of the Symposium, he was greatly acceptable to all, from the vivacity of his communications, the easy flow of his eloquence, his diversified narratives, and urbanity of manners.

He qualified himself for professional distinction by severe application, and he long and patiently endured the "*res angusta domi,*" with the hope of progressively making his way to more lucrative business. But this seemed still to linger at a distance; he was, however, too high-spirited to be easily turned aside from his purpose, and too confident in his own natural and acquired attainments, to despair of finally accomplishing his object. Two things occurred, which attracted the public attention towards him, and made him the object of more general attention and curiosity.

He

He undertook to be the advocate of the French Revolution in its primordial state, and produced a work upon the subject, which became the fertile parent of disputation, replies, rejoinders, and commentaries.

He also read public lectures on legal subjects, which were numerously attended, and exhibited unequivocal demonstration of his abilities. He might probably not have been obliged to court the office which he afterwards and honourably filled, but for the pertinacity of his political opinions, and his strenuous opposition, on all occasions, to the measures of government.

This pertinacity, however, so far gave way at length, that he accepted from ministers a judicial situation in one of the remote dependencies of the empire, where he resided for several years. His acceptance of this office was considered by his party as tergiversation, and he was reproached by them accordingly. One example of this reproach is commemorated as having been made by a very distinguished friend of opposition, on the occasion of the trial of O'Connor and his friends at Maidstone. It is too well known to require repetition.

At length he returned to his native country, and great were the political changes which had occurred in the interval of his absence. What did he do? It might have been supposed that government pos-

sessed some claims upon his gratitude; it might have been presumed, that having witnessed the follies and the pernicious effects of the revolutionary principles he had once advocated, he would shrink from the peril of being even the suspected partisan of a power which had been exercised to the destruction of every thing, which by the wise and the good was contemplated with the strongest attachment and sincerest veneration. He nevertheless went back to the Magi, by whom he had formerly been deluded, and was quickly initiated in all the greater and lesser ceremonies of the Gallic Eleusis, Madame de S. being the high-priestess.

It was, however, reported of him, that even in the midst of his wanderings in the labyrinths of politics, he not only meditated, but actually commenced, a great and arduous historical labour, to which his talents were fully adequate, and which promised to place his name on a pedestal, far more lofty and substantial too, than any fabrick which could possibly be raised by a subtle, ingenious, but powerless minority.

On the subject of this gentleman, with the exception of a few scattered notices, nothing more of importance appears in our Recollections. There is reason to apprehend, that at this period, the Sexagenarian retired from the world, and totally lost sight of his former associates.

Eam laudem hic ducit maximam, cum illis placet
Qui vobis universis et populo placent,
Quorum operæ in bello, in otio, in negocio
Suo quisque tempore usus est sine superbia.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER individual of the society was a Member of Parliament, of elegant connections, elegant manners, and elegant accomplishments. He had travelled a great deal, and was familiarly acquainted with most European languages, but he more particularly directed his attention to the literature of his own country. In this he was pre-eminently skilled, and has transmitted proofs of his knowledge and taste in this way, which will probably endure as long as the language. His society was peculiarly agreeable; he had seen a great deal of the world, was acutely observant, had much to communicate, which he always was prompt to do, and which he always did with vivacity, eloquence, and a considerable degree of *dry* humour.

In earlier life he had attached himself to that party of which Mr. Fox was the head, and he exercised his satirical vein at the expence of the leading members of administration, in the miscellaneous volume of poetry known by the name of "the Rolliad." His first, however, and greatest delight, was in old English poetry, which in the manner of Headley, he collected, illustrated, and it may be said, adorned. His biographical sketches are remarkable for neatness, precision, and accuracy. He abounded in anecdote, which, when required, he detailed with great felicity.

He was for some time in Russia, and had lived on terms of much familiarity with Prince Potemkin; of whose luxurious and voluptuous style of living, he would often relate many extraordinary particulars. This Prince would have the fish called the Strelitz, a great delicacy of the table, brought alive from the Crimea to Petersburg, in relays of fresh water, stationed at different distances, by which means, and by the time of their arrival, they must have cost a most prodigious sum of money.

It is not impossible that this gentleman's health might somewhat suffer from the above intimacy. He was a great valetudinarian, and obliged to live with the extremest circumspection with regard to his diet, and to abstain altogether from wine.

He

He used to tell a facetious story of himself in an adventure which he met with in the north of Germany.

He was returning from Petersburg, when by some accident, he and his servant were detained on the road, and with much difficulty reached a miserable village late in the evening. They were almost famished, but neither the master nor the servant could make the host comprehend their wants. They tried all the languages of which they had knowledge, but none could my host understand. At length, on looking out of the window, the servant saw some poultry; on which he seized the landlord by the arm, and, as loud as he could, imitated the crowing of a cock. The man took the hint, and immediately twisted off the necks of two chickens, on which the travellers supped deliciously.

His health continuing to decline, Mr. * * * found himself obliged to withdraw from the different societies of which he was a member, and altogether resided at an elegant retirement within twenty miles of the metropolis. Here he died very prematurely, leaving behind him a strong impression of some of the best and most pleasing qualities, which can and which ought to characterize the English gentleman.

He was particularly partial to the Symposium, of which a brief account is here given, and never failed, as long as it subsisted, to attend its meetings. He used facetiously to call it his "Petit Baton."

C'est la qui fait peur aux esprits de ce tems,
Qui tout blancs au dehors, sont tout noirs au dedans.
Ils tremblent qu'un censeur, que sa verve encourage,
Ne vienne en ses ecrits demasquer leur visage,
Et fouillant dans leurs mœurs en tout liberté,
N'aille du fonds du puits tirer la verité.

CHAPTER XXII.

A THIRD member of this "Symposium" was perhaps superior to those who have been already mentioned, in intellectual endowment. He has written the circumstances of his early life with such a dignified simplicity, that it is only necessary here to observe, that by the momentum of talent alone, directed by discretion and sound judgment, he rose from the very humblest station in life to an honourable and merited independence. He was an excellent scholar, and had superintended the education of a young nobleman with the highest credit to himself, and advantage to his pupil. He afterwards accompanied him to the Continent, where he successfully availed himself of the opportunities of

his situation, to enlarge his own stores of knowledge, as well as those of the individual under his care and direction.

Of his first productions of a literary kind, nothing perhaps is known, except by himself, and a very few; but at the period before us, he had already, by the common acknowledgements of scholars, greatly adorned the literature of his country. His primary distinction was a sort of intuitive acuteness, which enabled him instantly to penetrate into the real characters of those with whom he communicated, and to discern the merits and defects of whatever was submitted to his perusal. This acuteness, aided by a very strong judgment, gave him perhaps a particular bias to criticism and to satire.

By one of his performances of this kind, he effectually put an extinguisher upon a gaudy and meretricious taste, which, for too long a period, had been permitted to intrude upon the regions of poetry, and fraudulently under the guise of polish and softness, to substitute sound for sense, tinsel for gold, and a profusion of false and garish metaphors, for the best and truest embellishments of the art. Day after day, even to fastidiousness, was the public nauseated with epistles, odes, and sonnets, and canzonettas, under the signatures of Rosa, Matilda, Laura, Yenda, and a hundred others. The honest indignation and energy of this writer's Satiric Muse, swept

swept all these cobwebs away, and they were visible no more.

By the fierce resentment of one of these offended parties, remarkable for the licentiousness of his sentiments, and the indiscriminate abuse which he scattered every where around him, our satirist was once involved in a perilous, but whimsical predicament. The culprit felt so poignant by the lash, which had been applied to his shoulders, that after brooding over his wounds, in sullen, silent malignity, he determined upon taking personal vengeance. He was led to this, from the mistaken apprehension, that courage was proportioned to stature, and that a little body must necessarily be the depository of a pusillanimous spirit. He, however, found himself most egregiously mistaken.

Armed with "a dagger and a pall," in other words with a bludgeon and surtout, he contrived to watch the satirist to his bookseller's shop, which he was known to frequent regularly at a certain hour of the morning. As soon as he had seen his foe enter, the exasperated poetaster followed him in, and immediately, without a word of warning, in the most base and cowardly manner, attempted to strike his adversary on the head. But he reckoned without his host. The little man seeing what he was about, caught his uplifted arm with one hand, and with the other actively wrested the bludgeon from

 his

his grasp, which he managed with so much dexterity and force upon his dastardly adversary, that the tables were turned, and the assailant was fairly beaten out of the shop, with marks of his discomfiture, which he carried for a long time afterwards manifest on his visage.

Few things have been more extensively circulated than the satirical poem, alluded to above. It passed through various editions, and still retains the reputation it deserves. This effusion, which was limited to sonnet writers, makers of odes, and Dilettanti scribblers of that class, was succeeded by an attack managed with no less ability and skill, on certain theatrical productions of similar tendency and character, which for a long time usurped an undue possession of the stage. This met with the same favourable reception from the public, and was productive of equally good consequences.

But the "*magnum opus*" of this distinguished personage, is one that will perish only with the language. It is one which occupied the thoughts of his earliest years, and was progressively completed, in the full maturity of his talents. It combines all the extensive and essential qualities of deep erudition, acute criticism, sound observation, and exquisite taste.

In the character in which he is here introduced, namely, as a member of the Symposium, it is impossible

possible to conceive any thing more unassuming, mild, and agreeable, than his manner and conversation. Never impatient of contradiction, never dogmatical in his arguments, he always improved the "olla podrida" of the meeting, without taking any merit from the flavour of the sauces, which he himself contributed to the mess.

When the Sexagenarian retired from the world, the same personage was still employed in the same honourable and useful pursuits, which had occupied the whole of his life, and which had more peculiarly in view the interest of literature, and the cause of truth.

At whatever point, and by whatever means, the evil disposed, were exercising their machinations against what he conceived to be the honest fame, and real interest of his country, wherever subtlety and artifice were employed, by misrepresentations, to mislead, or by fallacies to attempt imposition on the public, there was his vigilance prepared to detect, and his firmness resolved to check any effectual operation of the mischief. He obtained the meed he merited, "*laudari a laudatis.*"

Non quisquam fruitur veris odoribus
Hyblæos latebris nec spoliat favos,
Si fronti caveat, si timeat rubos,
Armat spina rosas, mella tegunt apes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FOURTH member of this society was an individual, than whom, no one's name has been more frequently before the public, or accompanied with more general respect, at the same time, with much persecution, and great, though undeserved, odium. Some there were, who, fancying that they saw the vital spirit of genuine liberty, in the principles of the French Revolution, were disposed to palliate enormities, at the bare memory of which, every feeling heart revolts, under the impression that they must ultimately lead to the melioration of man. These individuals reproached our Symposiast with the imputation of spreading unnecessary alarms, from an overweening zeal, and officious interference in political concerns. But this zeal,

these

these apprehensions, and this interference, contributed, in the opinions of the majority of the best and wisest of our countrymen, to the preservation of the country.

However this may be, the active and patriotic spirit exerted on the above occasion, spread universally around, and collected a phalanx, which, from its firmness, was capable of resisting all attack, from its vigilance prevented surprize, and from its consciousness of supporting the good and honest cause of religion and truth, despised and defied the artifices of calumny, and the insinuations of malignity.

The prominent part taken by the gentleman, of whom we are speaking, necessarily pointed him out to the government, as a fit object of their protection and patronage. His abilities and integrity were accordingly soon exercised in situations of confidence and honour. He well merited the distinction, for few have ever been more steady, or more active in discharging the obligations of official duty.

At the same time, these very qualities, added to his former exertions to counteract the fermentation excited by the turbulent and the evil-minded, created to him a numerous and formidable host of adversaries, who, by a thousand means, endeavoured to disturb his repose and interrupt his measures.

At

At length a political pamphlet which he wrote, the admirable distinction of which, was in the first place its loyalty, and in the next, its "plain good sense," attracted the notice of an eminent member of the Opposition. To this person's favourite hypothesis concerning liberty and our constitution, the above publication appeared to contain principles of the most dangerous and pernicious hostility. Nor did he rest till, by his persevering activity, his eloquence, and his influence, he procured a prosecution to be instituted against the author.

The result was, however, finally to his honour, and he was acquitted of the enormous offences with which he had been charged.

One incident occurred on the occasion of this memorable trial, which is related in our notes, and which, if the subject of this article should survive to peruse these Recollections, he will probably not forget.

Our Sexagenarian called upon him one morning, previous to the trial, when he had before him a list of the persons who were summoned on the jury. He accordingly asked our friend if he knew any thing of the private characters, or political opinions, of any of these individuals. On examining the names, the writer of these notes, fixed on one, to which for reasons that he stated at length, he recommended him to desire his counsel to object.

This,

This, however, he either forgot, or was perhaps too indifferent as to the event, or did not think the cause of objection on the part of the Sexagenarian, valid. The result was, that this person was allowed to sit on the jury, but it afterwards appeared that the only obstacle to an immediate dismissal of the charge, arose from the persevering and determined obstinacy of this individual against whose prejudices he had been timely, but vainly forewarned.

How much he disregarded and indeed despised this attempt to lessen his value in the estimation of the public, was sufficiently evident, indeed somewhat ludicrously manifested. He never encountered his great opponent, with whom he had some previous acquaintance, without forcing himself upon his notice by exclaiming, how do you do Mr. * * *? A salutation which the other would gladly have avoided and excused.

The person of whom too slight a description is here given, was educated at Eton, and afterwards at Oxford. He was called to the bar, and filled for some time a dignified station in one of our foreign dependencies. He has, at different times, published various works, all of which are in the highest degree honourable to his literary reputation. He is, or was, a good scholar, a very respectable lawyer, and had obtained considerable proficiency in the Oriental languages. He was, moreover, remarkably well versed in the modern Greek.

As to worldly matters, he certainly played his cards well with respect to himself, and has proved to others also no contemptible patron. All have their infirmities. It is imputed to him, that through fear of being held up to public animadversion, by one great political hippopotamos, he occasionally acquiesced in opinions, which he reprobated, and paid obsequious attention to one, whom in his heart he detested. It has also been said, that with a little exertion he might have rendered effectual service to some who fought with him with equal resolution, and who were exposed to equal danger, under the same honourable standard, but that his benevolence ended where it began—namely, at home.

He was, however, in every particular, well qualified to be a member of the society, the component individuals of which are here imperfectly delineated.

Davus sum, non Œdipus.

Deum qui non summum putet
Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit
Quem sapere—quem sanari—quem in morbum injici.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANOTHER considerable personage belonged to this Symposium, whose entrance into life was marked with promises, which he subsequently failed to fulfil. He had every advantage of family, education, connection, and situation; he had considerable learning, and was by no means destitute of talent. He was of very elegant and agreeable manners, and must necessarily have been a very acceptable member of any society, which assembled for the purpose of indulging enlightened and interesting conversation.

But he was appointed to some diplomatic situation abroad, and he continued for many years absent from England. Whether he had put the poisoned

soned chalice of infidelity to his lips before his departure, is uncertain; but he appeared to have employed his leisure in searching for objections and arguments, as they related to Scripture, which had been so often refuted, that they were considered by the learned and the wise, as almost exploded. This gentleman, however, collected, and made a book of them, which certainly has done no honour to his reputation, in any sense whatever.

He was, moreover, a poet, but here also he discovered a perverted and fantastical taste, having dramatized one of the most exceptionable and unnatural tales in the whole collection of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

Notice is not pretended to be taken, in our memoranda, of the literary productions of this gentleman with any thing like chronological accuracy; they seem to have been written down merely as the recollection of them presented itself. He got considerable credit, and deservedly too, by a spirited translation of a very crabbed Latin poet, though severer critics seemed inclined to consider it rather as a paraphrase than as a translation. However this may be, the version was, undoubtedly, highly spirited and poetical.

But an earlier, if not absolutely his first literary effort, was a speculative investigation on the subject of ancient Greek politics. This was characterized by much sound sense, and very extensive reading,

subject to the imputation of a style somewhat too inflated.

A later production exhibited a metaphysical labyrinth, in which the author bewildered himself, and confused his readers. Among the more remarkable paradoxes which this work contained, and it contained a great many, was the preposterous supposition that Newton's Principia, was an Atheistical system, and that the philosophy of Bacon was unsound and erroneous. His partiality to Helvetius, Delaplace, and the French school, demonstrate the perverse tendency of his mind, on religious subjects, which indeed, even in conversation, and it is even said in female conversation too, he was at no pains to conceal.

As a Symposiast, however, his talents would have done honour to the Athenian academy itself, and it is hoped that time and reflection may have meliorated and amended those opinions, which it is impossible that any religious character can approve.

Two other individuals compleated the number of Symposiasts, of one of whom some mention has already been made, the other was the Sexagenarian himself.

To the former, a tribute of affection has been paid, which he who compiled the heterogeneous

matter of these pages, can testify to have been well-deserved. We are inclined to make some mention of the latter, as we knew him in the decline of life.

Nunc aliquis dicat mihi—quid tu?
Sum cinis—ossa—nihil.

CHAPTER XXV.

HIS earlier years have been pourtrayed by himself in a preceding part of the work, but ah! how changed was he in his latter days! His characteristic of mind was an extraordinary quickness; his characteristic of temper was cheerfulness. The first of these qualities he retained as long as we knew him. He could compose any thing in prose or in verse, as the physicians say, "*pro re nata*," with a facility which seemed hardly credible, and with an accuracy which excited surprize. He has been known to write a sermon in the evening, which he preached on the following morning. In four mornings he wrote a book, which he intended as an amusement for his children. Some friends recommended him to print it, and though many years have elapsed since it was written, it still continues so great a favourite with younger readers, that an edition is every year published.

In

In one morning, indeed in a few hours, he turned into verse that beautiful chapter of Ecclesiasticus, in which Wisdom praiseth herself, and expatiates on her accomplishments. Whoever is desirous of examining with what effect this task was performed, has only to refer to the translation of Bishop Lowth's Lectures on Isaiah, by Dr. Gregory, at whose request he so employed himself. Other examples might be specified, but these seem enough.

With respect to his characteristic cheerfulness, sooth to say, he had some hard trials; he had such an unsuspecting frankness of temper, that there could not be an easier task than to impose upon him. In more than one instance, he was defrauded of large sums of money, eventually to have been received, by a hasty confidence in plausible manners and fallacious representations. Knavery was greatly aided in every artifice and stratagem against his interest, by two things. The first was his necessities. He had a large family, and nothing to educate and maintain them, but what his activity and abilities provided. Consequently, he had never any thing in store, but as he used to say of himself, was obliged to scramble on in life as well as he could. Under such circumstance, a smaller immediate benefit was caught at, than one which, though splendid, was only visible at a distance.

The

The other auxiliary of knavery, was our friend's impatience of temper. He could not endure delay, or any thing in the shape of procrastination. Whatever was to be done, was to be done quickly. He considered any thing like a process, as insupportable tediousness. There are many subtle spirits on the watch for individuals of such infirmities; and of such spirits, he was more than once the victim.

One other trial was bitterness itself, but as he himself has detailed it with no ordinary pathos, the circumstances need not here be revived. This also originated in a too easy disposition to believe every man honest who appeared so, and from his never exercising his mind to discover, beneath the veil of vivacity and good humour, the most nefarious intentions, and most abominable dishonesty.

This last event certainly preyed upon his mind, broke his spirits, impaired his health, and materially deteriorated his circumstances. Yet through this dark and oppressive gloom, rays of cheerfulness would often penetrate, enlivening himself and his connections with hopes of better days to come.

As life continued to wear itself away, he appears to have had his full share of those dark days, which, however, afflicting from their pressure, tend to render the prospect of the grave less formidable. As was before remarked, he abruptly withdrew himself

from the ken of those, to whom his society had been familiar, and not undesireable.

Where or when, or under what circumstances, he ultimately paid the last awful tribute of nature, are not known with sufficient accuracy to admit of being introduced in our narrative. He does not, however, appear to have been altogether without consolation. Where a tree shoots out into many branches, some will be goodlier, more vigorous, and more productive than others. Some will bear fruit which is sweet and nutritious; some will bear none at all. In this respect he shared the common lot of humanity, but where he had cause he was, nevertheless, uncomplaining, except in the soft whispers of family confidence. He used, however, a bolder and a louder tone to one lofty personage, who volunteered to be the instrument of obtaining for him compensation for one of the greatest injuries and afflictions, which can either be encountered or sustained. Great, certain, and immediate loss, as to property, was not the sorest of the evils; this was exasperated by the sneers of the envious, the insinuations of the invidious, the taunts of the malignant,

The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

Conscious integrity, however, ere long, armed him with a dignified confidence, but he never spoke without indignation of the great man above alluded to, who after raising his hopes to the highest pitch, smiled, and smiled, and smiled, and deserted him.

Of his talents and attainments, it is necessary to say but little. The productions of his pen again and again appeared before the public, on various occasions, and in a great multitude of shapes. Most of his works were received with respect, and many are still popular. Some unfinished things remained among his papers, and there are a few scattered memoranda in our Recollections, from which it appears that he had others in contemplation.

To specify some of these can do no harm, and may perhaps be the means of inducing others to exercise their leisure on the different subjects.

He had commenced and prosecuted to some extent, an elaborate Essay on the Revival of Learning, which he purposed to enliven by a variety of literary anecdotes, illustrative of an æra so greatly, and so honourably distinguished. He had also prepared biographical sketches of the most eminent and learned of those Greeks, who, when Constantinople was taken and plundered by the Turks, under Mahomet II. in 1453, took refuge in Italy, and found a secure and hospitable asylum in the protection of the illustrious house of Medici, at Florence.

The principal names of these accomplished exiles, with very learned and interesting details concerning them, may be found in Hodius de illustribus Græcis, a work not so well known as it deserves.

The Sexagenarian had also collected many curious particulars concerning the celebrated Florentine library, the foundation of which was laid by the learned Greeks above alluded to, who were sent back to their country, by the magnificent Lorenzo, to rescue from barbarian hands, the literary treasures, which they had been compelled to forsake. One anecdote occurs among the memoranda, relating to this library, which seems to merit insertion, and is detailed in the following words in the Recollections, but without reference to the authority from whence it was taken.

On the expulsion of the house of Medici from Florence, that city was occupied by the troops of Charles the VIIIth: and the library, with the possessions of the illustrious owners, fell into the hands of the French. The King of England at that time, Henry VIII., employed emissaries to purchase of the French officers and soldiers, as many books and manuscripts as they could possibly obtain. Whether before or after their arrival in this country, has not been ascertained, but Catherine of Medicis had the artifice and address to procure their restoration,

ration, on the pretence of their being the property of her family; this portion, therefore, whatever it might have been, now forms part of the royal library at Paris.

The residue of this splendid library remained at Florence, till the popularity of Cardinal John de Medicis, afterwards Pope Leo X. seemed to open to him a reasonable prospect of succeeding to the papal throne. At this juncture, Soderini was Dictator of Florence, who, anxious to remove from the Cardinal every remaining temptation to revisit Florence, collected what was yet left of the library, and dispatched the whole to him at Rome, as a present, conceiving himself thus to have performed an act of great political sagacity. Thus, therefore, the contents of this magnificent repository of literary treasure was divided, and such a proportion of them will be found in the Vatican, as the French, in their different predatory excursions, suffered to remain.

Another of the Sexagenarian's meditated works, was one or more Dissertations upon Emblems, a species of literature which at one period greatly occupied the attention of the curious, upon which the exalted talents of the first poets and artists were formerly exercised, and of which there are many specimens of extraordinary rarity and beauty. He had evidently revolved the subject much in his mind,

to

to which he was induced by the consideration, that nothing of the kind had ever appeared in the English language. Such a work certainly might be made a vehicle of great and various entertainment, by a judicious introduction of literary anecdotes, and by well-chosen specimens from the different performances.

It also appears that a work of some extent on the present state of literature, and literary men, in this country, had been nearly compleated. It was written in the administration of Mr. Pitt, and was inscribed to the Right Hon. W. Windham. The idea originated, in what was perhaps a misconception, that literature was on the decline among us, from the want of patrons. As he advanced in life, he was probably convinced that he was in error, for the work was never published, and as it should seem, never finished.

Our friend had also prepared for publication, some notes on two plays of Shakspeare. He, somewhere in "the Recollections," confesses, that he was prompted to this, by a wish to exercise the irritable curiosity of George Stevens. He first began with intimating in some Morning Paper, the intention of examining the edition of Shakspeare by Malone, then recently published, with the hint that the critical attention of the author would also be extended to all the other annotators. Several

columns

columns were accordingly filled with notes on the Tempest. The bait took, Mr. S. ever restless and impatient where Shakspeare was concerned, used every effort in his power to discover the author, and even condescended to reply to some of his observations, through the same channel of communication with the public. But he did not succeed; the work, however, became, in its progress, so very amusing, that annotations on two plays were ready for publication. Something more serious, in all probability, diverted his attention from this lighter employment, which he seems to have laid aside altogether.

Preparations were also made for a publication of a facetious kind. He proposed to give an account of the witty publications of earlier days, and had taken as a motto,

> Jest and youthful jollity,
> Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
> Sport that wrinkled care derides,
> And laughter holding both his sides.

The following books formed part of the stores from which he intended to have extracted his materials.

" Dainty Conceits, with a number of rare and

witty Inventions, never before printed. Made and invented for honest Recreation, to passe away idle Houres By Thomas Johnson. 1630."

"Wit's Private Wealth stored with Choice of Commodities to contente the Minde. 1639."

"Essays and Characters. By J. Stephens. 1615."

"Sir T. Overbury's Characters. 1627."

"Coffee House Jests. 1677."

"Wit Restored. 1658."

"A Banquet of Jests. 1640."

"Micro-cosmographie, or Characters. By Earle. 1628."

"Pasquil's Jests, with Mother Bunch's Merriments. 1629."

"Wits, or Sport upon Sport. 1672."

"Richard Ward of Wit, Wisdom, Folly, &c. 1674."

"F Mere's Wits Commonwealth. 1636."

"Wits Recreation, ingenious Conceits, Medicines for Melancholy. 1667."

"Ford's Panegyrick, Apothegms, &c. 1660."

"The Book of merry Riddles. 1629."

"Rowland's Doctor Merryman. No date."

"Taylor's Wit and Mirth. 1629."

"Humourous Tracts, in a large quarto Volume. From 1629 to 1691."

"Flecknoe's Characters of all Sorts. 1658."

The

The motive for inserting the titles of the above books, was the probability that others might be induced to prosecute what the Sexagenarian contemplated.

I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged.

Bonos dies.—For as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw her wink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*; so I being Master Parson, am Master Parson, for what is that but that, and is, but is.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MODERN PARSON ADAMS.

IT has generally been believed, that the prototype of Parson Adams, as delineated by Fielding in his Joseph Andrews, was Dr. Young, the author of the Night Thoughts. The picture has been considered as outrageously caricatured, and indeed it can hardly be conceived that such intellectual qualities and attainments could possibly be accompanied by such total ignorance of society, and such extreme and almost ridiculous simplicity of mind and manners.

Yet

Yet from some detached and irregular memoranda in our manuscript, it should seem that our Sexagenarian actually met with, and had frequent and familiar communication with, a character, resembling in many of its features and distinctions, the admirable portrait of the novelist.

Of his origin, or earlier life, nothing is remembered, nor is it material. It appears, however, that having been educated at one of the city public schools, Merchant Taylors', or St. Paul's, he removed from thence to the University. He was nearly cotemporary with Porson, and being of the same college, and with similar studious propensities, a sort of intimacy took place between them. Their attainments, however, differed very materially, both in quality and extent. Porson's were exercised on very various ramifications of knowledge; the individual, here alluded to, confined his investigations, and employed all his talents, on one object only, the Greek language, in which he was certainly and eminently skilful. It might be said to him,

> Græcum te Albuti quam Romanum atque Sabinum
> Municipem Ponti, Titi, Anni, centurio num
> Præclarorum hominum, ac primum signiferumque
> Maluisti dici.

Soon after his leaving the University, he married, but never was wight more remarkably unqualified

for

for the superintendence of a family, and the regulation of a limited income. The consequence may be easily imagined; and in no long interval, he found himself so overwhelmed with pecuniary obligations and perplexities, that ruin stared him in the face.

The venerable and excellent Bishop Porteus, estimating his literary attainments in their due proportion, and perfectly satisfied that his difficulties arose from no acts of personal indiscretion, or of moral inaccuracy, but from entire ignorance of the world, and from his mind being constantly absorbed in his favourite pursuits, gave him preferment. Two other friends also evinced so much and such successful activity in his behalf, that he was enabled to weather the storm, and he subsequently retired to a situation, where he was not exposed to similar perplexities, and was enabled, without molestation, to pursue the path in which he most delighted.

It might be added, that the art of memory was not among those which he most successfully cultivated. Upon some subsequent occasion, he to all appearance forgot one at least of those friends, and the assistance which their active kindness enabled them to administer to his necessities.

Perhaps enough has been said, but lest the subject of this notice, if he survives, should feel his

pride

pride wounded on reading this narrative, it is most willingly added in continuation, that more amiable manners could no where be found. His mind always appeared, and really was, uncontaminated by the dissimulation and hypocrisy of modern refinement; and it may be affirmed, with the small exception above cited, that he was invariably kind, friendly, and benevolent.

But his ignorance of the world, and of the human character, frequently subjected him to be imposed upon. He was sincere himself, and never suspected the deficiency of that quality in others. He was a conscientious and pious Christian, and did not think it possible that infidelity could lurk under the specious mask of liberality, candour, a general taste for literature, a partiality for some of our popular ecclesiastical writers, and an avowed zeal for moral order.

He would not indeed have exposed himself to the ribaldry and indignity of a rabid Trulliber, but in the ordinary concerns of life, and in the barters which necessarily occur in domestic economy, he was unable to distinguish the genuine from the spurious commodity, and knew no more of the mysteries of the drawing-room, or the sacred trifles of politeness, than Slingsby of criticism, or Gabrielli of Greek. Could but these worthies have seen him enter a room,

Chromatic tortures soon would drive them thence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense.

Whilst, on the other hand, he would not fail to be received with gratulation and applause by a hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

All who for Attic phrase in Plato seek,
Or poach in Suidas for unlettered Greek.

This gentleman more than once appeared before the public as an author; but such a style, at least when he wrote in English, was never paralleled, except among the Houynhyms! There was much sound learning, sense, judgment, and knowledge, at the bottom, but so thick a cloud was suspended over the surface, that it was only here and there, at intervals, through partial fissures of light, that what was valuable and useful could be discerned. "It was like the gracious fooling when thou spakest of the Pigrogromitus, and of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quembus."

Nobody was surely less qualified to be a biographical writer, for reasons above stated; he was unable to discern the real character, or to distinguish between the tinsel and embroidery of the courtier's polish, and the real and solid substance and qualities of the man.

There was one other person well known to the Sexagenarian, to whom the above description will apply in so many particulars, that it is not impossible but a false application might be made.

That other person was H * * *, a clergyman of Norfolk. He was alike versed in the depths and intricacies of Aristotelian lore, and even knew the opinion of Pythagoras about wild fowl; at the same time, he was equally ignorant of the world, and unacquainted with the forms of polished society. The style of writing in both, when they appeared as authors, was alike uncouth, and regardless of the ornaments of composition. But whilst the one, (that is, the individual first described) was perfectly unoffending, and never violated, though he might not practise, the forms and rules of good breeding, the latter was abrupt in his manner, rude and disputatious in conversation, and exceedingly disgusting in his habits.

He would, without scruple or compunction, offend the delicacy of his hostess by contaminating the hues of her carpets, the brightness of her stoves, and the purity of her bed-curtains, by defiling each with the distillations of tobacco. But he was, nevertheless, a truly good, and amiable, and profoundly learned man. The few works

he published continue, and always will continue, in high estimation with the learned, for the sagacity of his remarks, the acuteness of his discrimination, and the depth of his erudition.

Quicunque fuerit narrandi locus
Dum capiat aurem, et servet propositum suum,
Recommendatur, non auctoris nomine.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN no part of these pages will be found a more eccentric, and, at the same time, accomplished scholar and amiable man, than the individual, memorandums concerning whom, at this place present themselves.

His father was a sound theologian, and popular preacher. His various works on subjects of divinity still continue of high reputation. He was the intimate friend of Bishop Hoadley, Archbishop Herring, Dr. Clarke, and other illustrious members of our Church.

He left three sons, all of whom were greatly distinguished as scholars and divines. The youngest of these, Philip, with whom we have to do, was for a number of years intimately known to the Sexagenarian, and may, without impropriety, perhaps, be denominated his first literary patron.

Though considerably advanced in life, he took great pleasure in conversing with our friend, then very young, upon scholastic subjects, and afforded him much aid and encouragement in the prosecution of his literary pursuits. He had a valuable collection of classics, with which he was intimately conversant, many of the best of which he gave to his *protegé*. With respect to literature, his mind was somewhat of a singular cast. He knew nothing of modern languages, and in fact despised them. He had the same feelings as to the Belles Lettres. Latin and Greek authors comprised all that he studied; the Septuagint and Greek Testament all that he venerated.

A few of our old divines, and more particularly Bishop Hoadley, Dr. Clarke, and his father, were high in his estimation; but, generally speaking, he had rather the disposition to despise all modern writers.

His habits of life partook of the singularities of his opinions. Every day, when the weather permitted, he took a very long walk of many miles with his wife, whose personal appearance, character, and manners, were little, if at all less eccentric than those of her husband.

But the information or amusement communicated on either side could not be very great, for the gentleman invariably walked at least a hundred yards n advance.

He

He lived plainly, but exceedingly well, allowing himself a bottle of wine every day, about his management of which, he was also remarkably whimsical. He had no wine cellar, but every day, within half an hour of dinner, his servant went to the tavern for a bottle of port. This he divided into two equal parts, one of which he drank at dinner, which at that time was at three o'clock, the other at supper, which was precisely at nine. His wife, he said, or any accidental guest, might have what they pleased, but " not a drop of his" for any body.

He had the further peculiarity of drinking his wine out of a jelly glass, with a large wide foot, and this he did from the apprehension that some of the numerous four-footed animals which filled his house might throw it down.

The fondness, which he and his wife encouraged for the feline species, was really ridiculous. When the door was opened, it, in some degree, resembled the opening of a dog kennel, nor were the olfactory nerves less annoyed. Black, white, tabbies, tortoise-shell, grimalkins of all kinds and colours, rushed from every opening, to the great annoyance of the visitor.

Unluckily, there was a large school of boys in the vicinity of the old gentleman's residence. There was, of course, an open declaration of hos-

tilities between the "young dogs" and these cats. He was often exasperated almost to frenzy, by what he termed their abominable barbarity, and used to indulge himself in severe reproaches against the master, for not inculcating more forcible lessons of gentleness and humanity. His acquaintances were very few, and his guests fewer. With the exception of one old gentleman, a clergyman, of a character not less whimsical than his own, and occasionally, but very rarely indeed, the son of this friend, his dinners were invariably tête-a-tête.

He possessed in manuscript, sermons of his father, and of both his brothers; he had also composed a considerable number himself. The characteristic of them all was sound good sense, very seldom deviating into the subtleties of speculation, but strongly and earnestly enforcing religious and virtuous practice. It occurred to him, that the publication of these discourses might produce a sum of importance to the assistance of a County Hospital, then recently established. They were accordingly printed, and so far succeeded, that the charity was benefited to the amount of three or four hundred pounds. But the work appeared with this peculiarity, that the reader was left to exercise his sagacity in discovering what discourses were the composition of the father, and what of the brothers.

In taking leave of this worthy character, it is observed in our "Recollections," that he was a man of strong mind, and sound judgment, acute, and intelligent. Taste he had none, and indeed despised what is commonly so called.

What is more to his honour is, that he was friendly, affectionate, prompt in works of benevolence, and anxious to communicate assistance upon whatever occasion it was required.

The old clergyman, his friend, above alluded to, as being of a like eccentric character, was one of those personages who are not often met with in society. He was an excellent scholar, and had much taste and judgment, but he passed the whole of a long life in studied obscurity. He had some paternal fortune, and he married a woman of considerable property.

But from the habit of living in a retired village after the death of his wife, with an old crone of a servant, he contracted habits of the extremest parsimony, of which his son experienced the good effects, for he died prodigiously rich. But mark, it was not till after his death. He did indeed send his son to college, but his allowance was so niggardly bestowed, that he was often put to his shifts. After taking his degree, he was obliged to submit to the drudgery of being usher in a large school. He afterwards married respectably, but nothing could he obtain from his father.

There

There was one trait in the old gentleman's character so highly to his honour, that it may well be set as a counterpoise against his infirmity of avarice. He had the most rigid sentiments of honour. He was connected with a noble family, who offered him the living of the place where they resided, but on this condition, that he should sign bonds of resignation in case of being called upon to vacate his preferment: but he refused the offer with disdain; and though he might eventually, perhaps, with a little worldly management, have succeeded on his own terms, he never condescended to take any step whatever in the business, but continued to the end of life, curate of the village of which he might have been the rector.

Fortunam insanam esse et cæcam et brutam, perhibent philosophi,
Saxique instar globosi, prædicant volubilem,
Quia quo saxum impulerit fors, eo cadere fortunam autumant;
Cæcam ob eam rem esse iterant, quia nihil cernit quo sese applicet
Insanam autem aiunt, quia atrox, incerta instabilisque sit
Brutam, quia dignum atque indignum nequeat internoscere.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE remarks and sketches which are subjoined, appear to have been among those which were last written in our Sexagenarian's Recollections. They were evidently written under strong emotions of mind, and to have been intended for a longer and better digested dissertation. He observes in a sort of concise introduction, that they were suggested in consequence of a visit which he paid to the place of his nativity, after an absence of twenty years. His astonishment was great, and his sympathy strongly excited, by discovering on enquiry,

quiry, that, with some few exceptions, a total change had taken place among the persons whom he once more familiarly knew. That the rich were become poor, and the poor rich; that many who formerly had influenced the politics, directed the counsels, and commanded the reverence of their fellow-citizens, had been precipitated by Fortune to the bottom of her wheel. On the contrary, that others, who had filled humble and even menial offices, were in lofty situations, discharging the higher functions of their little Republic, building palaces, and rolling in wealth.

The contemplation of these events induced him to turn the matter more seriously in his mind, and to exercise his memory upon such individuals, as in the progress of life he had personally known, who from humble origin, and no other pretensions than those which, though honourable in themselves, are not always successful, namely, diligence and talent, had risen to stations of great dignity and emolument.

Happy Britain! our Sexagenarian on this occasion exclaims, happy beyond all other nations, where alone, between the lowest and most exalted station, no obstacle is interposed, which genius cannot subdue, and perseverance remove.

The Recollections next present us with a somewhat extended catalogue of illustrious names, whose lives and success exemplify the above re-

mark,

mark, which perhaps exclusively applies to this our country. The following is prefixed as a sort of preliminary observation.

The profession of arms is perhaps that alone, in which success and exaltation, even to the loftiest height of rank, excites no surprize, and provokes no envy. The qualities of personal valour combined with military talent, is that which obtains, extends, and secures the glory of a nation, in which every individual participates, and is more or less anxious to reward.

From the time of the great Marlborough to the period of the immortal Nelson, this sort of prepossession in favour of military valour has existed, whether manifested by sea or by land.

Perhaps also great elevation to dignity and wealth in the profession of the law, is contemplated with comparatively little jealousy, or invidious feelings. There are certain stations to be filled, and certain functions to be performed, which can only properly be sustained by the momentum of sound professional knowledge, aided by great natural ability. Little surprize or discontent was therefore excited or expressed on the elevation of those great characters, personally known to the Sexagenarian— Lords Thurlow, Rosslyn, Mansfield, Erskine, Bathurst, Camden, Ashburton, and various others.

Nor in the list of names which follow, is any thing further presumed to be intimated, than that good

good fortune came in aid of superior talents and great real merit, with such exceptions and qualifications as readers may choose to make, according to their respective feelings and prejudices, as well as from the extent of their personal knowledge.

The first name which presents itself, is that of Lord S. Though being educated in the profession of the law, he may in some degree be considered as belonging to that class, whose elevation excites little surprize, and seldom, if ever, provokes invidiousness of remark. Yet Lord S. certainly does not come under the denomination of a Law Lord. He owed his great elevation to political pursuits and connections, and by no means to his professional acquirements, whatever these might be.

He was the son of a physician, which physician was not only the professional adviser, but the confidential friend of the great Lord C. The subsequent connection between the two sons of these personages, as it commenced in youth, was cemented in the progress of years, and confirmed by congenial propensities.

Through the influence and friendship of Mr. P. Mr. A. rose, in no very dilatory succession, to the peerage, and to the very exalted station of Prime Minister of the country, exhibiting, perhaps, what rarely occurs, and never but in Britain, an instance of prosperous fortune, the result of unimpeachable integrity, and undeviating perseverance, rather

than

than of any very extraordinary intellectual endowments.

The two brothers also, who fill, honourably fill, the great and dignified stations, one at the head of the law, the other of Judge of the High Court of C——y, exhibit no less memorable examples of success and opulence. Perhaps these distinguished persons might not improperly be classed among those, whose elevation reasonably accompany their meritorious exertions. But the fortunes of men sometimes turn upon very slight hinges; and of the most illustrious of the two, it is reported, that after having for a considerable time attempted, without success, to obtain business at the bar in the metropolis, he had resolved to return to the place of his nativity in the north, and there practice as a Chamber Counsellor. Fortune, however, determined otherwise. The death, or the indisposition of some eminent barrister, engaged in a cause of extraordinary interest and importance, rendered it essential to the parties to employ immediately as a substitute, one who had sufficient leisure to devote himself to the business, and at the same time who possessed legal character and knowledge adequate to the arduousness of the cause in hand.

Sir John (then Mr. S——) was distinguished by both these requisites, and so distinguished himself

upon

upon the occasion, that all thoughts of removal were instantly laid aside, and his progress to wealth, reputation, and the highest dignities, were as rapid as can well be imagined.

The advancement of the second brother to dignity and wealth was continual and uninterrupted, and perhaps, as far as riches are concerned, they possess between them enough to satisfy even avarice itself.

The extraordinary rise of the present Earl to the elevated rank he now holds, demonstrates the caprice of fortune, " ludum insolentem, ludere pertinax," as much perhaps, or more, than any other example that ever the country can display.

He was first known to our Sexagenarian at College, and his prospects in life were as humble as can well be imagined. His father was a Norfolk clergyman, residing on a benefice of no very considerable value. His own destination was that of a clergyman also, and he entered life with no better hopes than present themselves to the generality of young men on leaving the University, without the claims of high connection, or the consciousness of extraordinary talents.

Luckily for him, his brother rapidly rose to the highest honours of his profession, and in the progress

gress of a most glorious career, too short, alas! for his country, manifested such claims to the public gratitude, that he was elevated to the illustrious distinction of an Earldom. In the midst of this splendid scene, the present Lord N. who had retained his College acquaintance with the Sexagenarian, applied to him for advice, as to the surest means of obtaining ecclesiastical preferment, through the interest of his brother, who was then only Sir H. N.

Such a procedure as suggested itself was accordingly recommended, and whether it happened from the prosecution of this advice or not, is very immaterial, but after no great lapse of time, a Prebendal stall in the Cathedral Church of C. was obtained, of which by the way his Lordship still retained possession, even after he had succeeded to the title, and to the very noble provision bestowed by a generous and grateful nation duly to support its honour.

Here let us pause. Providence, in such cases as this before us, as indeed in every other, (for it is impiety to call it fortune) holds the balance of good and evil with an equal hand. The noble Lord of whom we are speaking, lost a darling son in the flower of youth, and as it has been said of the most promising endowments—the branch is broken from his hands. The dignity and accom-

panying

panying opulence will be vested in the heirs male of a sister. This also may fail, but the name will live for ever.

In the former periods of British history, the elevation of great merchants, and of wealthy commercial men, to the dignity of the Peerage, was not unfrequent. Pennant, in his History of London, mentions many noble families of this description. That of the Duke of Leeds, for example, of Coventry, of Essex, and of a great many others. But in more modern times, wealth instead of accumulating in the persons of a few fortunate individuals, has been more equally as well as more generally diffused. The examples accordingly of elevation to the honours of nobility from the city have less frequently occurred.

Of the few which we have witnessed, perhaps the house of Thellusson is that which may, with the greatest propriety and justice, be classed among those, whose origin was as humble as their present condition is illustrious. Prosperity is hard to bear, and honours not hereditary are apt for a time to sit awkwardly on the wearer.

" And then to have the humour of state, and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the

the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me. I extend my hand to him thus—quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul."

It cannot but excite a smile to learn, that the first new fangled Baron of R. having purchased the mansion of a nobleman, which was one of those denominated by our French neighbours, "entre Cour et Jardin," consecrated the "Cour" with great solemnity. No carriages were permitted to enter its mighty gates, except those of our brethren of noble rank, or such as were stamped with bearings and quarterings from the Herald's College. The gates were Taboo to the more mean and vulgar visitors, whose finances compelled them to avail themselves of the accommodation of hackneys.

The noble Baron, after a while, changed the place of his abode, and his mansion was purchased by one of the Royal Family. The Prince, with more good sense, and with more consideration for the feelings of his countrymen, directed the ponderous gates to move on their hinges, as well for the humble ensign, as for the greatest and proudest of the realm.

One act of modesty, however, on the part of the first Baron, ought to be recorded, and this is the motto which he adopted for his arms:—

Labore et honore.

The

The next individual in our manuscript who was elevated to the Peerage, from the midst of commercial connections and pursuits, was of a very highly respectable, and ancient Dutch family. They came to England more than a century ago, and very honourably and very successfully engaged in commerce. So early as the year 1751, one of them was created a Baronet, with the title of Sir Joshua Vanneck. The third Baronet in succession was in the year 1796 raised to the rank of Baron H.

The next personage of this description exhibits perhaps the detached and solitary example of the elevation of one of the tribe of Judah to the honours of the British Peerage. Let it not be imagined that any imputation or disparagement is intended by this observation on the individuals of the family thus illustriously distinguished. Far otherwise—are we not all brethren? but the circumstance is without parallel.

The family name of Gideon was discreetly laid aside by the first Baron, and that of Eardley assumed, the then Sir Sampson having married a daughter of Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Lord Chief Justice, descended in the female line from the ancient family of Eardley.

The last individual whom we shall mention of the above description, was the intimate friend of Mr. Pitt, and in every particular deserving of the

the honours which were bestowed upon him. This is Lord * * * *, whose ancestors were all long and successfully engaged in the banking business, and in other departments of commerce.

There are or were many other individuals of this family, all of whom rose not only to affluence, but to considerable distinction in society. Two of these were representatives of populous places in the House of Commons; all were respected and esteemed for their irreproachable conduct in life, and eminent for their liberality, benevolence, and courtesy.

Such results of talents and diligence, honourably and successfully exercised, excite the wish that they might be enjoyed without interruption.

O! utinam præsens verba observare legentis
Et frontis possem signa notare.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE names of several Bishops next occur, forming a separate class of those, who, whatever they are, or may have been, certainly exhibit examples of individuals whose ultimate success in life was disproportionate to their first expectations on entering the great theatre of the world.

The fair and reasonable presumption is, in the clerical profession, as in that of the law—certain offices must be filled, to which it is natural to suppose that the most eligible will be appointed. Moreover, the longer the catalogue may happen to be, of ecclesiastics who have risen to the most exalted stations from humble beginnings, the stronger the argument will be, to disprove the assertion generally made, and too universally believed, that such stations are only to be obtained by political interest or intrigue.

Of

Of these distinguished personages, many have before been more or less circumstantially mentioned. The following is merely a sort of recapitulation, bearing upon the single point of extraordinary success in the procurement of worldly honours.

The circumstances and causes which led to the elevation of the late venerable Archbishop Moore, are too well known to require repetition, and the dignity which he obtained was too well merited to excite discontent, or provoke invidious remark. His Grace's ultimate station in life must however far, very far, have exceeded his most sanguine expectations, when first entering the world.

The honours also of the excellent Bishop Porteus, however well deserved and beneficially exercised, beyond doubt, much exceeded all the possible calculations and hopes of his early life. The successes of such an individual command the greater admiration, because they were not obtained by any interposition of the great, by any political connection, or indeed by the exertion of interest of any kind. They were the result of a zealous, pious, uninterrupted attention to the general duties of his profession, with a particular regard to those of the stations, which he immediately filled. He may nevertheless, with strict propriety, be introduced in the class of those, who have eminently been distinguished by good fortune.

The Bishop of L. has been already spoken of, and in terms with which it is hoped his Lordship will express no dissatisfaction. He surely can have no reluctance to confess, that his name is not improperly inserted in this catalogue.

This may be no unsuitable place to insert a whimsical anecdote of his Lordship, which though of a humble and indeed insignificant denomination, may surely be called a fortunate incident.

Some time after his Lordship had been appointed to the Deanery of the Metropolitan Church, he retained his confidential situation about the person of Mr. Pitt, and regularly every morning attended the minister in Downing-street, when in residence at St. Paul's. Returning one evening from Westminster to the city, he somewhere at the bottom of the Strand pulled out his handkerchief, and with it, as afterwards appeared, his purse. He heard it fall, and remarked the spot, but his natural shortness of sight, added to the darkness of the evening, prevented his finding it. On his walking the next morning to Westminster, his Lordship paused at the place where the accident had happened the night before, and actually saw his purse, which had just slipped off the curb-stone, and probably had been overlooked by ten thousand passengers.

The two next examples of good fortune going as it were hand in hand with merit universally allowed, reflect the highest honour upon Lord Sidmouth, who was Prime Minister at the time. It is indeed no more than an act of candour and justice to this noble Lord, to acknowledge, that during the whole period of his enjoyment of power, short indeed, but in this at least memorable, the ecclesiastical offices in the appointment of the Crown, were well and honourably filled by individuals, whose sole recommendations were their learning, their piety, and their virtue: of which these two persons about to be mentioned, were conspicuous examples.

The first of these excellent men was Bishop H. who had for a long series of years honourably and usefully distinguished himself in a great seminary, by superintending the morals and the education of youth.

He was ever remarkable for his sound learning, and his conscientious, firm, and consistent discharge of all his duties. It is therefore hardly necessary to add, that his appointment to this high office, diffused universal satisfaction among all the true friends of the church.

The next appointment of the kind is entitled to the same language of panegyric, whether we consider the discernment and disinterested generosity of the patron, or the great and various merits of the person promoted.

Bishop

Bishop B. was of respectable though humble origin, but was distinguished, at a very early period, both for his love of learning, and his success in the pursuit of it.

His accomplishments, added to his most truly irreproachable conduct, soon recommended him to his superiors. Few names stood higher in the estimation of scholars, and he was also classed among the ablest and most zealous vindicators of our Church establishment, at a perilous period, when it was in danger of being undermined by false brethren from within, as well as threatened by formidable enemies from without. His promotion was of course hailed by all, as an auspicious omen of the intention of the Minister, to render the Episcopal Bench venerable for its piety, admired for its talents, and respected for its erudition.

How Bishop B. has borne and exercised his faculties, has been sufficiently observable. Upon this subject there is neither occasion or opportunity here to expatiate. It is enough to be able to appeal to his exemplary conduct in his diocese, which, from conscientious motives, he has again and again refused to exchange for more lucrative situations, as well as to numerous publications alike remarkable for their learning and their piety.

The next Episcopal character who appears to merit a distinguished place among the more success-

ful adventurers in life, is one who did not obtain this high station from his abilities, though of a superior kind, nor from his literary productions, though of these there are many in existence. He obtained his promotion from the friendship of a Minister, discerning, cautious, accurate, and above all, strictly tenacious of the characters of those whom he distinguished, and most strenuously resolute in enforcing the rigid performance of all clerical duties, by whom of course, his virtues must have been known, and his merits approved.

The appointment did certainly at first, excite some degree of surprize. The venerable Bishop of Landaff, on being informed of the event, was with difficulty prevailed upon to believe it; but perhaps there was an old grudge, which on this occasion darted like a spectre on his recollection. There is, however, neither the intention nor the desire to discuss in this place either the merit of the receiver, or the sagacity of the giver, of these honours; leave therefore is respectfully taken of them both, with the simple remark, that Bishop —— was certainly very, very fortunate.

The elevation of those to the higher offices of the church, who have been employed for a series of years in superintending the education of the sons of our nobility, is honourable to all parties concerned,

cerned, and excites neither envy nor surprize. It implies on one side a consistent, vigilant, and unvaried attention to the duties imposed and undertaken, and on the other, a correspondent sense of services received, an acknowledgment of merit, and a determination to reward it.

Many are the amiable and excellent individuals who, by pursuing this path, have arrived at the most exalted honours of the profession, which they have subsequently adorned by their virtues.

Nevertheless, whoever they may be, or may have been, all who have thus risen to greatness, may, with the strictest propriety, be denominated fortunate. Patrons sometimes either pay the tribute of mortality, or lose their political influence, which in our country often changes hands, before the opportunity presents itself, of rewarding the virtues they have tried and approved. Differences of opinion may also eventually arise, some " lis de tribus capellis" may intervene, abruptly to dissolve connections, which in their origin afforded the strongest presumptions of hope and advantage.

The persons of the description to which the above remarks allude, were the Bishops of E. and L. the first of whom owed his elevation to the noble family of R. and the latter to that of A.

About

About twenty years since, it was a sort of fashionable amusement among scholars, to translate the popular Elegy of Gray in a Country Church yard, into Greek. There were some critics who doubted whether this admirable composition was calculated tomake its appearance in a Grecian dress; nevertheless, the former of these Prelates was one of the more successful adventurers, and he dedicated his translation to the Duke of R. who was at that time become a member of the University of Cambridge.

Of the latter Prelate, the Sexagenarian appears to have had very little knowledge.

We have now to cross the water, where we shall find some illustrious members of the Episcopal Bench, who cannot reasonably be offended at being classed among the favourites of fortune. But it is time to end this chapter.

Ut enim in corporibus magnæ dissimilitudines sunt, alios enim videmus velocitate ad cursum, alios viribus ad luctandum valere, itemque in formis, aliis dignitatem inesse, aliis venustatem, sic in animis exsistunt etiam majores varietates.

CHAPTER XXX.

OUR first attention must necessarily be directed to the Bishop of ——.

The ancestors and family connections of this learned and accomplished prelate, were of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and rigidly attached to those tenets. His Lordship was himself educated in them, and if we are not misinformed, actually studied in the college at St. Omer's, with the intention of becoming a priest.

It happened, at least so our Brief instructs us, that whilst in this situation, his vivacity and parts attracted the notice of a near connection of the late Duke of ———, and that on his expostulation, and promises of protection and assistance, young ****** was without much difficulty prevailed

vailed upon to read his recantation, and become a member and a clergyman of our Protestant communion.

He came over to this country, and accompanied his patron to Ireland, but during his Grace's administration, it does not appear that any preferment became vacant, becoming the patron to bestow, or the client to accept. He nevertheless availed himself of this interval to ingratiate himself more effectually with his patron, to whom he was enabled to render various services by the skilfulness and dexterity of his pen. He returned to England with the Duke, through whose good offices he was, after no great lapse of time, appointed to valuable preferment in some of the northern provinces. This however not exactly suiting him, he, through the same channel of interest, obtained an exchange for a valuable benefice in Ireland, upon which he fixed his residence.

When Lord Fitzwilliam, the great friend of the Duke of P. was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Dr. —— was admitted to the same sort of confidence as he had enjoyed with his predecessor; and short as the residence of Lord F. was in his exalted station, a Bishopric became vacant, to which the Doctor was appointed.

It is but rendering him strict justice to say, that from the moment of his entering upon his functions,

he

he discharged them invariably, with great useful ness and honour. He has been rather considered as too severe a disciplinarian, and a proposition which he made to his diocese, to attend quarterly lectures on the Greek Testament at the palace, excited much murmuring and discontent.

When translated to the more extensive and more valuable See of —— he exercised the same vigilance, among other examples of which, the following anecdote is related.

A young dashing clergyman of high connections, who had a curacy in the diocese, did not think it important to be particularly rigid and punctual in the discharge of his duty, but was too easily detained by the allurements and blandishments of Dublin, from his too indulgent parishioners. This at length reached his Lordship's ears, who determined to ascertain the fact himself.

Accordingly, on a Sunday, he proceeded to the church, where he heard no bell knolling to church, saw no parishioners chatting in the porch, nor any preparation for divine service. With some difficulty the clerk was found, to whom his Lordship was known.

" Why is there no preparation for divine service?" asked the Bishop. " My Lord," said the clerk, " our young master has not been among us this fortnight." " Ring the bell immediately," said

said the Bishop. Upon this a congregation was soon assembled, to whom his Lordship read prayers, and preached.

The Bishop presumed that intelligence of this matter would be communicated to the defaulting curate, but he nevertheless chose to make a second experiment of the kind, and on the following Sunday repeated his visit to the same village. Here he found things precisely as before—no bell knolled to church—no peasants sitting on the grave-stones—no visible signs of population. The Bishop a second time sent for the clerk, assembled the congregation, and performed the duty as before.

It does not however appear, that he was again obliged to repeat his visit, and the shame and consternation of the curate, on finding who had been his substitute, may be easily imagined.

The Bishop had a sister, a very rigid Roman Catholic, who remained immoveably fixed in her religious tenets. She had, however, a son, who was prevailed upon to accept of an Archdeaconry, and other preferment, to the amount of almost two thousand a-year. An uncle also and a brother were frequent visitors at the palace, who nevertheless resisted all importunity to change their religious creed, although accompanied by assurances of the greatest temporal advantages.

All circumstances being dispassionately weighed, no apology seems necessary to be made for introducing

ducing the above distinguished personage in the class of those who may be denominated "fortunate."

Not less so, perhaps, was the Bishop of * * * *. This prelate's * name is * * * * * * * * * * * * *. In his earlier life, he officiated as private tutor in some distinguished family, which he left, however, with some abruptness. It is by no means to his dishonour, that his origin was very humble, but he was invariably remarkable for his elegant appearance, and truly engaging manners. Not succeeding in his profession at home, he resolved to try his fortune abroad, and accordingly, in the beginning of the American contest, accompanied Lord Cornwallis to that country as an army chaplain.

In America he obtained an introduction to Lord * * * *, a friend of whose he married, and to this connection he was unquestionably indebted for his subsequent elevation in life.

This Prelate, like the foregoing, was educated in the strictest principles of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

Dr. F. Bishop of ——, was son to the Archbishop of Dublin, who himself might be introduced in the class of the more fortunate, being of very humble origin.

* *Here is an hiatus in our manuscript.*

The

The B——p of —— had formed a connection with a scyon of a noble house, whom nevertheless his father, the Archbishop, did not approve, and accordingly refused his consent to the marriage. The son was at that time Archdeacon of Dublin, and persevering in his determination to marry the lady, had the banns published in his own church. The report was circulated, that his Grace resolved to attend, and forbid the banns, on the third time of their publication. The novelty of the circumstance produced so great a crowd, that there was hardly standing room in the church. The incident, however, did not take place, and the parties were in due time married.

The Bishop of ——— was promoted to his high dignity by Lord C—— n, to whom he had formerly been private tutor. Lord C. had invited Dr. Powis, Dean of Canterbury, to accompany him to Ireland. On his declining it, his Lordship made the same offer to Dr. B——r, which was accepted.

The Primate of Ireland was brother to the late learned and excellent Bishop of St. Asaph, and was elevated to that station by Lord B——.

The excellent and very learned Bishop of C. was the tutor of Emanuel College when Lord Westmoreland resided there, and was his Lordship's private tutor also. He had previously received his education

education at Harrow, and was in every respect a very learned and accomplished man. When Lord W. was appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, he necessarily remembered his old preceptor and friend. He was accordingly, on the first opportunity, appointed to the Bishopric of C——k, and afterwards to the more lucrative see of C——e.

Whoever knew this amiable prelate in his early life, or have been honoured by his friendship in his progress to his present dignity, cannot but experience the truest satisfaction, from seeing the benefits of fortune so honourably bestowed, and so discreetly enjoyed.

The majority of the Episcopal Bench in our sister country, is composed of the younger branches of the more illustrious families. Such as, for example, Elphin, Derry, Kilmore, Down and Connor, Waterford, Kildare, Killaloe, Raphoe, Cork and Ross, Fernes, &c. &c.

The Bishop of Clonfert is or was a gentleman of the name of Butson, of whom the only memorandum in our notes, intimates, that he was in early life one of the under masters of Winchester school. Beyond all doubt indebted for his promotion to his conduct and learning. He was educated at Oxford, and was the author of a very fine poem on the Love of

of our Country, which in 1772 obtained a prize at that University.

With the above names, the catalogue of those prelates, who may without impropriety be denominated fortunate, concludes.

Concursu accedere magno
Anthea, Sergestumque videt, fortemque Cloanthum
Teucrorumque alios.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NO order of precedence or regard to dates is observed in the Memoranda which succeed. Many of the individuals here brought before the reader, have before been introduced. They are now collected in the class of those personally known to the Sexagenarian, the termination of whose career seems to have been far more auspicious and fortunate than their origin, connections, and first introduction into life, promised.

The first is a worthy Baronet. He has himself an honest and manly pride in acknowledging, that his present distinction in life, his great opulence, and extensive influence, is imputable alone to his determined perseverance in industrious pursuits.

He was educated in the medical line, and in that capacity proceeded to India, either there professionally to establish himself, or he might perhaps have

been a surgeon in a King's ship, or in an East Indiaman. This is not material. He by some means or other, most probably by some commercial speculation, obtained possession of a very large quantity of opium. He disposed of this, and as is believed, in China, to such extraordinary advantage, that it produced a capital, on which he built his future fortunes, and those of his house.

This house is of no ordinary dimensions. There are at least twenty immediate descendants from him, all of whom have been successively introduced into the path which leads to fortune, not only with liberality but splendour.

He himself is a Baronet. His commercial engagements and concerns extend to every quarter of the globe. His two eldest sons are in Parliament, and fill the highest stations at the Bank and the East India-house. The rest of his family are in situations of the greatest respectability. Although this gentleman may very properly be ranked in the very first class of successful adventurers in life, yet he bears his faculties meekly, and does not, as in similar instances is too frequently the case, manifest the insolence of wealth.

The next personage who claims a high place among those who have drawn a capital prize in the lottery of life, has his portrait delineated in a former part of the work. His entrance into life was,

as the son of a clergyman, respectable, but of no considerable eminence, and his claims did not rise beyond what the exertion of moderate talents might promise by persevering diligence at the bar. At the termination of life, he found himself, in consequence of a most fortunate marriage, a Member of Parliament, a considerable landholder, of extensive influence, and a companion of the great and powerful. This is the individual who, in his progress from mediocrity to affluence, had the misfortune to lose his memory.

A third distinguished character, from a very humble origin, and circumscribed education, after various experiments and vicissitudes, all at once found himself, if not to his own surprize, certainly to that of many, a Member of Parliament, and in a situation of great emolument, and of high responsibility. His original connections were indeed humble, if a certain lively lady may be credited, whose unembarrassed assurance, night after night, considerably baffled and perplexed the wisest and the gravest Members of Parliament. But so far his subsequent elevation does him the greater honour. Without any pretensions to learning, he possessed respectable talents and extensive accomplishments. He was a fluent speaker, and enjoyed that characteristic self confidence, which neither could be disconcerted by the opposition, nor dismayed

mayed by the numbers of his adversaries in debate. He certainly was an elegant poet, and produced a poem in commemoration of a splendid victory, which was exceedingly popular.

In one respect, he was, by universal consent, remarkably successful. He was a member of various Symposiums, the principal object of whose assembling was to have good talk. He never failed to have it all to himself.

Fortune, who makes a lottery of life, has seldom exhibited greater waywardness than in the personage whose portrait next appears. He was an Irishman, of little or no hereditary property, but well educated, handsome in his person, and agreeable in his manners. He was, it is believed, called to the bar, but whether he ever practised is uncertain, and of no consequence. The place of his practice, when known to the Sexagenarian, was certainly not at the bar. He came over to this country, it may be said, without any intended reflection, to seek his fortune.

In his progress, he caught the contagion of play, but at that period, in all probability, his stake could not be high, nor the risk which he encountered great. It was the pernicious principle and habit which was to be reprobated. Most fortunately, for so the result might eventually have proved, he met a young lady at a fashionable watering-place, who attracted his immediate and serious

attention.

attention. And well she might, for the sun of Britain has hardly ever shone upon a lovelier object. Most agreeable in her person, most captivating in her manners, of an intellect very far superior to the generality of her sex, with a high principle of honour, warm-hearted, generous, every thing indeed for which man could wish. Add to all this, a circumstance probably neither undesireable, nor entirely overlooked by our gentleman, she had a very large fortune, and was entirely at her own disposal.

He succeeded in his addresses. The lady treated him with a generous candour; and although not unacquainted with his characteristic foible, believed in his solemn protestations of laying aside for ever the dangerous propensities he had encouraged; and not improbably also trusted, as well she might, in her powers of enabling him to find the "Bathmendi *," of which he was in search, at home, in the reciprocation of connubial confidence and love.

Things went on very smoothly for a considerable time. The lady's good sense, discretion, and engaging behaviour, appeared to have obtained a memorable triumph. Old acquaintances were revived, and cordially welcomed—new ones formed—the sweet ties of children promised to cement and perpetuate the harmony of the establishment;—

* "Tranquillity." See the tale called "Bathmendi," in Popular Tales.

when

when suddenly a sort of restlessness appeared on the part of the gentleman, and his absence from home, and particularly in the evening, became more and more frequent. It is in no circumstances whatever, an easy matter, to elude the vigilant and anxious eyes of a mother and a wife; and the lady of whom we are speaking, was remarkably acute, discerning, and sagacious. She evidently perceived that he had betaken himself to his old haunts, and former companions. Remonstrance she knew to be ineffectual, and she formed her plan accordingly; which, though it could not be unattended with severe mortification, she persisted in with firmness.

She shut herself up with her children, bestowing the whole of her time and attention on the care of their health, the formation of their manners, and the cultivation of their minds. She received not, as heretofore, even the most intimate and the oldest of her friends, wisely observing, that if the master of the house were not present to bid welcome, the feast would resemble that, in which Banquo's chair was empty.

The space of the theatre in which the hero of the drama, subsequently exercised his talents, became very considerably enlarged. He was seen by the side of Princes, and Dukes, and Peers were his companions. He was a Member of the British Parliament,

Parliament, and inhabited a palace. He launched into all the luxuries of a depraved metropolis, and seldom saw his almost widowed wife except at the transient half hour of a two o'clock breakfast.

> Nil erit ulterius quod nostris moribus addet
> Posteritas.

The reader will not be unmindful that our Memoranda are still employed in brief communications concerning certain individuals personally known to the Sexagenarian, who, from the humblest beginnings, have risen from the contingencies of life to situations of affluence and honour. We come now to a Right Honourable—Aye!—a Right, Right Honourable!

His first origin could not possibly be very lofty, though it is not pretended to assert what it was, but his first appearance on the public stage was in the navy, and in its civil department; probably as captain's clerk. That he should ascend to the highest degree of the department, and in due time become a purser, is in the natural order of things, and necessarily implies steadiness and good conduct. But the individual under review, had higher and greater qualities; and the next record concerning him, is the fact of his having entered into the line of politics, bustling among the great and powerful, and rendering himself serviceable to one

of

of the greatest ministers this country ever beheld, by his strong sense, sagacity, powers of computation, and great expertness in all arithmetical calculations.

He became a Member of Parliament—forward, prompt, and useful, wherever and whenever the Minister required his assistance, which was principally in matters relating to the business of the Exchequer.

The value of his services was felt, acknowledged, and rewarded—rewarded indeed to no common extent. The advantages conferred at the time, and the sinecures still retained, now that the giver is no more, constitute no inconsiderable catalogue, and render the possessor one of the richest and most powerful of our English commoners. These benefits also result to the various branches of his family, who are all of them more or less distinguished by situations of honour and emolument.

All intention of depreciating the sterling value of the individual, whose portrait is here slightly delineated, is pointedly disavowed, nor indeed are the cursory remarks which are subjoined at all likely to lessen his currency.

But our friend adds drily, that if a treatise were to be elaborately written on "Memory," and the vicissitudes it undergoes, its degrees of strength or weakness, as things turn out prosperous or ad-

verse, he thinks it will appear, that it is apt to grow progressively weaker and more uncertain in those, whose elevation in life has exceeded their early prospects and expectations, than in those who have passed quietly and soberly along the middle path, neither drawn aside by ambition, nor thrust down by misfortune.

Whether there is any physical reason which will account for this phœnomenon, it is not pretended to conjecture; perhaps rapidity of ascent may have some effect in confusing the intellect; perhaps glittering scenes, constantly succeeded by still more gaudy and fascinating spectacles, may dazzle the imagination. Be this as it may, the gentleman before us, certainly laboured under the suspicion of being liable to this infirmity.

Indeed, with respect to him, there was some aggravation in the circumstances, for it has been said, that when he was most positive, and vehement, and determined in his assertions, then it was that his accuracy was most doubted.

One example occurred to our Sexagenarian of this great man's being occasionally at least, subject to this infirmity, and he has recorded it.

He made our friend, it seems, a promise positive and unequivocal, clogged by no qualifications, and subject to no incidental occurrences. Alas! a walk of about two miles dispelled every trace of the

fabric

fabric in his mind, nor did any image of it ever again appear to present itself to his recollection. Honest pride prevented his being reminded of it by the individual concerned, and so the matter passed away; indeed so effectually, that the great man, at a subsequent period of no great distance, had no remembrance even of the person of him, whose hopes had been so agreeably, but so unfortunately raised, only to be disappointed.

The next personage who became of very great consequence from the meanest origin, and whose fall was not less extraordinary than his rise, was neither Right Honourable nor Honourable, but he did arrive at the distinction of knighthood, and probably had yet higher titles in contemplation.

His first appearance was as a common shop-boy to a retail grocer. He remained in this situation for some years. Whilst in this employment, he scraped an acquaintance with the niece of a decent man, who kept a respectable inn in a provincial town. Allured by the encouragement of his dulcinea, and probably with the prospect of ultimately bettering himself, he became a waiter at this inn. He finally married the niece, became master of the inn, and inherited from his wife considerable property.

He was a man of weak and confused intellect, and indeed could but just read and write, yet he had

had a great deal of low cunning and sagacity, and first suggested to his uncle by marriage, the idea of establishing a Bank. This was accordingly accomplished, and on the death of the first proprietor, was successfully, and for a very extended period, carried on by the person whose portrait is here delineated.

Among his other qualities, he had all the pliancy and obsequiousness to his superiors, which might be expected from a tavern-waiter, and by some means got an introduction to G. Earl of O. to whom he made himself so useful, and so acceptable, that through his influence he was made Receiver-General of the County. The emoluments and reputation of this office, were remarkably salutary in propping up, which it did for years, the reputation of his Bank; and, as it is generally believed, enabled him to administer to the necessities of his noble friend, who, in the interval of his expecting remittances from Russia, in return for one of the most valuable collection of pictures ever formed in this country, was reduced to great pecuniary difficulties.

At length the Bank stopped payment, and his debts, including the claims of government upon his house, amounted to 600,000*l.* It is very extraordinary, that at this particular time, he had only 25,000*l.* of notes in circulation. It is no less singular, that this failure did not occasion the bank-

ruptcy,

ruptcy, or cause stoppage of payment, in any other house. Among his principal creditors were gentlemen who had made considerable deposits, but who, by taking the concerns into their own hands, at a most propitious period, when landed estates sold at the very highest price, contrived to make a dividend of fourteen shillings in the pound.

Luckily for the creditors, his son was made a partner during the life of his father, or every shilling of the landed property would have gone to him.

When the father died, or what became of the son, was unknown, but the family fell back again to their original poverty.

A whimsical anecdote is recorded of the above individual. When riches began to abound, he must needs set up his carriage, and he applied to the parson of the parish to furnish him with a motto. This same person was a most eccentric character. Very fond of his pipe—still more fond of his bottle—but withal, was very learned, and had an abundant store of facetiousness and humour. On his wealthy friend's application for a motto, he gave him the following—" Quo mihi fortunam ?"

This was accordingly placed upon the carriage; but some of the banker's half-learned friends pretended to dispute its accuracy; upon which, out of humour, he remonstrated with his clerical adviser

for

for imposing an incorrect motto upon him.—"Friend Roger," replied the old gentleman, "do you support your carriage, and I'll support the motto." The motto is indeed remarkable for the seeming spirit of prophecy with which it was communicated. The motto survives—the coach is no more.

The next two individuals, concerning whom notices present themselves, were of the ecclesiastical profession, and both may surely be denominated fortunate.

The one was in the humblest possible situation, compatible with the character of a student, in one of the colleges at Oxford, but he carried with him the best qualifications of steadiness of principle, thirst for knowledge, and the seeds of an honourable ambition.

On his first leaving the University, no better occupation presented itself than that of a humble curacy in a country village. But here fortune befriended him. Among his auditors was a venerable nobleman, who had himself risen to his wealth and dignities from no very splendid beginnings, by the active use of considerable talents, and who consequently had the sagacity to distinguish merit, and, as it appeared from the consequences, had also the liberality to assist and reward it.

This

This nobleman having received the young curate into his familiar acquaintance, soon discovered that he had talents of the higher order, and which merited a more spacious field for their display and exercise. A very long period did not elapse, before a living of considerable value, with no small degree of responsibility attached to it, was procured by the nobleman for his friend.

In the discharge of this greater duty, he so well acquitted himself, that ere long, a Prebendal stall was added to it, and at no very great interval of time, he became a Dean, Bishop, perhaps hereafter ————

Let it not be supposed that this advancement to high ecclesiastical dignities, was the mere result of noble and powerful influence. In addition to private virtues and personal recommendations, claims to preferment were enforced by various and profound erudition exercised on professional subjects.

His first publication, if we mistake not, was some ingenious and learned discourses, preached at his own parish church, containing the arguments for and against the reception of Christianity by the ancient Jews and Greeks.

He also preached a very powerful sermon, which he subsequently published, on the Claims of the Establishment, in reply to the loud expostulations every where circulated, on what were denominated the Claims of the Roman Catholics.

But

But this personage's great work was a volume of Dissertations or Lectures, the subject of which was a comparison between Paganism and Christianity. They were obviously intended for the benefit of a great public seminary, to which among other things it had been objected, that more was taught the pupils, of Heathen, than of Christian theology. The avowed object of the work was to illustrate the Christian Religion, and explain the errors and follies of Heathen superstition, and it is really a powerful production.

The other successful candidate for clerical honours arrived at equal dignities, but with claims very dissimilar. He was a servitor at one of our universities, and though of remarkable steadiness and unimpeachable conduct, discovered no talents which justified his expectation of college distinctions.

He accordingly took orders, and went to a village remote from the metropolis, to discharge the honourable and useful office of a curate. Here fortune befriended him also. A noble family had a mansion in the vicinity, the head of which laboured under a sort of imbecility, which disqualified him for active business.

The curate, if respectable, always receives more or less notice from the heads of a parish, and in this instance Mr. G. was found so attentive, obliging, and assiduous, that great intimacy and confidence followed.

followed. There was also a General election, in the event of which the family greatly interested themselves, and the curate, by his zeal, activity, and ardour, was very instrumental in procuring the matter to terminate, as his patrons desired.

The first bonus received in testimony of their attachment, was the living of the place where he had officiated as curate, which was worth little less than twelve hundred pounds a-year. But this was far from all. The intimacy was increased on one side, as the usefulness was experienced on the other; and as the political influence of the family was very considerable, one of the best Prebendal stalls in the kingdom was added to the Rectory, and at no very great distance of time, a Deanery. But here an act of justice remains to be done.

This ecclesiastical friend of the Sexagenarian, though not a man remarkable for his learning, his talents, or his accomplishments, was eminently so, for his mild and amiable manners. His memory does not deserve to be followed with scorn or disdain, because he owed his elevation to a concurrence of fortuitous and fortunate circumstances. Rather let it receive the tribute of respect which it merits, from his being, which he really was, friendly, benevolent, charitable, and zealously anxious to

promote the comforts and improve the interests of his poor and dependent neighbours.

A third clerical personage may not improperly be introduced among those, whose progressive success in life far surpassed their earlier claims and expectations. His history is succinctly this.

He was the son of a country tradesman, who was sufficiently opulent to give his two sons a University education. The elder became a Bishop, and well merited, as he has honourably exercised, that exalted office. The younger son had always infirm health, with the reputation, however, of considerable talents. Of these, indeed, no specimen has been placed before the public for their animadversion, but he has pursued through life, the noiseless easy tenor of his way, enjoying the good things of this world in no very limited proportion.

Ecclesiastical preferment was poured thickly upon him. The brother truly acted a brother's part. He might have been Fellow of his College, and in due course, after a long series of years, might have succeeded to a College living. More fortunately for him, high and lucrative situations were ready for his acceptance, almost as soon as he was able to sustain them. But this ought not to excite either envy or regret in contemporaries,

who

who have not met with so favourable a tide in their affairs. He bears his faculties meekly, and his life is irreproachable.

This catalogue is continued much further, but the above examples may perhaps be thought sufficient, and it really appears to be expedient to think of shutting our tablets.

We will, however, venture to subjoin a brief account of another clerical person, who arrived at equal dignities from a very humble beginning.

On leaving college, he accepted of the situation of assistant teacher in a great public seminary. Here he continued steady and attentive to his employment for a considerable number of years, rather remarkable for his engaging and agreeable person and manners, than for splendour of talents, or depth of erudition. Indeed he has never appeared before the public as an author, except by the printing of a very few sermons, of which local circumstances required the publication.

His first successful advance towards affluence was by an auspicious marriage with a person who inherited considerable property, but he had long been quietly yet effectually obtaining reputation as a preacher at one of our popular charities.

He received his first reward for his excellence in this branch of his profession, from a private indi-

 vidual.

vidual. A lady of rank and fortune bestowed a benefice of some value upon him, unsolicited and unexpected on his part, solely from the favourable impression which his talents as a preacher had made upon her.

His next piece of good fortune was alike unexpected, but still more highly to his honour. One of the most lucrative, and one of the most honourable, pieces of preferment in the metropolis, in the gift of the Diocesan, became vacant, and which had always been held by individuals of high character and pretensions.

Great interest was of course made to obtain this appointment; and it was reported and believed, that Royalty itself interposed, under circumstances which, in some degree, might be supposed to justify such interposition. It proved, however, ineffectual; and the Bishop, influenced by no other motive than the desire of having a zealous, active, conscientious Pastor in a very large and populous parish, wrote to the individual, the subject of this notice, and with no personal knowledge of him, and without any other recommendation than that of his professional character, offered the living to his acceptance. It was of course accepted, and the good and pious intentions of the Bishop were adequately fulfilled.

His

His good fortune, however, did not stop here. The character he had established was confirmed, the reputation of his professional excellence was extended, and finally, he rendered himself so acceptable to those who have it in their influence to obtain, or in their power to confer, ecclesiastical dignities, that a valuable Deanery was given; and it has indeed further been reported, that if it had been agreeable to his views and wishes, he might have obtained still higher honours.

CHAP.

And now a bubble bursts, and now a world.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DETACHED from every other part of the Recollections, the following anecdote appears by itself, and as it seems to have been communicated from the very highest authority, may be recorded more particularly, as its authenticity may be easily ascertained.

In the year 1720, celebrated for the bursting of the South Sea bubble, a gentleman called late in the evening at the banking-house of Messrs. Hankies and Co. He was in a coach, but refused to get out, and desired that one of the partners of the house would come to him. Having ascertained that it was really one of the principals, and not a clerk, who appeared, he put into his hands a parcel, very carefully sealed up and protected, and desired that it might be laid on one side till he should call again, which

which would be in the course of a very few days. A few days passed away—a few weeks did the same, and indeed some months also, but the stranger returned no more.

At the end of the second or third year, the partners agreed to open this mysterious parcel in the presence of each other. They found it to contain thirty thousand pounds, with a letter, stating that it was obtained by the South Sea speculation, and directing that it should now be vested in the hands of three trustees, whose names were given, and the interest appropriated to the relief of the poor.

What particular class of poor—whether the poor of London, or of Westminster, or the poor sufferers by the bubble, was not specified, and the vagueness of the instructions rendered the matter extremely perplexing. Under this difficulty, the partners or the trustees very properly applied to the Lord Mayor, and to the law officers of the crown. If we are correct, Sir Dudley Ryder was Attorney-General at the time. It was agreed, that the capital should be vested in the names of the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and Attorney-General, for the time being and to come, and that each of the three gentlemen nominated by the stranger as trustees, should have the interest of ten thousand pounds, to be distributed at his discretion for the

use of the poor. The stranger was never heard of afterwards.

One of the trustees was a gentleman of Norfolk, whose family was well known to the Sexagenarian. During his life, he had a room fitted up with cases, shelves, drawers, &c. which was called the Poors' Room, and where coats, waistcoats, shirts, shifts, shoes, blankets, &c. were deposited for the use of proper applicants. The effect of this for the time, was the total annihilation of the poor rates in the particular parish where this trustee resided.

Paucos enim qui sunt eminentissimi excerpere in animo est, facile est autem studiosis, qui sint his simillimi judicare, ne quisquam queratur omissos forte aliquos eorum quos ipse valde probet. Fateor enim plures legendos esse quam qui a me nominabuntur.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IF the Sexagenarian was not personally acquainted with all the learned men and wits of his time, it will already have appeared that he was more or less familiarly known to a great many.

A considerable list is still to be found of literary characters, scattered among the Memoranda, some of whom are designated by their real names, whilst others are only to be discovered from their portraits. As it may afford matter of amusement to many readers to exercise conjecture, a select number of authors is subjoined, certainly delineated from the life,

life, as all were personally known to the artist who has represented their lineaments.

Our notations commence with honest, but unfortunate John ——. His original designation and employment was that of a watchmaker, but his natural propensities inclined him to a love of letters and the arts, and he certainly discovered considerable taste for both. It is to be feared, and perhaps on his account to be lamented, that when he should have been investigating improvements in mechanics, he was to be found studying criticisms on Shakespeare with Henderson, or conversing about Salvator Rosa with Mortimer.

This was certainly not the road to affluence, and it was not a great while before he found that he had lost his way, and got entangled in briars and thickets beyond his skill and ability to remove. He withdrew from his mechanical occupation, and was compelled to exercise his ingenuity in a far less promising and lucrative pursuit. He became first of all, a writer in the newspapers; and here let the pride of affluence forbear to express scorn and contempt at this employment, as being mean, ignoble, or disingenuous. Let such be informed, that it is not the employment itself, but the spirit and the motive with which it is undertaken and prosecuted, which entitles it to approbation or censure. It may be rendered, as it often has been, the vehicle of

moral

moral instruction, of useful information, of agreeable amusement. It has been pursued sometimes as an amusement of leisure, and not unfrequently, from the pressure of necessity, by some of the ablest and some of the most amiable characters among us.

The exercise of John's abilities in this line, procured him a scanty provision for himself, his wife, and a sister. It is doing him an act of justice to state, that he was no politician, and never dipped his pen in the gall of party, or interfered with the measures of government or the proceedings of any opposition. His productions were perfectly harmless, and chiefly consisted of anecdotes of the stage, of pictures and artists, with such other matters as he gleaned from an extensive range of acquaintance. But he had also another resource, though this was but an unsubstantial one also. He had a taste for engraving, and a particular fondness for the works of Hogarth, in which perhaps he was more skilfully conversant than almost any other contemporary. He had, if our information does not deceive us, a slight knowledge of Hogarth himself, but after his death, he became intimately acquainted with Mrs. Hogarth. He was useful to the widow in assisting in the disposal of Hogarth's prints, and he learned from her a great many particulars of the artist and his works, which he afterwards turned to account.

It

It is this circumstance which entitles him to a place in the catalogue of authors.

Under the auspices of the Boydells, he published a minute detail and description of all Hogarth's works, in three large volumes; a very agreeable and amusing work, which was well received by the public, and afterwards republished.

He was an amiable and unoffending man, and there were many families, of which that of the Sexagenarian was one, in which he was constantly received with hospitality and kindness. He repaid the welcome he found, by his lively conversation, and abundance of anecdotes. Poor fellow! it is to be feared, that in the decline of life, when his powers of mind were too enfeebled to communicate the usual pabulum of intelligence to his employers, and when his bodily powers became too infirm to go in quest of it, that he had to endure many and serious privations.

The literary fund was not then established, or his latter days might have been rendered more comfortable. This admirable institution, as is very well known, has frequently administered, in hours of suffering and anguish, substantial consolation to afflicted and expiring genius. It is to be hoped that its powers may be yet further extended, and that by timely interference the extreme of suffering may be prevented, that talent may not be checked

in its ardent career from the want of aid and encouragement, nor undertakings suffered to fall to the ground, and be the cause of ruin to the original contriver, merely from the want of oil to facilitate the motion of the machine.

Where, or under what circumstances, the person of whom we are speaking, paid the last debt of nature, is not recorded, but this slight tribute seems affectionately paid by our Sexagenarian to his memory.

Among the various incidents of his wayward passage through life, he used to relate one which appears worth commemorating. Whilst he exercised his occupation of a watchmaker in Maiden-lane, he was on some occasion or other in his shop at a very early hour in the morning, expecting any thing but a customer. An old man, of very mean appearance as to dress and person, presented himself, and desired to see one of the most valuable watches in his possession, and one that without any consideration of price, he could conscientiously recommend. Our friend John happened to have a repeater by him, made by one of the first artists, and of the goodness of which he thought very highly. This he accordingly produced. The old man, after taking a few minutes to examine it, enq ired the price.—" Fifty guineas."—" Is that the lowest?"—" It is." The

money

money was immediately paid, and the old gentleman, on leaving the shop, gave his card of address.

He turned out to be the celebrated Mr. Elwes of avaricious memory, and he frequently called afterwards in Maiden-lane, to express his satisfaction with his purchase.

Utrumque in alto ventus est exin velum vertatur.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"MANY are the characters who pass through the vale of life, who in their time contributed to the improvement of society by their accomplishments, rendered service to literature by their learning, and enlivened and delighted numerous circles by their wit, who have been suffered to pass away, as though they had never been, without any memorial of their talents, or their virtues. To plant one slip of myrtle or of laurel round the graves of such, to rescue from 'dumb forgetfulness' even the few who have been comprehended within the limited circle of our own personal knowledge, cannot surely be deemed an unamiable, nor altogether a useless office."

With such an apostrophe, the Sexagenarian commences the notes, which are here modified and curtailed, of the individuals next introduced. Two of the same name first present themselves—*sed valde dissimiles.*

Both

Both of them were highly estimable as men, desireable as companions, accomplished and valuable as authors, though in very different ways. One was facetiousness and good humour personified, the other was grave and saturnine: the conversation of the one was full of vivacity and mirth inspiring anecdote, animated by much reading and extensive knowledge of the world; the other instructed his hearers by his diversified knowledge, which he readily communicated, and although there were some "pursuers of literature," who affected to ridicule his talents, no insinuation could be more injurious or false. Even on the very subject which provoked the aspersions of the satirist, sounder critics allowed that he had the best end of the staff. He got the better of an adversary elated with popular favour, presumed to be at the head of one particular branch of criticism, in which indeed he had spent a long and laborious life.

The publications of these two namesakes, as might be imagined, were alike different. One was a very entertaining and instructive essayist, a most skilful and accomplished biographer, an editor of various popular works, in which office he evinced a perfect knowledge of our language in all its stages from barbarity to refinement, great sagacity, sound judgment, and a cultivated taste. But neither did he escape the merciless rage of critics. What author

can

can expect it? Who that writes a book may not at the same time exclaim,

> Ut quidem Hercle in medium hodie processerim
> Væ illis Virgis miseris quæ hodie in tergo morientur meo.

But however the critic might gratify some latent spleen, the author's reputation did not in the smallest degree suffer, nor was his zeal diminished. When the Sexagenarian retired from the world, he left his friend in the plenitude of honest fame, successfully pursuing his accustomed labours.

The works of the other nameless namesake were of a more profound and solid character. They embraced the large circle of politics, history, biography, language, and various criticism. They are as numerous and elaborate as those of the Spanish Cervantes, or of our own Philemon Holland. But they evinced deep research, extensive investigation, profound thinking, great judgment, and, it might almost be said, uncircumscribed knowledge.

Different as they were in talents, in their pursuits, dispositions and manners, both distinguished the Sexagenarian with their intimate acquaintance, and both continued with him, as long as he remained near them, a pleasing interchange of such literary stock as they severally possessed.

Vere mihi hoc videor esse dicturus, ex omnibus iis qui in harum artium studiis liberalissimis sint, doctrinisque versati minimam copiam poetarum egregiorum extitisse.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN turning over the pages of the manuscript which has afforded the materials for these Volumes, it excited no little surprize, that in a literary life so extended and diversified, there seemed to be no mention of poetry or poets. It was notorious that the Sexagenarian had a sort of propensity for the art, and had dabbled in it himself; but it seemed odd that having lived with most of those, who, in his day, were considered as more or less accomplished in this way, he should no where notice either them or their productions.

But surprize had hardly subsided, when in one of the covers, carefully secured by a wafer, some memoranda on this subject were discovered, to which the motto which heads this Chapter was prefixed. They were written in a very small hand, and

and like many other portions of the manuscript, appeared like hasty notes to be revised at some more favourable opportunity. They are, however, subjoined with little, indeed with no other alteration, than not allowing the introduction of the first person.

It is remarkable, observes the writer, in the experience of a tolerably protracted life, how few examples have presented themselves of individuals avowing a devotion to the poetic art, and cultivating it with persevering diligence, who have really deserved the appellation of poets. Cicero thus remarks—" Sæpe audivi poetam bonum neminem id quod a Democrito et Platone in scriptis relictum esse dicunt, sine inflammatione animorum existere posse et sine quodam afflatu quasi furoris."

The " Furor" has been sufficiently conspicuous within the last thirty years, but the genuine " Afflatus" has been rarely communicated.

From what principle, or rather from what infirmity of man's nature can it proceed, that the writer of poetry is endowed with a greater portion of self-complacency, with respect to his own compositions, than any other author. Yet the fact is so, and the affirmation that it is, is as old as the age of Augustus. May not the appeal too safely be made, even to the present æra, whether the same self-confidence does not still characterize the poetic tribe.

 Cicero

Cicero had no possible pretensions to the character of a poet, yet there is sufficient evidence that he thought very well of his own poetical compositions. It is his remark, that every poet thinks his own productions better than those of any other person.

After relating the beautiful story of Damocles and the tyrant Dionysius, speaking of the latter he says,

"Musicorum vero perstudiosum accepimus, poetam etiam tragicum: quam bonum nihil ad rem. In hoc enim genere nescio quo pacto magis, quam in aliis suum cuique pulchrum est. Adhuc neminem cognovi poetam, et mihi fuit cum Aquinio amicitia, qui sibi non optimus videretur. Sic se res habet. Te tua, me delectant mea."

But enough of this digressive excursion. The following are rough outlines of modern poets, personally known to, and more or less familiarly connected with the author.

With respect to one or two of the first and earliest, there appears no manner of necessity for concealment or disguise. They have long settled their accounts with respect to reputation, and their names are not yet quite forgotten.

The first introduction of the kind was to John Home, the author of Douglas, who was then, on account of the success of this tragedy, in considerable reputation as a dramatic author. He was an enlightened and agreeable man; and though he had

had not the dexterity or the power to conciliate the good graces of Garrick, he had the better fortune of being complimented* by Hume the historian on his rivalling Shakespeare in genius. Alas! neither his contemporaries, nor posterity acceded, or will accede to this eulogium. He wrote other things for the stage, but this of Douglas alone succeeded, and this, it is to be apprehended, will not perpetuate his name.

The communication with the amiable and accomplished translator of Ariosto and Tasso, was much more frequent, as well as more familiar. When his disadvantages of early education are taken into consideration, for as Dr. Johnson facetiously observed, he was *regularly* brought up in Grub street, it may reasonably excite surprize, that his progress in knowledge should be so considerable and so diversified.

He was a very respectable scholar, and his acquaintance with the Italian language in particular was remarkably accurate. His versions of the three great Italian poets, still retain no contemptible portion of the public favour; his Metastasio more than either, attracted notice and obtained applause. But his original compositions were few, and not very much distinguished by the animation of genius. His name has not undeservedly found a place in the annals of modern biography, but they

who

who are most partial to his memory, however they may have been delighted with his mild and engaging manners, must be satisfied with having their favourite comprehended in the class of our minor poets.

The next person who was classed among the poets of his day, and rather in the first rank than the second, should perhaps in point of accuracy have preceded those who are here placed before him. This was Soame Jenyns. It would be superfluous to say any thing here of his literary character or pretensions. The public taste has long since decided upon the station to which he is entitled among authors. But he was a poet, and personally known to the Sexagenarian, and therefore not improperly introduced on this occasion.

His appearance, dress, manner, and conversation, were very eccentric, and those of his wife, who generally accompanied him on his visits, were no less so. The lady here alluded to was his second wife, who entertained so exalted an idea of her husband's accuracy and propriety of conversation, that she acquired the habit of always repeating the last sentence of any thing he said. Thus when the gentleman observed, we had a disagreeable journey to town, the roads were bad, we were sadly jolted, the lady would immediately repeat the observation, "Yes, as Mr. Jenyns says, we were sadly jolted."

But

But we have nothing to do do here but with his merits as a poet, and his claims to permanent reputation in that character. His poems were published collectively in the volumes of Dodsley, and whoever pleases, may judge of their value. But they excited no great interest when originally written; they excite less at the present period, and will probably glide down the stream of time, till, with the mob of gentlemen who write with ease, they sink into the waters of oblivion.

Much of the same class and pretensions as to poetical merit, though in other respects with less various, and much more limited intellectual powers, was Jerningham.

With this gentleman there was a personal acquaintance of many years continuance, and it was impossible not to be pleased with his amiable and elegant manners. Whilst he lived he was highly respected for his very cultivated mind, and for a long series of years he was ranked in the first class of his contemporary poets. Unluckily for the fabric of his poetical fame, two ill-betiding lines from a wicked satirist overset it almost in a moment.

Nobody was presumptuous enough to praise the versification of this unfortunate bard, after reading in the Baviad,

> " See snivelling Jerningham at fifty weep
> O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep."

Yet

Yet perhaps this was somewhat too harsh. Jerningham did write some things which were marked with good sense, good feeling, and polished versification. Unhappily he was considered as forming one of the fraternity, whose labours in this way tended to the corruption of the public taste, and the scythe of the all-potent satirical mower, cut him down with the rest, never to rise again.

Nevertheless, in opposition to the censures, which it cannot be denied, were injurious to his reputation, the poet had to produce the strong and powerful commendation of Burke; no mean testimony surely. Neither can it be supposed that living familiarly as he did, and continued to do till the end of his life, in familiar intimacy with the noble and the great, his tranquillity was materially discomposed by an assault, to which every literary adventurer is alike exposed.

Οινος τöι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ιππος αοιδῳ
Ὑδωρ δε πινων χρηστον αν ωδε τεκης.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE individual next in succession was, and perhaps is, (for he may yet survive) a man of unquestionable genius; capable of high undertakings, both in prose and verse; but it is only with his qualifications and claims as a poet, that we have any thing here to do.

Strange to say, but such is the perverseness of human nature, that the wisest among us, are sometimes apt to mistake our talents, and to plume ourselves most, upon those qualities, from the exercise of which, in the opinions of the more discerning and judicious, we are least entitled to applause.

This remark is in some degree applicable to our present subject. The person to whom the attention of the reader is now invited, had certainly, when very young, a great taste and talent for poetical composition, and produced, almost before manhood,

manhood, a poem which obtained the strong commendations of Dr. Johnson. This valuable praise, added to the delight which every youthful poet feels from the exercise of so agreeable an accomplishment, induced him probably to persevere in this particular pursuit.

Nevertheless, his talents of this kind, however exercised, cultivated, and improved, would never have placed him in the first rank of British poets; whereas, by study and by discipline, he might have rivalled the best of our historians.

This was manifestly proved by the execution of a work which will outlive all his poetry. A subject was proposed to him, by a great and accomplished character, long since no more, with which he was not in the smallest degree acquainted, except as a man of general information. It presented itself to him, clouded and perplexed with obscurity and difficulty; but he sat sturdily to work, and produced at intervals an historical performance of several volumes, which, as it richly deserved, was exceedingly well received by his countrymen.

When once the subject had occupied his mind, and fixed his studious attention, it is really wonderful with what sagacity, acuteness, and effect, he pursued it in all its ramifications. Nothing relating to it was unexplored, and the result of the whole will perpetuate his name. Yet would it

have

have excited no surprize in him who made the above observations, to have been told, that his old friend, (and we may add one of his oldest) was by no means satisfied with the above determination with regard to his literary claims. The appellation of poet, first given him among his school-fellows, was dear, as it was familiar from his boyhood. It grew with his growth. It was universally bestowed upon him through the progress of life, as an acknowledged Prænomen, and it is more than probable that he considered it at least of equal value, with any other which could possibly have been conferred, from his most successful prosecution of any different branch of literature.

Subjoined to the above observations is the following apostrophe;—

Yes! my old friend * * * was a character of no ordinary calibre, eccentric as a boy, eccentric as a man; nor at all less so, as life appeared to decline. But his eccentricity was injurious only to himself. His heart was warm, perhaps too susceptible, and too prone to yield to first impressions. But he was generous even to excess, nor could any length of time obliterate his sense of favours received. His hospitable spirit could hardly be circumscribed within any limits; his cheerfulness almost always uninterrupted. The most untoward incidents threw no more than a transient cloud over his countenance, and

and he frequently could observe of himself, with the greatest good-humour, that he never was unhappy after dinner. Of his failings, nothing will here be observed. Such would not be the office of a friend, who for a long series of years had received from him the most affectionate attention, had passed the most pleasing hours and days in his society, delighted with his good-humour, cheered by his vivacity, and perhaps not unimproved by the collision of their mutual talents and interchange of the knowledge, in which they were severally proficient.

Of his talents, perhaps, sufficient may have been said; of these, he, who knew him for the space of no less a period than forty years, who was generally acquainted with his mode of occupying his time, his studious pursuits, and literary employments, may be supposed no incompetent judge. He was acute, prompt, active, and persevering, in all he undertook; perhaps somewhat to be censured for not more duly observing the Horatian axiom, of submitting for a longer period, the productions of his pen to the last examination of his judgment. He thus exposed himself to the attacks of the critical tribe, of whom the greater number are alike acute in detecting, and severe in censuring, the errors of authors. Notwithstanding this, however, and other checks and impediments, he pursued the usual tenor of his way, unintimidated and undisturbed,

turbed, dividing his time as usual, between poetry and prose compositions, cheered as he went along by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance; nor when he who wrote the above withdrew from his ken, had there existed any occasion to whisper in his ear the warning which Gil Blas felt it his duty to suggest to the Archbishop of Salamanca.

Et vitula tu dignus et hic.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE next personage, had he yet lived, would have been seriously offended at being classed only in the middle rank of poets; but great as his genius actually was, with a fine and cultivated taste, founded on classical knowledge, and improved by almost uninterrupted exercise, will posterity allow the best of Cumberland's poetical productions, a loftier station? It may, nevertheless, be questioned whether he did not as much pride himself upon "Calvary," as upon the best of his dramatic productions, or upon his excellent collection of Essays in his Observer.

He could not easily endure a rival in any branch of literature, but, without entering into his failings, it may easily be conceded that he had not in his time many equals. His talents were so various, his productions so numerous, and of many of them it may truly be asserted, that they were so valuable

valuable and so instructive, that who can call to memory without a sigh that his latter hours were darkened by poverty.

He excited in the writer of these brief notices the sincerest esteem and regard, notwithstanding that, after having for years enjoyed his most intimate familiarity, he by an untoward accident provoked his displeasure. The accident was this.

When employed in writing the incidents of his own life, with the view of publication, Mr. C. applied to the Sexagenarian to revise the manuscript and correct the press. This appeared to be both a difficult and a perilous office; the well-known irritable temper of the author presented itself as a frightful spectre to the imagination, breathing discontent, impatience, and dispute. The same misfortune, however, ensued from declining, as perhaps would have resulted from the performance of the task. Mr. C. was much offended, and the intimacy became less and less cordial. Alas, poor ghost!

Mild, good, amiable, and ingenious, another personage presents himself; but however earnest the disposition might be to increase, rather than detract, from his honours, candour and truth compel the peremptory decision, that he can only be classed among the minor poets. He was an elegant scholar,

lar, and his versification evinced much facility of composition, and no inconsiderable portion of taste; but his translation of Horace was never exceedingly popular, nor did it pass, it is believed, to a second edition. It may appear singular, but it is nevertheless true, that though sometimes heavy and prosaic, and defective in energy, the work of old Francis is still referred to, and keeps its place in our libraries.

Subsequently to the Horace, a volume of poems was published by this author, which were characterized by the same qualities of good taste, by easy and often elegant versification, but the reader would look in vain for "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Another friend and contemporary might, if he had so pleased, have asserted higher claims as a poet, but he exercised the talent for amusement only, though he sometimes made use of it as an accompaniment to labours of a more serious and exalted kind. He was a philosopher in every sense of the word; a most elegant classical scholar; and there were few branches of science in which he was not well versed. But his great distinction was an accurate and familiar knowledge of natural history in all its branches.

In this line of science he was pre-eminently accomplished,

complished, not only in the opinion of his countrymen, but of all Europe. He was of a truly manly mind and character, and but little regarded the occasional opposition to his opinions, though urged with all the force of aristocratical influence, and all the vehemence of personal dislike. He pursued the even tenor of his way unintimidated and unshaken. One inconsiderate disregard of some established regulation, by which he could have no possible object in view, but the extension and benefit of science, placed him for a time in an awkward and unpleasant predicament. When envy is armed with power, woe be to the ill-fated wight against whom its arrows are directed. Yet in this instance they were aimed in vain. The sevenfold shield of superior attainments, wielded by the strong arm of unimpeached integrity, proudly defied all the malice of his adversaries. It is, indeed, observes the writer, pleasing to remember the dignified contempt, with which he received and returned certain salutations of constrained civility from a lofty personage, to whom he was confessedly superior in every thing but rank.

Although not a few memoranda still remain on the subject of poetical contemporaries, it seems time to pause. Let it suffice to observe that the following personages are mentioned in terms of esteem and regard, and as authors of various elegant compositions in verse—Sotheby, the Trans-

slator of Persius, Bowles, Park, Farhill, John Anstey, Serjeant, Sir James Burges, W. Spencer, Kett, with a train of etceteras.

The following, by one of those above described, may, perhaps have been printed before. Its elegance merits perpetuity, and is here given from the Author's own manuscript.

LIMODORUM.

Sweet flow'r, whose modest beauties blow
Deep in the green and silent vale,
Where willows, bending o'er the stream,
Wave gently to the passing gale!

So, in thy native Sina's shades
Like thee sequester'd and serene,
Soft smiling sit her pensive maids,
Pleas'd with the solitary scene.

There, listening to some magic tale
Of fabled bliss, or fancied woe,
They deck with art the silken veil,
Or tend the flowers that round them blow.

From moss-clad rocks and tangled shades
The murmuring waters roll around;
Sweep thro' the garden's green arcades,
And shine along the varied ground.

On waving boughs the plumy race
Sweet carol from the blossom'd spray;
While, glittering in each pictur'd vase,
The golden-scaled beauties play.

Domestic cares and duteous love
In turn their tender thoughts employ;
And form within their green alcove
A happiness that cannot cloy.

Και λεγει ως υπο φιλοτιμιας πολλης των απο παιδειας συνα θροιζων ου μονον τοις αλλοις αλλα και λογοις εισπια, τα μεν προβαλλων των αξιων ζητησεως.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE Chapter which is now about to succeed, is to us incomprehensible. It is literally transcribed from the manuscript, and the reader is at liberty to make what he can of it.

" Pray my dear, addressing myself in a very soft tone to " the Lady," when will it be convenient for you to suffer me to invite a select party of brother authors, to partake of a humble repast?

Whom in particular do you wish to ask?

You know all my literary friends and connections, and I think I cannot do better than to leave the selection to yourself.

Well then I have no objection, provided you do not invite the RICH AUTHOR.

Whom is it you mean?

I am surprized at your dullness. Pray are there many rich authors?

Certainly not.

Well, then, I mean that man who, because he has a great command of money, and has written some trifling pieces of poetry, assumes great personal importance, and crosses on the other side to avoid the salutation of men far superior to himself in genius and learning, who having heard from one of your old poets, that I have heard you talk about, that they who drink water can never produce a good poem, conceives himself to be a solitary exception, and that the pure stream of Helicon is reserved exclusively for him.

Enough, my dear, the Rich Author shall not break bread with us.

Neither would I have you ask the NOBLE AUTHOR. Him, I mean, who is certainly possessed of great intellectual powers, and a peculiar turn for a certain line of poetry; but whose bad passions so perpetually insinuate themselves in every thing which he writes, that it is hardly possible to escape the injury of his venom, and scarcely worth while to separate the gold from the dross. His volatile mind thinks it an act of manliness to sneer at religion, and if on any occasion provoked to resentment, his malignity becomes fury, and there is no object either too high or too low upon which he does not vent his rancour.

Agreed

Agreed—neither shall he eat our salt.

On no account send an invitation to the VAIN AUTHOR.

I fear too many of my brethren fall under that denomination; but whom is it that you more particularly wish to except?

I mean him to whom I very willingly concede the most perfect good-nature, the most friendly disposition and no mean portion of ability. But, indeed, my dear friend, he is so tiresome with his long eternal stories, that he imposes a restraint upon that variety of conversation which is the great charm of an amicable meeting. I have no other fault to find with him. I would rather however have him, than the POMPOUS AUTHOR.

I do not immediately comprehend to whom you allude.

To whom can I allude but to that big man who, you all agree, could have done so much, and has actually done so little. Who upon ten pages of letter press hangs a large volume of notes; whose political creed always obtruded, has been at perpetual war with his real interests; and whose style delights so in antithesis, that it seems to himself imperfect without it; who delivers his opinions with a sort of pedagogical authority, and brow-beats those whom he is unable to confute; who has wasted much of his time and talent in individual disputation,

disputation, and at a considerably advanced period of life, finds that from some cause or other he has made but little progress towards that rank, in which, as far as talents, improved by much and deep learning, are concerned, he might, by the easy restraint or chastisement of his opinions, have enlightened and adorned society.

But my dear child your negative catalogue is so extensive that I begin to fear I shall not make up a party.

Oh yes you may, but for heaven's sake do not let us have the BLAND AUTHOR.

Bless me, whom can you mean?

Nay, nay, you know well enough—Whom can I possibly mean but that eternal writer of poetry, who composes verses upon every trifling incident which occurs in the circles of fashion; prints whatever he composes, and recites them gratuitously both before and afterwards; whose collected works would fill half your library, but if they had been compelled to keep their peace nine years, would, in all probability, have never spoken at all. Who, if—

Stop, stop, I entreat you, look on the other side of the picture, and candidly allow that a better tempered creature never breathed; kind, benevolent, and friendly; and whatever may be your opinion, allowed by most people to possess an excellent memory, happy articulation, and no inconsiderable

portion of taste. However, we will ask him on some other occasion.

But my dear have you any other exceptions to make?

No I think not—Yes, yes, I would on no account have that DULL AUTHOR.

Now, my good child, you are entirely incomprehensible, or rather perhaps you mean delicately to intimate that I am not to have my meditated Symposium. Have not all authors their intervals of dullness? Has not Homer himself been accused of occasionally nodding? Well, but to whom do you immediately look?

Why to that bonny man who has printed as many thick quartos as would outweigh himself, comprehending etymology, criticism, politics, geography, antiquity, poetry, nay, the whole circle of the sciences. I have no particular, and certainly not any personal, objection to his society, but as you do me the favour to admit me of your parties, I think it would be possible to find an individual of better conversation talents, of more interesting, if not of more diversified information.

See how it is—Whilst we have been deliberating about whom we shall invite to our party, without fixing even upon one, the whole morning has slipped away, and I have a particular engagement with my bookseller. We will talk the matter

over

over again to-morrow, and I hope you will then be prepared to determine upon a few at least, from whose society we may derive mutual gratification. I fear we shall agree but on a few, for our board is small and our taste fastidious.

One thing has occurred this morning which will prevent my inviting the BIGOT AUTHOR. You know his religious creed, and with that we have no right to interfere; but a friend of his lately though of the same persuasion, sent his son as a student to Trinity College, Cambridge. The alarm was spread throughout the sect, and the Bigot Author was deputed to remonstrate, first on the impropriety of the thing itself, and, above all, on the very gross and obvious offence to the society, in confiding the main branch of so distinguished a member to the possible influence of a seminary bearing so odious an appellation as that of TRINITY."

Οποτε ουν ταυτα και τα τοιαυτα ηκουες, εωρων οπως εκεχηνεις προς αυτα, και πανυ σφοδρα προς δελεαρ αναπεπταμενον παρειχες το στομα.



CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE parties, as it should appear, entered again upon the subject of the Symposium on the following morning, when the subsequent dialogue took place.

" Now, my dear child, let us come to some determination, and either decline the matter altogether, or fix upon the time, circumstance, and persons to be invited to our social repast.

Well then, that you may not think me capricious and fantastical, I will propose no other exceptions. Pray let us ask the WITTY AUTHOR.

I think I guess whom you mean, but do you apply those epithets to the individual himself, and his powers of conversation, or to his works?

Why to say the truth, I more immediately thought of his lively, agreeable, and interesting company

and

and conversation, than I did of his works. For, although he has certainly written many things, which may reasonably claim the character both of wit and humour, I well know his works are of the more solid and substantial kind, works of importance to religion, to morals, and to literature.

Enough, enough, you well know he may have as much of our salt as he pleases.

We will also invite, if you please, THE SATIRIST.

That word is generally used, among us, in a harsh sense. But you know my opinion on the subject of satire, and must remember, that when satire is moderated by candour, and regulated by the mere desire of reforming error, without being stimulated by personal dislike, or individual resentment, it is alike honourable and salutary.

You describe the character of our Satirist very accurately. I know not which of his qualities inspires most approbation, the placid, instructive tenor of his conversation in private society, or the dignified and spirited demeanour with which he mounts his Pegasus, to restrain folly, chastise error, and disperse the gaudy mob of poetasters.

Who next? though these two are of themselves a host.

Why we will have ONE NOBLE AUTHOR.

I cannot be much at a loss to know whom you intend, as our acquaintance in that line is not very

extensive.

extensive. What is the cause of your partiality to him?

I like him, in the first place, because he never presumes upon his rank and title; because he descends to easy and elegant familiarity with every guest; and, moreover, because he has seen much, travelled much, and knows much; he neither arrogantly intrudes in conversation, or petulantly withholds the information he is so qualified to communicate.

We get on so smoothly now that it seems necessary to remind you of the smallness of our apartment. Have you any body else to name?

Oh yes, by all means, let us have the FACETIOUS AUTHOR.

Mean you a writer of facetious books?

Why, yes, that may be said, and said truly. He has been a *projector* of many truly facetious and original schemes, which he has detailed for the advantage, as well as amusement, of the public. I rather, however, thus designated him on account of the unvaried pleasantry and good-humour of his conversation. This has long been the delight of his friends, for it is always the same, always flows in the same even channel of ingenuous mirth. He never fatigues you with the repetition of what you have heard a thousand times before, but has a perpetual supply from his stores of memory for the promotion of cheerfulness.

Now you have proceeded thus far without interruption or contradiction, you will, I hope, permit me to name one of our guests, to whom I think it impossible you should object.

I don't know that. But—

You know how I abominate that monosyllable *But*—I must insist upon asking my very old friend, and your's also, Sylvanus Urban.

You really anticipate me. He is worthy of a place at any table, and I should no more think of selecting a party from those whom I most esteemed, and best love, without soliciting his presence, than I would have our turbot (*Husband* aside—*mem*, there *must* be a turbot!) without lobster, or partridges without bread-sauce.

You are perfectly right, yet pray tell me under what description of authors would you rank our old friend? What epithet would you apply to him?

Why I think Sylvanus Urban may be termed the UNIVERSAL AUTHOR.

I agree with you entirely, for few indeed are the branches of science, to the extension and improvement of which, his labours have not contributed. Voluminous as are the productions of his pen, and consisting, as they do, of historical and antiquarian researches, in almost every ramification of the Belles Lettres, envy itself can hardly single out one which has not obtained the gratitude of the particular

cular class of readers, for whose amusement and benefit, they were more immediately intended.

But this is not all, and abruptly to break off the delineation of the portrait here, would be ungenerous and unjust. He has done more; he has not only contributed to the interests of literature by his own individual exertions—he has been a patron to others. If his means did not permit him to be munificent, he was steady and constant in his assistance to those who wanted and required it. The benefit of his experience, of his advice and judgment, was at the service of every less practised writer. If a wrong path had been pursued, he pointed out the right, and thus has often prevented the waste both of time and talent. His benevolenec was uncircumscribed, guided by no prejudice, restrained by no feelings of party. His patience and fortitude, and christian resignation, in the greatest trials to which humanity can be exposed, was almost without parallel, firm and unshaken. In return he has experienced universal sympathy and esteem, and will descend to his last home revered, honoured, and beloved.

Well, but our table is not filled yet. Suppose we invite the LEARNED AUTHOR.

Alas! so many of my learned friends, properly thus called, have paid the tribute of mortality, that I cannot be at a loss to know whom you mean.

An

An admirable guest must he needs be at any table, for to the profoundest learning and acutest discernment, he joins the most affable and lively powers of conversation, and easily and cheerfully abstracts himself from the more abstruse objects of his thoughts, to contribute to the general festivity.

Memory loves to retrace the earlier and brighter scenes of life, when the gratification now proposed was repeatedly enjoyed with this and other learned men, of whom many have fallen asleep. Where wit and humour, and a reciprocity of communication, not easily paralleled, diffused universal complacency. Where—

Stop, stop—a truce to this melancholy mood, and let us consider the number of our party.

The WITTY AUTHOR—THE SATIRIST—THE NOBLE AUTHOR—THE FACETIOUS AUTHOR—SYLVANUS URBAN—THE LEARNED AUTHOR.

Six—with ourselves—Eight. Shall we not ask a female?

Run over in your mind the Female Authors with whom we have acquaintance, and determine which of them you will invite. Shall it be Mrs. * * *.

Oh! no, no. She is certainly exceedingly clever and accomplished, and can be very agreeable; but she values herself so highly on her musical talents, that she will be affronted, if not entreated to sing one of her Bravura songs, which to me are detestable,

able, nor do I think them so very delightful to you. Besides she expects to be first fiddle, and demands from the celebrity of her name, more attention, than is consistent with that equality which ought invariably to prevail in friendly meetings.

Will you ask Miss * * *?

No, I think not. She is a mighty good sort of person, and nobody disputes her cleverness; but she is suspected of taking notes of the conversations, at which she may be present, and you must not be surprized if, when you least expect it, you find some observation, or anecdote, or chit chat, gravely inserted in some note in an original novel, or translation from some of the books vended at Leipsic fair.

But why must this female be an author? Need we go far to find one, who though she has never written any thing for publication, has one of the finest understandings in the world, a correct taste, admirable judgment, refined manners, joined to the sweetest temper in the world; whose conversation is far preferable to the pedantry of any half-learned *Precieuse*, or the confidence which has been inspired by flattery unduly bestowed.

You need say no more. Eliza shall complete our party.

CHAP.

Neque ad vos quæ ignoravi possum enuntiare, sed quæ plane comperi ad istas literas proferam.

CHAPTER XL.

HE, who like our friend, shall have consumed a life of some considerable length, in the professed service of literature, must necessarily have had much and familiar connection with a class of men, among whom will be found as great a variety of character, as can possibly distinguish any individuals of any profession—BOOKSELLERS.

Innumerable anecdotes, observations, and matters of fact, concerning Booksellers, were found scattered among the Sexagenarian's papers. If they were to be arranged in a connected form, they would probably form an amusing and interesting narrative. But such is neither the office of the Editor, nor if it were, has he the adequate ability to perform it in a manner which might do credit to the original author. The reader must, therefore, be

be satisfied with some selected scraps, which are placed in a tolerably chronological order, and which exhibit the first feelings and first adventures of a young author, in the mysterious arcana of copy, proofs, printing, and publishing.

The proudest and the most celebrated writers, whose productions adorn our annals, would, if earnestly interrogated, candidly, without doubt, acknowledge, that the warmest and most anxious wish of early genius is to see its first effusions in print.

Those compositions, which in the beginning, perhaps, celebrate the irresistible fascination of a mild blue eye, the more than ambrosial sweetness of a ruby lip, or the extacy beyond description, of a stolen kiss, are folded with a tremulous hand, and dispatched in an envelope to a magazine or newspaper, with a humble note, purporting, that "the Author of this specimen, if it shall be approved, will be happy to become a regular and frequent correspondent."

What an awful interval between the first birth of a juvenile composition, and its last solemn reception or rejection! Who can tell but he who has experienced similar emotions, the anxious expectancy, when sentence is to be pronounced? The delight of reading, the favour of "Juvenis" is received, and will be inserted: we shall be glad of this correspondent's communications in future."

 Delight!

Delight! only to be exceeded by the mortification and abasement of perusing words of the following import:—"We would advise our correspondent, who signs himself Oxon, to read, and not to write at present."

At this place, our Sexagenarian candidly relates the following anecdote of himself:—When as yet almost *imberbis*, he had translated into Latin hexameters and pentameters, the celebrated ballad from the Spanish, thus rendered by Garrick.

For me my fair a wreath had wove,
 Where rival flowers in union meet,
'Oft as she kiss'd the gift of love,
 Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee beneath a damask rose
 Had crept, the liquid dew to sip,
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
 And fixes on Louisa's lip.

Then tasting all the bloom of spring,
 Waked by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
 And with the honey flew away.

He had taken sufficient pains to satisfy himself, and with some particles of vanity, showed them to two or three of his friends; who praised the composition, and recommended him to send it to the

editor

editor of a popular publication. This was accordingly done, and long and irksome did the interval appear, till the solemn period of his fate arrived. It came at length, and with no ordinary exultation he beheld himself in print. His ambition from this moment began to soar; in imagination he already saw poetic crowns soliciting his acceptance, and the wondering crowds pointing and exclaiming—That is he!

Alas! the most exalted of human enjoyments are subject to diminution from envy or from malice. In the very next magazine which succeeded, was a pert and saucy letter signed Aristarchus, purporting, that in the Latin translation of Garrick's version from the Spanish, which appeared last month, there were two false quantities, for which a boy in the fourth form, either at Eton or Westminster, would deservedly have been flogged.

The cud was chewed upon this most ungracious verberation for a considerable time, nor was complacency fully restored, till in acknowledgment of a prose essay inserted in the same journal, a handsome set of books was conveyed to the author.

But to return to BOOKSELLERS. The first resort of young men who possess any literary curiosity is usually a bookseller's shop, and if the proprietor be a man of experience in his business, and of a courteous communicative disposition, an ac-

quaintance with him may prove of considerable benefit to the student. He learns from him the value, not in a professed collector's sense of that word, but the relative excellence of different editions. He hears also of new works in contemplation; he meets individuals of similar propensities with himself, and an agreeable interchange of knowledge and information is thereby promoted. Above all, he obtains the enviable privilege of seeing publications which his finances will not suffer him to purchase, and enjoys the no small indulgence of an early sight of the periodical publications.

In the provincial town where our friend in early life resided, there were three booksellers of very different characters and attainments. One was a shrewd, cold, inflexible fellow, who traded principally in old books, and held out but little encouragement to a youth who rarely had money to expend, to become a frequenter of his shop. Of course, frequent visits were not paid by our Sexagenarian to him. The principal feature of this man's character was suspicion of strangers, and a constant apprehension lest he should dispose of any of his "Libri Rarissimi" to some cunning wight, or professed collector. If any Customer was announced as coming from the Metropolis, he immediately added at least one-third to his price.

The

The second of this fraternity was a sharp, chattering, clever fellow in his way, but he wanted ballast, and was suspected of paying more attention to conviviality out of doors, than to ledgers and catalogues within. No great temptation was here held out to intimacy.

The third, who enjoyed the best business, and the best customers, was a facetious, jolly, honest sort of body, who welcomed every visitor to his shop, and with great good-nature accommodated his youthful customers with the loan of books, which they did not deem it necessary, or find it convenient, to buy. This was a period, when on the decease of some neighbouring clergyman, or of provincial Collector, his library, whatever might have been its original cost, or real value, was generally disposed of to the nearest bookseller, for such a sum as his conscience might induce him to give. By many such speculations, and by one in particular, this same bookseller was able to live very reputably, and became ambitious of extending his concerns, and of becoming a Publisher.

To him, therefore, the Sexagenarian, on his desire of first appearing in the character of a professed author, eagerly applied. He had completed a composition of no great importance indeed in extent, but which, having perused it with great complacency himself, he thought might produce reputa-

tion,

tion, at least, if not emolument. An interview was appointed to discuss the subject. But here Alps upon Alps seemed to arise, Pelion on Ossa mounted. The minor questions—What size? how many copies? what price? were got over without much difficulty. But the final determination of—Who is to run the risk, and advance the money? was a matter of solemn deliberation and of awful solicitude. The author had no money—the bookseller no inclination to incur any risk. Good-nature and familiar acquaintance, at length, got the better of every more sordid feeling, and the publisher consented to take the pecuniary part of the business upon himself, provided, that in case of loss, the author should agree to pay his moiety of it, by such instalments as his means might permit.

Who shall attempt to describe the exultation and self-complacency which followed this definitive arrangement, concerning a brochure of less than fifty pages? Who but he, who inflamed by the ambition of authorship, practices, for the first time in his life, the mysterious characters of the printer, (the deles, the stets, the transfers, N. P. bring down, &c.) and for the first time contemplates the harbinger of that awful charta, ycleped a proof, in the hands of the devil?

It may be questioned whether our great and venerable painter, West, first rushed from the forests

of

of his native America, to enjoy the splendid glories of the Vatican; first beheld the Belvidere Apollo with greater enthusiasm, than our friend experienced, when anxiously expecting his approach, he ran to meet the devil at his door.

Alas! he little knew the sea of troubles into which he was about rashly to plunge. His imagination did not present to him to "grieve his heart," like the apparitions which disturbed Macbeth, in long succession; a crabbed publisher, a mean bookseller, a fraudulent bookseller, a sneaking bookseller, or what is as troublesome as any of the rest, a Coxcomb Bookseller, &c. &c.

He never anticipated those solemn and afflicting moments of care and anguish, when the repose and indulgence necessary after severe intellectual fatigue, was to be harshly and abruptly interrupted by the appearance of a terrific spectre, begrimed with printer's ink, and vociferating these words, so torturing to an author's ear, "More Copy."

His fancy never brought before him those irritating and vexatious emotions, when having covenanted with a greedy and avaricious publisher to produce a certain number of sheets, and having, to the satisfaction of his judgment, filled up the outline he proposed, he is compelled to brood over some such pithy billet as the following:—

Sir,

Sir,

Having advanced you the sum agreed upon for two octavo volumes, each containing thirty-five sheets, we find that Vol. II. wants a sheet and a half of the proposed quantity. Partner and self therefore consider you as indebted to us in the sum of twenty-five pounds, which you will forthwith please to return.

I am, Sir,

For Partner and self, &c. &c.

Base caitiff! but a truce to such miserable dreams. Let us resume the issue of our friend's first literary adventure. For the first month after publication, the stature was more erect, the ears remarkably vigilant and on the stretch, the visits to the bookseller's shop perpetual.

After an interval of a fortnight, with a tremulous voice the question was proposed, How do we get on? The reply was not the most exhilarating; I know not how we *get on*, but I know we do not *go off*. It was, however, subjoined in a consolatory tone, "Perhaps when we shall be noticed in the reviews, things may do better."

Here a new string was vibrated upon. Those Gorgonian monsters, whose visionary aspect presented the dogs of Scylla, with more hands than Briareus, more eyes than Argus, to the disturbed imagination

Imagination of the inexperienced author. He fancied to himself a solemn and formidable conclave of grave, severe, and profound scholars, with bushy wigs and frowning brows; formally assembled to pronounce their irreversible sentence upon every production of literary adventurers. The abrupt and sarcastic irony with which the efforts of some unfledged authors were dismissed, haunted him in his sleep, and appalled his very soul.

He knew better afterwards, being himself admitted behind the curtain, but in this dreadful interval, his anxiety was of no ordinary kind. He had perpetually before his eyes Homer's description of Scylla and Charybdis.

No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to the ethereal king,
Shuns these dire rocks—in vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies.

* * * * * * * * * *

Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest, abhorred by men and gods,
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.

His bookseller usually received the magazines and reviews on the evening before their general publication, and had the good nature to indulge the Aspirant after literary distinction, with a previous perusal of these arbiters of destiny.

No sooner had the bugle of the guard announced the arrival of the mail, than, with hurried step and nervous solicitude, a visit was paid to the bookseller. Alas! the poor author's fame had not yet reached the cognizance of those, whose determination was to fix its value. Another month succeeded, and yet another, and a similar disappointment and mortification was experienced. At length, in the latter part of the monthly catalogue of one of these Lunar oracles, the following remark appeared.—

"This is a work not entirely without merit, but it is evidently the production of a youthful author, who will write better when he shall have read more."

Nothing was to be done but to put it up, and say no more about it. The only perplexity was to settle matters with the bookseller, who, after producing accurate accounts of advertisements, paper, printing, and cancels, was enabled to pay the author the sum of thirteen shillings and eightpence!

Before we change the scene from provincial to metropolitan booksellers, something is to be said of an individual, mentioned in our notes under the appellation of the Dirty Bookseller.

Our friend, in his youthful rambles, on some occasion or other, found himself in a country town, where his curiosity was attracted by the sight of some books at the window of a shop of humble

appearance, in the corner of a street. A temptation of this kind was, through the whole of his life, irresistible. He accordingly entered, and found a round faced, mean looking, old man, with a small table before him, examining some catalogues, and surrounded by book-shelves, on which were some very curious and very scarce volumes. The old man with a small capital had watched his opportunity, and by purchasing the libraries of deceased clergymen and private gentlemen in his neighbourhood, and by living with the most parsimonious frugality, had gradually accumulated very considerable property.

The incident, perhaps, would hardly have been worth recording, except from the circumstance that this humble nest, built in a very obscure part of the kingdom, subsequently produced a splendid bookseller, who was succeeded by one equally splendid, but who might also be termed a Coxcomb Bookseller.

Possum etiam pergere sed non est operæ in istis diem terere, et sit mihi tempus aggredi ad cætera.

Jam ergo lector optime scito te non fabulam legere et a socco ad cothurnum ascendere.

CHAPTER XLI.

SURELY, exclaims our Sexagenarian, in continuance of his scraps upon the subject, I shall find in the Metropolis, booksellers of a different calibre, men of enlarged minds, liberal ideas, and ample property, who, even for their own sakes, will be glad to promote literary industry, and encourage literary talent. To the metropolis he came, and almost the first person to whom he was introduced was a Dry Bookseller.

He was an extensive publisher on all subjects, and of all parties, from the most subtle and profound speculations on mathematics and philosophy, to the humble translation from a French romance.

His own principles were immutable, nor did he take any pains to conceal them. He was of the old

old Presbyterian school, and had imbibed its sourest manners. Yet he was far from wanting benevolence, though he generally wore a sort of Sardonic grin on his countenance; he often shewed kindness to needy authors, was not over hard in his bargains with them, and, what is matter of no trifling importance, would often give them a dinner.

His feelings on the subject of religion, and his political opinions, may as well be let alone. His principal fault, as far as authors were concerned, was a sort of reluctance to come to a final settlement, which on some occasions, of which our friend met with one example, was deferred to the Greek Calends.

Three different works were published by the S. in conjunction with this personage. The two first were of no particular interest. They were proposed on the one part from the *res angusta domi*, and acceded to on the other, because, from their subjects, they offered a reasonable probability of being, in some degree, successful.

This publisher had a peculiar way of expressing his decided and peremptory rejection of any work proposed to him, and this was by one of those Sardonic grins above-mentioned, which was succeeded by a sort of sneering laugh. It was not necessary, indeed it would have been perfectly useless, to have urged the matter further. He would hardly condescend

descend to assign motives; this was the sign of his condemnation. He was an honest man; there was a consistency in his principles and conduct which claimed respect. In adherence to these he was exposed to losses, great personal sacrifices, and personal sufferings. But on this subject enough has been said. Let us turn now to the FINICAL BOOKSELLER.

Finical he certainly was and very finical too, but he had many good points about him, and independent of the peculiar interests of his profession, had a taste for literature, and a friendly disposition towards literary men. Unluckily he had *a bit of blood* in him, and the consciousness of this rare distinction elevated him somewhat above THE TRADE, among whom, however, he possessed a considerable influence and ascendency. Our friend formed a connection with him, of no mean importance, nor does he appear to have had any just cause of complaint, either with respect to his sagacity or liberality. On the occasion of their first introduction to each other, our bookseller appears to have given demonstrative testimony of both the above qualities. The undertaking proposed to his consideration, was one of no very limited extent, requiring, on the part of the author, continued labour and perseverance, and promising the publisher a tardy sale, remote advantages, and requiring, moreover, the immediate advance of no small sum of money.

In behalf of the publisher's liberality it may be more immediately and forcibly urged, that the author was at that time an obscure, unpatronized, young man, who had given no remarkable testimony of more than common learning, and ordinary abilities. Nevertheless a mutual confidence was inspired, and the work proceeded to its successful conclusion. Till this conclusion there was no interruption of that harmony and friendship, with which the undertaking was commenced; but on this occasion the poor author, for the first time, experienced that though *self* might be a very honest fellow, ready to fulfil his engagements to the very letter, " partner and self" made a prodigious alteration in the matter, and threatened the compact with premature dissolution.

This same partner had not been regularly bred to the business, and indeed knew but little of the matter, but he had the money; and though he expressed the most complacent satisfaction with the undertaking itself, and great confidence in its successful execution, when he found that it must of necessity be extended beyond the limits originally proposed, he took, or pretended to take alarm, and to understand that the sum first agreed upon, was to cover all damages; in other words, that the poor author was to receive no compensation for his extra labour on two additional volumes. The matter

was,

was, however, compromised, and the parties brought their *opus magnum* to a desirable termination.

Let it not by any means be understood, that by the epithet Finical, as here applied, any disrespect is intended, or unkind feeling indulged, with respect to the individual thus imperfectly delineated. His coxcombry was of a very harmless kind, and consisted principally in his adroit and whimsical exercise of his snuff-box. It was observed on particular occasions, in his fondness of conversing about his family, and above all, in his assumed consequential importance and gestures, when any thing very rare and choice passed through his hand, which indeed was often the case.

Come we now to the OPULENT Bookseller.—Our friend's connection with this personage was but slight, and rather amounting to a skirmish about terms, than to any serious engagement. The house of which this bookseller was the head, had been singularly fortunate in their purchases of copy-right, and there were certain books of which they were the sole proprietors, and of which a large impression was annually called for, and which thus entailed a perpetual and hereditary opulence upon the establishment.

Among the authors, of whose works they were the publishers, were numbers of the Great, and Rich, and Powerful, from many of whom they had obtained

obtained the reputation of being very liberal. But let it be remembered, that the sum which appears considerable, when paid as a remuneration to Noble or Episcopal gentlemen, who write for amusement only, becomes relatively small, when apportioned to an author by profession, whose comforts and conveniences of life are obtained principally by the labour of his brains.

With this latter description of writers, this opulent personage had a great deal more to do, and with such he invariably attempted to drive a hard bargain. Our friend once, it appears, was about to enter into an engagement with him, of no inconsiderable magnitude: great labour and perseverance were required on one part, with the employment of three years at least, whilst a scanty and parsimonious remuneration was held out by the other. However, as the intellectual powers were then in full vigour, the ardour of literary ambition progressively increasing, and what perhaps had no small weight, a number of little people incessantly crying out for "Crowdy," the terms, though hard, were acceded to. A professional gentleman was employed to draw up the agreement, and a time was fixed for the signatures of the different parties. But when the agreement was produced, the reader may guess the Sexagenarian's astonishment, at perceiving a clause of which no warning had been

 given,

given, purporting, that if any other publication, or rather translation, of the same work, should appear before the final completion and printing of the present, then the agreement was to be null and void.

A most notable example of liberality truly! A poor author was to beat his brains, confine himself to one arduous labour for two years or more, and then if a similar work, no matter whence or where, should steal from its retirement on the eve of the publication of that in question, there was to be no compensation, acknowledgment, or reward, for so much time irretrievably lost. It cannot be a matter of wonder, that the poor author left the worshipful bookseller in disgust, (for worshipful he afterwards became) and never afterwards sought a renewal of his acquaintance.

It may perhaps in some degree satisfy the reader's curiosity, to be informed, that what was thus prudently guarded against by this cautious man of wealth, actually took place. In the course of the two years which immediately succeeded, a precisely similar work had silently advanced to its accomplishment, and was suddenly and unexpectedly announced. Whether this would have superseded the necessity of the other, or have claimed a larger share of public approbation, is a matter which cannot be determined.

CHAP.

Non existimavi me salvo jure nostræ veteris amicitiæ, multorumque inter nos officiorum, facere posse, ut honori tuo deessem.

Placet Stoicis suo quamque rem nomine appellare.

Faithful found
Among the faithless.

CHAPTER XLII.

LET us now introduce our reader to an honest Bookseller. Let it not be supposed that there exists any document among our manuscripts to intimate that it was the author's intention to designate an honest bookseller as a non-descript bird, though perhaps to be classed among the Raræ Aves.

There are among our papers several memoranda in the highest degree honourable to many individuals of this numerous fraternity. But certainly it is not a very usual thing in any of the professions to have the epithet of "honest" so entirely hereditary, as to be allowed, not by common, but

by universal consent, to descend, without any bar of bastardy, from father to son.

Our friend was much acquainted and connected with both these worthies. He highly esteemed the father, and much loved the son. Both had the common qualities of frankness, with somewhat of bluntness, and both were ready, on every occasion, to befriend and assist the followers of literature. In the immediate line of their profession, they were alike satisfied with the most reasonable advantages, and were even remarkable for the moderate prices which, in their well-stored catalogues, were fixed to the rarest and the choicest articles.

As publishers they were liberal in their engagements, and punctual in the performance of them. Our friend had not many adventures of this kind in conjunction with them; they were confined, there is reason to believe, to two, which were, in their commencement, progress, and conclusion, satisfactory to all the parties.

One was rather of a ticklish kind; it was full of hard words, and harsh words, replete with delineations of certain leading political characters, which were on one side varnished and beautified in all the gaudy vestments of flattery, and on the other depressed with no ordinary weight of acrimony.

Better not attempt it, says one; it is not practicable, exclaimed another; is it not poaching on another's

another's manor, cried a third; expect an Aristarchus in every page, observed a fourth. At length an experiment was made, and a specimen inserted in one of the most popular periodical productions of the day. This specimen reached the eye of the mighty Porson, that Coryphæus of learning. Who may this wight be, observed the Professor, I should like to be acquainted with him. An acquaintance accordingly took place, which continued till dissolved by death.

The labour was great, the difficulties formidable, the compensation very scanty, but the work was not in the nature of things likely to have a popular sale. The publishers readily gave what the author demanded, and so, like other things of the kind, it floated for a while upon the stream and then sunk to the bottom.

The other literary adventure was of a more extensive and important kind, in which the two honest gentlemen, above pourtrayed, bore only a part in common with many others. It is observed in our notes, that of all the literary undertakings in which our friend was concerned, this communicated the least complacent feelings on reflection. A considerable portion of certainly a curious and interesting publication was assigned to him, but he was limited to space, and confined to time. He was on no account to exceed a given number of pages, and he

was compelled to produce these ready cut and dried, at a period specified. A writer of any taste, or learning, or genius, disdains fetters of every kind, and it may reasonably be questioned whether it is not, after all, the wisest policy to leave the author, at least, greater freedom in these particulars. Nobody was more sensible of this than our great moralist Johnson, who might, perhaps confiding in the weight and value of his name, and yielding to his constitutional indolence of temper, presume to require somewhat too much of indulgence. Yet when, on finishing the Lives of the Poets, he exclaimed, "Now a fig for Mr. Nichols," although he loved Mr. Nichols, as indeed well he might, it may be fairly questioned, whether there was not a little inkling of tartness rising about the præcordia. The interest of publishers ought, without doubt, to have due consideration, and they, of course, are the most adequate judges how far this is obstructed or promoted by activity or delay on the part of authors.

But it is a question not altogether unworthy of discussion, whether they sufficiently consult their true and real interests, if by vexatious importunity they intrude upon the sacred recesses of the scholar, gathering the produce of his vineyard in a crude and immature state, before a few more progressive suns shall have mellowed it to ripeness.

An

An honest bookseller surely deserves an appropriate chapter. Let us then proceed to another, honest also, nobody will deny, but marked by many whimsical peculiarities of character.

Acumen sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE professional character who next comes under review, is termed by the Sexagenarian, in his notes, the Queer Bookseller. By the way, our friend appears to have been irresolute in the usage of the term professional. It has been erased, and afterwards re-written, with a quere annexed. Whether it should be exclusively confined to the higher professions of the church, law, and medicine, may admit of doubt, but that some limitation is necessary, appears from the following anecdote.

A country cousin visited a relation in the metropolis of some respectability, with the desire of soliciting his aid and advice as to his views in life. He was received by his relative with kindness, who having elsewhere heard that the young man was of a mechanic taste, and that he meditated being

being a maker of watches, complimented him on his supposed talent, and was leading the conversation to the subject of mechanism and the arts. The youth, in high dudgeon, disdained the idea and drudgery of a tradesman's life, and interrupted his relative by exclaiming, What, Sir, do you think me a tradesman?

Why I must confess that such a suggestion had been communicated to me.

No, Sir, you need not be ashamed of your relationship; I am not a tradesman; I am a Professor of Dancing; which being interpreted, was found to mean neither more nor less than a Country dancing master.

Fortunate was it for the old gentleman and his wife, that this eclaircissement took place in the evening, for on the morning following, they were awakened at an early hour by a most unaccountable noise in the chamber above that in which they slept, which would greatly have annoyed them, had they not conjectured, what in reality proved to be the fact, that their country cousin was practising the last new waltz, with one of the bed-room chairs.

But to return to our Queer Bookseller. The epithet is not intended to express the smallest disrespect, but the person in question was characterized by a dryness of manner peculiarly his own.

He

He was seldom betrayed into a smile, nor did he ever appear particularly exhilarated, even when the greatest wits of the day assembled at his house. He had to boast of the familiar acquaintance of Wilkes and Boswell, and Johnson and Cumberland, and Parr and Steevens, and a numerous tribe of popular writers. No one could exercise the rites of hospitality with greater liberality, and when enabled from success, to retire from the world with great opulence, he retained his kind feelings towards those, who had formerly been connected with him as authors, and gave them a frequent and cordial welcome at his table.

But to evince the powerful effect of habit, he retained so strong a partiality for the situation in which he had passed the greatest part of his life, and where he had accumulated his wealth, that though it was in the very noisiest part of the noisiest street in the city, he invariably, and for ever afterwards, made it the standard by which he estimated how far any thing was handsome, convenient, or agreeable. "My house in the city" comprised every thing which was animating and delightful without, and comfortable and exhilarating within.

With the dry manner above described, there was united an extraordinary simplicity, which, where this individual's better qualities were not very well known, frequently gave offence. Our friend had

never

never any intercourse with him on matters of business but once. In conjunction with a friend, whose works are now under more solemn and awful criticism elsewhere, he was prevailed upon to print a book on speculation, presuming, which indeed turned out to be the fact, that the booksellers would subscribe for the impression. The dry bookseller was, among others, applied to, but he returned the letter of application to the writer, simply writing under it, A. B. will not subscribe.

Upon another occasion an author who lived at a distance from the metropolis, at that period a great patriot, and flaming politician, had written a book of biography, the sale of which was to pour unheard-of riches into his bosom; guineas, for it was then the time of guineas, glittered in brilliant heaps before his warmed imagination. He employed a common friend to entreat the interposition of the Sexagenarian with some publisher, as being better acquainted with the nature of such negociations.

The office was readily accepted, and this same Queer gentleman was the person fixed upon to become the purchaser of the copy-right of this inestimable treasure. A meeting was appointed, the circumstances explained, the copy produced, was cast off, and agreed to be comprised in an octavo volume. Then succeeded the anxious moment of expectation of

of the reply to be given to, "How much will you advance for the copy-right?"

The author had doubtless heard of the large sums given per volume to Gibbon, Robertson, Blair, Beattie, and other writers of that calibre; and though perhaps neither his pride nor his ambition carried his expectations quite so far as to suppose that he should be placed on a parallel with these illustrious names, yet his disappointment (and disappointment is always in proportion to the hopes indulged) cannot easily be described, when, in a dry, grave, and inflexible, tone, he heard the words "Twenty pounds and six copies."

Thus was the flattering hope of authorship nipped in the bud, the labour of many successive months, in a moment rendered unavailing, and the fond dreams of fame and emolument made to vanish as by the wand of a sorcerer.

There are sundry other booksellers upon our list; for example, the Splendid Bookseller, the Cunning Bookseller, the Black Letter Bookseller, the Comical Bookseller, the Dirty Bookseller, the Fine Bookseller, the Unfortunate Bookseller, &c. &c.

The Splendid Bookseller, by patient and persevering frugality, with high connections, which seemed entailed upon his house, was enabled to retire to tranquillity and independence, long before the decline of life, or infirmities of age, rendered it necessary

necessary to do so. He was highly respectable, but could drive a hard bargain with a poor author, as well as any of his fraternity.

The Cunning Bookseller lived within a hundred miles of the preceding personage, but in pursuit of the main chance, would condescend to do, what his neighbour would have disdained. He would attend in person at the little auctions in the metropolis and its environs, where effects were distrained for rent or taxes, but among which, by chance, some less common books had found their way. In making a bargain with an author, he was dry and cold, and hard and sharp, as flint. He had also another way of getting on. If he saw those who frequented his shop, and whose means he knew to be less abundant, express any earnestness of curiosity about either his own publications, or books newly imported or published, he would, with great apparent civility, encourage them to become purchasers, by observing, that he should not be in a hurry to call for payment. But alas! the poor wights hardly had time to peruse their new acquisitions, before this sharp-faced dealer and chapman would call for a settlement, and either urge the having a bill at short date given him, or would provoke the pride of the poor scholar to part with other books, dear perhaps as the apple of his eye, to cancel the debt and get rid of his importunity.

By such modes of conduct, and by extraordinary success in various publications, and in one more particularly, he accumulated very large property, and retired. After his retirement, however, the "*auri sacra fames*" still continued to agitate him, nor had he entirely got the better of this infirmity, when death called upon him finally to settle all his accounts at once.

The Black Letter Bookseller was also somewhat of a singular character in his way, and in his day. He was a perfect master of his business, and of that part of it more immediately which related to the earlier productions of the English press. He was, moreover, acute, active, and obliging.

It was in his time that old English books, of a particular description both in prose and verse, were, from some cause or other, principally perhaps as they were of use in the illustration of Shakespeare, beginning to assume a new dignity and importance, and to increase in value at the rate of five hundred per cent. Tracts which for a long preceding interval, produced no more than eighteenpence, now began to sell for more than as many shillings. This rage often extended to the whimsical titles, which it was the fashion of our forefathers to prefix to their publications; and it may perhaps be said truly of most of them, that in this,

and

and this only, their principal value consisted. It must be allowed, that ingenuity must frequently have been put to the full stretch, to have devised such appellations as the following.

Hoplocrisma Spongus; or, a Sponge to wipe away the Weapon Salve. 1631.

An answer to this was published with the title of the Squeezing of Parson Foster's Sponge. 1631.

Have with you to Saffron Walden.

Parthenia; or, the Maidenhead of the first Music that ever was printed for the Virginity. By John Bull.

The Seven Planets; or, wandering Motives of Will Alabaster's Wit, retrograded and removed by John Raislor.

A Looking-glass for the Pope, wherein he may see his own Face, the express Image of Antichrist, by Lionel Sharp.

Work, more Work, and yet a little more Work, for a Mass Priest, by Alex. Cook, D.D.

Herba Parietis; or, the Wall-flower, as it grows out of the Stone Chamber belonging to the Metropolitan Prison, being a History which is partly true, partly romantick, morally divine; whereby a Marriage between Reality and Fancy is solemnized by Divinity, by Lewis Bayly, D.D.

The Parliament of Bees; or, a Bee-hive furnished with Twelve Honeycombs, by John Day.

A sorrowful

A sorrowful Song for sinful Souls, by John Carpenter.

Humour, Heaven on Earth, with the Civil Wars of Death and Fortune, by John Davies.

A Counter Snarl for Ishmael Rabshakeh, a Cecropedian Lycaonite, by Edward Hoby.

The Horn-blast; a Reply to R. Horne, Bishop of Winchester, by Th. Stapleton, D.D.

Roaring Megg planted against the Walls of Melancholy; by Tho. Tyro. 1598.

A Mastiff Whelp, with other Ruff-Island-like Curs from among the Antipodes, alias London, in 85 Satires.

The Saint's Soul excelling Humiliation, or Soul fatting Fasting. 1634.

Humour out of Breath; a Comedy.

The Foot out of the Snare.

Rub and a great Cast, in 100 Epigrams, by Freeman.

A Dechachordon of ten Quodlibetical Questions, by R. Persons. 1602.

Niobe dissolved into a Violin, or his Age drowned in his own Tears.

These are a few quaint things taken at hazard out of the Black Letter Bookseller's catalogue; and it may be further observed on the subject, that all the books by Nash, Green, Withers, &c. then becoming very dear and rare, were distin-

guished

guished by similarly eccentric appellations. Our Bookseller, with great sagacity and diligence, availed himself of the prevailing phantasy, and thus laid the foundation of emoluments which he did not live to enjoy.

A whimsical anecdote of this personage will serve to illustrate the temper of the times, as demonstrated among us at the commencement of the French Revolution.

On the murder of the unfortunate King of France, the Sexagenarian wrote a pamphlet, which he entitled " Brief Memoirs of the Chief of the French Regicides," for which at that time he had access to curious and authentic documents. He offered it to the Black Letter Bookseller and his partner, who accepted it, paid the sum agreed upon, and advertised it for sale on a certain day.

A short time, however, before this day arrived, the more active of the partners called upon the author, and informed him, that they should feel themselves much obliged if he would change the title-page of the intended pamphlet. Our friend expressed great surprise, and desired an explanation of the motives which induced such a request. The reply was to this effect:—That it was hardly possible then to foresee how matters would ultimately turn out; that they had among their best customers individuals of STRONG political opinions, who

who might hereafter take great offence at their publishing a pamphlet with such a title. The author, who was loyal to the very core, endeavoured to argue and remonstrate, but all in vain. A new title was prefixed, the old one at some expence cancelled, and the brochure made its appearance with the more harmless and less offensive inscription of "Brief Memoirs of the Leaders of the French Revolution." A large impression was very soon sold.

The scrupulous feelings on matters which regarded politics, rather increased than diminished on the part of this house. The author afterwards composed a waggish sort of parody, or rather commentary, on Paine's Rights of Man, in which many of that writer's doctrines and positions were turned to ridicule. He offered it to the Black Letter Bookseller, who ingenuously acknowledged that such was the spirit of the times, as to compel him to decline being the publisher of any works of a political tendency.

Adde vultum habitumque hominis.
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et mens,
Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WE have now to introduce a Bookseller of a very singular description, who in our notes is termed the Exotic Bookseller. He was the introducer of a new æra in the profession of which he was so successful a member, and the anecdotes of his rise, from a humble station to great opulence, and to a familiar communication with the noble and the great, would of themselves form a very interesting and entertaining narrative. Equidem plura audivi quam credo, sed nec affirmare sustineo de quibus dubito, nec subducere quæ accepi.

His father honourably and successfully pursued the occupation, which descended to the son, in a remote provincial town, and had deservedly obtained great reputation from the elegance and neatness of his bindings. If the intelligence received by

the Sexagenarian be not fallacious, he was the inventor of the art of painting landscapes on the edges of the external leaves of a book, which only became visible when unfolded to a certain distance.*

Be the above as it may, the son was the first person who professedly displayed in the metropolis shelves of valuable books in splendid bindings, and having taken a large house in one of the most frequented and fashionable streets, it soon became the resort of the gay morning loungers of both sexes. At the same time also invitation was held out to students and scholars, and persons of real taste, from the opportunity of seeing and examining the most curious and rare books, manuscripts, and missals.

His success at home of itself seemed sufficient to satisfy any ordinary speculator in this sort of commerce, but this was not enough for the personage of whom we are speaking. He determined to make a circuit of Europe, and proceeding from his native island with abundance of money, great acuteness, the most intimate and familiar acquaintance with the objects of his research, and above all, choosing the most auspicious moment for his purpose, when by following the rear of the French armies, he might on easy terms obtain his choice of what he most wanted, he had abundant cause on his return to felicitate himself on his success. Other speculations

lations also connected with his profession, proved alike fortunate, and ere long elevated the subject of these remarks to considerable distinction and opulence. He became a sort of literary oracle, and was consulted by the grave and the gay; the lively and severe, the scholar and the sciolist; and truth to say, his manner was so inimitably fine, that he had as much to say on an illuminated missal, and an Etruscan vase, as on the books printed at the Sabiaco monastery, or the Florence Homer of 1488.

The solemn hour of retirement from the world at length approached, that crisis of such rare occurrence, when the votary of wealth exclaims with sincerity, "Have I not enough?" Mr. —— married, and became a country gentleman. Many whimsical stories are to be found in books, which detail particular cases of hypochondriacal and nervous disorders, of men who having been occupied in the vigorous part of life in active business, have found retirement from employment not only tedious and uncomfortable, but exceedingly painful.

One is recorded of a great shoemaker, who purchased a villa upon Blackheath, to which he retired with great exultation and delightful views of promised pleasure. A summer-house was to be erected, in which our friends from Aldgate were to enjoy their refreshing pipes; fruit-trees of every

kind

kind were to be planted; the flag held out on Sundays as a signal of welcome to all old acquaintances passing that way; politics discussed, and the nation saved from almost irretrievable ruin. Alas! alas! how soon a thing when once in our possession, loses its lustre, its beauty, and its value. After the short experiment of a few months, Mr. Last began to think that something was the matter with him, though he did not know exactly what. The walk on the heath lost its interest, the views from Greenwich-hill ceased to delight, the appetite was not so good, sleep was broken, and a general low-spiritedness ensued, which began to wear a formidable appearance.

A celebrated physician was sent for from the metropolis. His sagacity soon found out the cause of the malady, and prescribed a simple but certain remedy. It appeared evident to the medical gentleman, that the mischief originated in the privation of those employments for which the mind of the patient was so constituted, as to be not only the best, but alone adapted. After a minute enquiry into what hands the business, so inauspiciously quitted, had fallen, and ascertaining the practicability of the patient's being thankfully welcomed as an occasional visitor, to give the benefit of his advice and experience, it was determined that he was regularly to go to town by the stage three times a

week,

week, to assist in "cutting out." The experiment succeeded, and health and cheerfulness were restored.

It is by no means intended to insinuate, that our retired bookseller became a victim of similar infirmities, or if he had the propensity to imbibe the miasma, he took care to guard against its pernicious effects. He continued now and then, at intervals, by way of amusement, and at the desire of friends, to dabble a little in the way of his former occupation, and was said, on some critical occasion, to have made a trip to the Continent, partly on the account of declining health, and partly to avail himself of a tempting opportunity to pick and choose, from a very select collection of rare things *in his way*.

Who shall pretend to say that there was any harm in all this? But does it not serve to verify the old and homely proverb, "What is bred in the bone is never out of the flesh?" And does it not tend to prove the almost impossibility of blending the love of gain, inherent in a tradesman, with the disregard of it, which is the proud distinction of the gentleman?

As to external manners, the person in question was both courteous and courtier-like. They who were less favourably inclined towards him, complained that his enunciation was affectedly soft, and that he had too much of the air and grimace of

a Frenchman; and by the shrug of his shoulders, and his facility in speaking the language, has more than once been mistaken for a native of that country. But his peculiarities were harmless, his knowledge of all the mysteries of his craft, more extensive, perhaps, than that of any of his contemporaries, his merits considerable, and death might easily have spared a less amiable character.

The few remaining scraps on the subject of booksellers may be summarily brought together. There is some account of a Snuffy Bookseller, a man of great singularity of life and manners. He had a university education originally, with a view of taking orders. Why he changed his purpose is unknown. It has been whispered that an eminent female personage, long since deceased, to whom he had been useful in collecting and arranging books of prints and engravings, had promised to procure him preferment. His next occupation was that of an engraver, in which art he became no mean proficient. His final employment was that of a bookseller, in which mystery also he had obtained no inconsiderable degree of knowledge. The last fatal catastrophe of his life was truly lamentable, occasioned in all probability from disappointed hopes, and the horrors of approaching penury.

There

There was also a bookseller to whom the epithet of B——d is attached, but anecdotes of vulgar rudeness, over-reaching cunning, and total disregard of the civilities of life, would only deform these pages.

Some remarks are also to be found on a Cunning Bookseller, who, at a very early period of life, had obtained the most extensive knowledge of his business in all its branches, which he did not fail to turn to good account.

Attention also is invited to a sketch of a Godly Bookseller, a worthy and conscientious man, whose principal dealings were in religious books and tracts, and chief correspondence with individuals of that description.

In conclusion, there are some not unentertaining notices of a Superb Bookseller. This personage seems not altogether to have disdained genius in its humbler garb and more retired walks, yet the whole of his establishment, his mansion, his furniture, his symposia, seemed intended for the noble and the great alone. A great and popular house, he was well aware, would at any time sell a considerable impression of any thing. On such occasions he was splendidly liberal; and as theatrical managers, when they get up a new play, are careless of the expence of decorations, dresses, and scenery, so would our Superb Bookseller give a great and noble author every advantage of the finest

finest wire-wove paper and Bulmer's typography. He nevertheless had the character of a disposition to drive a hard bargain with such authors as were untitled, unbeneficed, (or if it may be permitted to coin a word) unincomed. He is said to have laboured under the imputation of having sacrificed at the shrine of *greater* friends, it may not be said on the score of lucre, the claims of an individual, whose worth, talents, and amiable manners, had been long known and acknowledged by continued experience of their value. He was accused of having sanctioned, at least by his connivance, an *ex post facto* attack, written in all the gall of bitterness, and dictated by personal spleen, rather than by an ingenuous spirit of fair criticism, upon a work of great labour and merit, which has hitherto stood, and will continue to stand, the test of time.

Here our manuscript seems brought to a conclusion, for after a few desultory hints, of which some are perfectly unintelligible to the Editor, the following quotation occurs in a larger hand-writing.

Habeo Neptune gratiam magnam tibi
Quam me amisisti a te vix vivum modo
Verum si posthac me pedem latum modo
Scio imposisse in undam, haud causa ilico 'st
Quod nunc voluisti facere, quin facias mihi.
Apage, apage te a me—nunc jam post hunc diem
Quid crediturus tibi fui, omne credidi.

PORSONIANA.

Quanquam non commisi quidem ut defensore mihi opus sit adversus obtrectatos, neminem enim dicto quidem læsi, sed adversus obtrectatores, quibus orbis literatus passim infestatur, sicuti suis via insidiatoribus, forum vililitigatoribus, militia provocatoribus.

PORSONIANA.

BY far the greater part of the pieces which follow are printed from Professor Porson's own manuscripts. Those which are not so, were either written from his personal dictation, or copied by his permission.

The subjoined is, perhaps, the earliest specimen of Porson's Latinity which has hitherto appeared. The Proemium to the Notes, which, at the request of Maps, alias Nicholson, the Cambridge Bookseller, and which commences facetiously "Lectori si quis erit" was written two years afterwards. This Oration was probably delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, at the time when it is dated.

MAII 29° 1784.

Quamvis super Caroli secundi meritis hodie privatorum hominum multæ sint et discrepantes sententiæ, tamen si publicum istius sæculi Ecclesiæ totiusq; populi suffragium respicimus, hunc diem non modo cretâ notandum sed et dignum judicabimus, qui

qui solenni gratiarum actione quotannis celebretur. Et cum nulla neq; lex neq; consuetudo altius radices agat, aut diutius floreat, quam quæ religionis nomen prætendat; operæ pretium sit propius inspicere et exigere Caroli mores atq; ingenium; sine irâ et studio inquirere, quantum reipublicæ contulerit; quibus sive privatim sive publice virtutibus eminuerit; quantis libertatem et religionem beneficiis auxerit, quam bene denique cum regis tum hominis partes impleverit.

Si qui rex unquam fuit, qui optimis et felicissimis avibus regnum suum auspicatus est, is profectò fuit Carolus, qui tanto tamq; unanimi totius imperii consensu, in solium hæreditarium escenderit. Et quemadmodum amantium iræ (aiunt) amoris integratio est, quicquid in Carolum patrem populus deliquerat, aut quodcunq; in officio erga eum fungendo desiderari potuerat, id omne effusissimâ est, quâ filium prosequebatur benevolentiâ pensare aut supplere adnixus. Qui per tot annos sub crudelis et suspicacis tyranni dominatione gemuissent, expectatione melioris fortunæ nunc se consolabantur, si princeps ab exilio revocaretur; satiusq; duxerunt, etiam si tyranni potestatem iterum experiri necesse esset, ejus arbitrium agnoscere, ad quem lege hereditariæ successionis regnandi jus aliquatènus pertinere videretur. Cromwello igitur tandem mortuo, omnes sectæ et factiones certatim se regi restituendo accinxêre.

Sperabant

Sperabant scilicet, fore, ut novus rex, quantum patriæ favori deberet, gratus memoriæ mandaret, et aliquando tam re quam verbis ostenderet; ut patris sui miserabili fortunâ et immaturo exitu admonitus, scopulos et syrtes in quas ille impegisset, ipse gubernator factus, cautâ et prudenti navigatione evitaret; ut neq; communia jura deminueret, neq; præter jus fasq; prærogativæ suæ fines propagaret; ut adversis rebus diu multumq; conflictatus, humanè et sine insolenti lætitiâ secundis frueretur.

His freti cogationibus regni hæreditatem stabilem et perpetuam videntur reddidisse; tantamq; vectigalium partem regiis sumptibus suppeditandis destinâsse, quanta magni principis splendori et dignitati non solum tutandæ, sed etiam ostentandæ sufficeret. Neq; de suo tantum largiti sunt, quippe qui hæc præclara propensæ in regem voluntatis argumenta ediderint, ne minimâ quidem conditionum ab ipso servandarum mentione factâ. Adeo enixe studium suum et obedientiam probare aggressi sunt, ut quid majorum suorum memoriæ, quid sibi ipsi, quid posteritati deberent, pariter obliti essent. Sed ne quicquam requiri posset, quo se regi dicto audientes et morigeros præberent, iidem homines penes quos potissimum restituti regis gloria esset, totius gentis personâ susceptâ perduellionis erga beatum (quem vocabant) martyrem se ipse reos profitebantur et admissi facinoris a clementissimo domino veniam

 impetrabant.

impetrabant. Non tamen rex eo usq; clementiâ suâ abusus est, ut neminem omnino veniâ indignum judicaret, sed lenitatem suam justâ severitate temperavit, in eosq; judices qui ex animi sententiâ et quoniam è rep. fore censuerunt, patrèm suum capitis damnâssent, omnibus exemplis animadvertendum statuit. Qui autem temporis causâ hoc parricidium perpetrâssent, iis quod sibi videretur fidelibus consiliorum suorum ministris olim usurus, generosâ et sapienti sententiâ pœnam condonavit. Sed ut quod sentio liberè et sine ambagibus dicam; fatendum est ab iis quorum affectus in neutram partem proclivior est, contra regiam dignitatem, contra civilem prudentiam peccâsse Carolum, quod non præteritorum omnium facinorum memoriam penitus aboleret. Sin autèm hoc fautores Stewartorum negabunt; illud certè non negabunt (neq; enim vel possunt vel audent;) suppliciorum qua a perduellibus leges exigunt, crudeliorem partem, utpote exempli parum memoris legum humanarum, remitti oportuisse.

Quanquam autem, ut supra demonstravimus, quod satis superq; esset frugali regiæ donâsset, tamen ut amoris quo novum regem amabant, locupletissimum darent testimonium, plures extraordinarias pensiones in ipsius fratrisq; loculos contulerunt. Ac nè quid deesset quod civium bene sentientium animos indicaret, decreto incertum magis ridiculo an absurdo, omnia quæ Senatus aut Cromwellus per viginti

annos

annos egerant, abrogabantur. Si historici hujus temporis audiendi sunt, hæc flagitia quodammodo excusari possunt, propterea quod ab ebriis ferè et discinctis nebulonibus admissa essent, quanquam facilitas ea, quæ hujusmodi homines in supremum pene gentis concilium adsciverit, non omnino laudanda videtur.

Est et alia res, levicula quidem illa, neq; tamen prorsus negligenda, cædis nempe cupido quædam et aviditas, quâ per totum regni tempus Carolus tam vehementur flagravit, ut vix suspicari possis in genitâ ejus crudelitate factum ut tot innocentes homines contra leges sanctas et jura imo interdum contra ipsius pollicitationes capite plecterentur. Verisimilius videtur talia spectacula huic principi ludi jociq; instar fuisse. Neq; equidem valdè miror, si Carolus, qui Galliæ sæpe vidisset, quantâ ibi facilitate rex morte, exilio, aut bonorum publicatione cives afficiat, quemq; Angli non minori adulatione, quam Galli Ludovicum mulcere solerent, regis Gallici potestatem in hâc quoq; parte usurpare vellet. Certè nisi pondus aliquod his excusationibus subesse concedamus, agnoscendum erit vix quicquam in omni historiâ, quod ab humanitate alienius sit de pessimis et odiosissimis tyrannis narrari, neq; quod ab omni lenitate et prudentiâ, ut legum violationem omittam, magis abhorreat. Inter nobiles hujus temporis reos, Va-

nius, Russelius et Sidneius præcipuè eminent, quorum injusta et crudelis mors Caroli memoriæ æternam dedecoris atq; infamiæ notam inuret. Si horum exemplorum atrocitatem eâ quâ par est, indignatione contemplabimur, Tiberii alterius aut Neronis scelera legere videbimur.

Quod si de domestica rerum administratione nihil quod quereremur, haberemus, bellorum à Carolo gestorum et fœderum ictorum tanta est ignominia, quantam vix Joannes noster suscepit cum a Pontifice Romano coronam precario acciperet. Misso primum contra Belgas, a quibus magnificentissimo fuerat hospitio exceptus, exercitu, avaræ et ingratæ mentis justissimas pœnas persolvit. Cum enim res Belgarum superior evasisset, iniquis Carolus est pacis conditionibus acquiescere coactus. Ut bellum gereret, spoliorum cupiditas, si verum amamus, primo regem pepulerat, quam non frustatus est eventus. Quamvis enim ex Belgio Fœderato nihil præter dedecus, reportaret, pecuniam quam in sumptus belli erogandam civium liberalitas dedisset, in rem suam ipse catus convertit. Multa vero delicta, quæ in alio quovis flagitia essent, ut in Carolo leviore nomine notentur, facit præcipuorum ejus facinorum magnitudo; quorum in numero principem locum merito obtinet, quod duo maxima totius imperii robora et firmamenta, Dunquercam et Tingen hosti turpiter prodiderit. Illud autem consilium palmam

palmam cœteris præripit, quod inter eum et Ludovicum mercenariis conditionibus convenerat.

Satis jam notum est regem clam se eidem religionis sectæ, cui fratrem Jacobum, Romanæ nempe, addixisse: Hanc quoq; per Britanniam, Ludovici auxilio, ubicunq; tempus sineret, propagare, veterem constitutionem delere, pro libertate tyrannidem, pro reformatâ religione, Catholicam invehere decreverat. Sed tam timide gelideq; hanc rem ministravit, tantâ solertiâ dicam an malitiâ, animi cogitata celavit, ut multis Catholicorum gravissimis suppliciis afficerentur, ipso rege, qui eandem fidem amplexus erat, approbante.

Hæc pauca ex innumeris publicarum Caroli virtutum exempla selegimus. Videamus si privati mores cæteros defectus compensent. Etiam pater ejus, regni errores cæteris virtutibus partim redemit. Sed in hâc parte valdè dissimilem et degenerem filium reliquit. Vix ullam Europæ regionem peragravit, quin ex eâ novas ineptias, nova vitia reportaret. Avus ejus Jacobus ab adulatoribus suis appellari solitus est Salomon secundus. Quæ una res ei defuit ad perfectam similitudinem Carolus supplevit, quem nemo Salomonis simillimum fuisse negabit, qui immensum utriusq; concubinarum numerum reputaverit. Cum hujusmodi mulierculis et viris non honestioribus otium suum omni luxus et libidinis genere oblectavit. Qualis vir fuisset, indicio fuerunt, (ut qui-

dam non ineptè observavit) ultima ejus extremâ in morte verba, quibus neq; reip. neq; amicorum cujus aut propinquorum, sed meretricis meminerat. At forsan, inquies, opum suarum facultatibus ad patris suiq; comitum et defensorum inopiam sublevandam usus est, et hanc occasionem testandi quam bene adversus omne qui alterius utrius causam fortunis, manu, scriptis adjuvissent, avidè arripuit. Nihil minus; fidelissimos regiæ potestatis servos aut neglexit, ut inter mille alios Couleium et Butlerum nominem, aut, sicut Clarendonum, à se et patriâ removit, exiliiq; periculis et laboribus objecit.

Qui omnes nervos contendunt, ut Caroli memoriam qua jure qua injuriâ aliquatenus ab infamiâ quâ premitur liberent, regis comitatem atq; hilaritatem prædicant; quamq; facetus et lepidus conviva esset, libenter narrant. Et sanè disertus fuit leporum et facetiarum, si modo pro leporibus et facetiis scurrilis dicacitas sumatur. Hujus enim uberrimâ abundabat copiâ; nihil unquam facetè dixit, quod salvo pudore; nec liberè, quod salvâ religione dici posset. Per totum hujus principis regnum, modestiæ, pudoris, sinceritatis, temperantiæ, religionis deniq; nulla habita est ratio; neq; certior aut expeditior ad regis favorem patebat aditus, quam si quis, scurra, impius, vinosus et prodigus audiret. Ut quisq; ipse erat simillimus, ita carissimus. Ut breviter absolvam, antequam coronam adeptus

esset,

esset, mendicus fuit; postquam adeptus esset, rex non fuit: sine dignitate sapientiâ aut fortitudine; sine amicitiâ; sine fide et amore connubiali; sine fraternâ pietate, atheus vivebat, Papista moriebatur. Talis fuit Carolus secundus.

——— manibus date lilia plenis;
Purpureos spargam flores, animamq; tyranni
His saltem accumulem donis——

The

The subjoined Preface is printed from the Professor's first copy, in his own hand-writing, which he permitted to be prefixed to Toup's Emendations of Suidas.

LECTORI

S.

Cum nuper audivissem, Toupii Emendationes in Suidam prælo Oxoniensi mox prodituras, Viros doctissimos, qui laborem edendi suscepissent, certiores feci, me non indiligenter opus illud aureum perlegisse, et notarum mearum, quas hic illic adscripsissem, modo dignæ viderentur, quæ Toupii scriptis pro appendice adjungerentur, copiam iis facturum. Habes igitur breves hasce notas; quas tu, qualescunque tandem sunt fructu leges. Sed duo sunt, quæ abs te mihi ignosci pervelim. Unum est, quod plerumque censoris personam gero, sæpiusque Toupium reprehendo, quam laudo; alterum, quod libros alios haud raro indicavi, in quibus idem jam ante Toupium observatum sit. De priori, ita res erat, faciundum fuit. Neque enim hoc juvenili jactantia feci, nec quo viris me longe majoribus vellicandis laudem mihi

comparare

comparare vellem; sed semper ab eorum consuetudine valde abhorrui, qui nihil aliud quam *pulchre*, *bene*, *recte*, tertio quoque verbo ingerunt. Ego sane, nisi TOUPII ingenium et doctrinam maximi facerem, nunquam in eum, ne hæc quidem, quantulacunque sunt, scriberem. Sed editoris aut commentatoris officium esse duco, auctoris sui errores corrigere, defectus supplere. Vix unquam igitur TOUPII sententiam calculo meo comprobavi, nisi ubi novis argumentis confirmari posse, aut ab aliis criticis nullo jure impugnata esse videretur. Quod ad alterum attinet, neminem opinor adeo iniquum fore, ut credat me TOUPIO, quoties ejus cum aliis consensum memoro, plagii vel minimam suspicionem inustam velle. Sed cum duo scriptores idem tradant, mihi non alteruter, ab altero ideo sumpsisse, sed uterque rem recte reputantes, veritatis vi coacti, in eandem sententiam devenisse videntur. *Omnes enim*, inquit BENTLEIUS *, *in multa incidimus, nescientes, illa jam ab aliis esse occupata.* Quæ observatio ut et mihi prosit rogo, si quid in his notulis, quod dictum sit prius, ipse dixisse inveniar.

Dabam Londini,
1 *Julii*, 1787.

* Emendat. in Ciceronis Tusc. Quæst. IV. 21.

The

The Professor once kindly undertook to write down, for a young friend who was preparing to make a collection of classical and philological books, a list of such works as he conceived to be indispensable in a well-chosen library.

A paper book was provided, in which the Professor first wrote, Libri Desiderati in Museo. A.B.

The two first pages of this Manuscript are subjoined.

Euripidis Hippolytus Valckenærii cum Diatribe in perditas Tragædias, &c.

Euripidis Phœnissæ Valckenærii Ursini Collatio Græcorum cum Virgilio, cui accedunt Valckenærii Epistola ad M. Röverum et Dissertatio de Scholiis in Homerum ineditis, &c.

Ammonius de differentia Vocum et alia ad Grammaticam spectantia cum Animadversionibus Valckenærii.

Thomas Magister Bernardi, Oudendorpii et aliorum.

Gregorius Corinthi Episcopus de Dialectis per Gisbertum Koënium.

B. Brissonius de Formulis et solennibus verbis populi Rom.

Dion

Dion Cassius J. A. Fabricii et H. S. Reimari, 2 vol. fol. Hamburgi.

Fax Artium Gruteri, 7 vol.

Selecta Theocriti Idyllia, a Valckenærio.

Gatakeri Opera Critica Trajecti ad Rhen. 2 vol. fol. interdum in 1.

Dion Chrysostomus Reiskii, 2 vol. 8vo.

Arnobius Heraldi, 4to.

Clemens Alexandrinus Potteri.

Eusebii Præparatio } Evangelica a Fr.
——— Demonstratio } Vigero.

Ecclesiasticæ Historiæ Scriptores a Valesio, 3 vol. fol. (ed. opt. Reading)

Pollux Hemsterhusii.

Philostratus Olearii.

Libanius.

Miscellaneæ Observationes a Britannis cœptæ, a Belgis continuata.

Aristides Jebbii, 2 vol. 4to.

Beausobre Histoire du Manichcisme, 2 vol. 4.

Menagiana, 4 vol. ed. opt. 1729.

Mœris Atticista, 1759, Piersoni.

Ursini Fragmenta Lyricorum.

Artemidorus Rigaltii, Par. 1603. 4to.

The

The subjoined are specimens of Porson's familiar Letters. The person to whom they were addressed negotiated, at Porson's desire, with the bookseller, for the publication of the Letters to Travis. It is correctly stated in the Athenæum that the prize given was thirty pounds. That the publisher lost money by it can hardly be conceived. The book is now out of print and numbered among the scarcer books.



Dear

Settle the matter of publication for me in any way that you think reasonable, or that would be satisfactory to yourself. If you agree upon the terms that you mention in your letter, inform me when they would wish to begin. For, as the Preface will of course be printed last, I could send them a copy of the Letters in the Magazine, properly corrected, within a few days. With respect to the Lay Fellowship, I thank you for the information, but if it is already vacant, you need not doubt of

of its being given away. If you see the Rev. Mr. W. tell him the same from me, which will be equivalent to an acknowledgement of his letter, and tell him besides that Mr. Goodall is extremely flattered by the attention of a person so much his superior in dignity: συγκαθημενων, I would render the women who live with him. The literal sense is, without doubt, "who sit together;" but this expression refers to what was generally the case, not what was the case in this particular instance, for we are informed that it was quite the contrary. See Dorville on Chariton, which I have not by me here.

I am, with compliments to * *

Your's,

R. PORSON.

Eton, 17 *Sept*. 1789.

The Clergyman alluded to in the above Letter, was the Rev. Dr. Wingfield, for a time head master of Westminster School, and since that period, Prebendary of Worcester, with whom Porson subsequently spent a great deal of his time. Mr. Goodall is the present worthy Provost of Eton College.

Dear

Dear * *

I think you may tell Mr. Egerton that I accept his proposals, which appear to me liberal enough. I find upon a review of my Letters in the Magazine, that besides changing the form of the Address, I shall make several alterations and additions that will render it necessary for me to write the whole over again. I shall return to London some time next week with the first part, fairly written for the press. I suppose that will be time enough. Συγκατημένων is Ionic, as κατιεις for καθιεις, &c. Your ——— packed up in a small parcel, and directed as before, will come safe.

I am, with compliments to * *

Your's, &c.

R. PORSON.

Eton, 28 *Sept.* 1789.

There are two things obvious from the above short Epistle, namely, that the Professor did not accustom himself to overrate the value of his talents, and that he was ready, at all times, to communicate, to those who required it, the benefit of his superior erudition.

Dear

Dear

I wrote to you last Monday, but as I suppose my Letter might miscarry, I shall repeat the substance of it. I authorized you to accept Mr. Egerton's terms; to which I shall only add, what I then omitted through haste, a request that you would stickle for half a dozen copies to be thrown into the bargain. As I am obliged to write over all my Letters that have been printed, to prevent mistakes and confusion, I cannot let them have any part of the copy before next week, when I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you and * * in town, to whom present my compliments, and believe me to be

Your's sincerely,

R. PORSON.

Eton, 30 *Sept.* 1789.

PORSONIAN LEVITIES.

ÆNIGMA.

Ex eo genere quod ex duabus vocibus monosyllabis unam vocem disyllabon efficit.

Primum, secundum, tertium, sive totum, sive integrum.

Te primum incauto nimium, propiusque tuenti
  LAURA, mihi furtim surrippuisse queror,
Nec tamen hoc furtum tibi condonare recusem
  Si pretium simili solvere merce velis
Sed quo plus candoris habent tibi colla secundo
  Hoc tibi plus *primum* frigoris intus habet,
Jamque sinistra cava cantavit ab ilice *totum*
  Omina, et audaces spes vetat esse ratas.

On the Publications of Mrs. THRALE, (PIOZZI) Mr. BOSWELL, *and* Sir JOHN HAWKINS, *on the Subject of* Dr. JOHNSON.

Lexiphanem fatis functum, qua fœmina, qua vir
  Certant indignis dedecorare modis,
Hic quantum in Scotos fuerit testatus amorem
  Enarrat, fatuos vendidit illa sales.
Fabellas Eques ede tuas, seu Musice mavis,
  Si famæ Herois vis superesse nihil.

At

At Johnson's death both sexes join,
His character to undermine,
Proclaim his courtesy to Scots,
And print his stupid anecdotes,
'Tis now thy turn musician knight,
Publish and damn his fame outright.

Porson one day visiting his brother-in-law Mr. P——, who at that time lived in Lancaster-court, in the Strand, found him indisposed, and under the influence of medicine. On returning to the house of a common friend, he of course expected to be asked after the health of his relation. After waiting with philosophic patience, without the expected questions being proposed, he reproached the company for not giving him an opportunity of giving the following answer, which he had composed on his walk.

My Lord of Lancaster, when late I came from it,
Was taking a medicine of names not a few,
In Greek an emetic, in Latin a vomit,
In English a puke, and in vulgar a ——.

The following humourous verses were undoubtedly composed by Porson, but they are not copied from his own hand-writing, which most of the things

here

here inserted are. He, however, repeated them to the person from whose manuscript they are now printed.

ON THE POPULAR PLAY OF PIZARRO.

As I walked through the Strand so careless and gay,
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow,
Choice fruit, Sir, said she, and a bill of the play,
So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.

When I got to the door, I was squeezed, and cried dear me,
I wonder they made the entrance so narrow,
At last I got in, and found every one near me
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.

Lo! the hero appears, what a strut and a stride,
He might easily pass for a Marshal to-morrow,
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro.

But Elvira, alas! turned so dull and so prosy,
That I longed for a hornpipe by little Del Caro;
Had I been 'mong the Gods I had surely cried Nosy,
Come play up a jig, and a fig for Pizarro.

On his wife and his child his affection to pay,
Alonzo stood gazing, and straight as an arrow:
Of him I have only this little to say,
His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro.

Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing,
Walked solemnly on like a sow and her farrow,
And politely informed the whole house they were going
To entreat heaven's curses on noble Pizarro.

Rolla

Rolla made a fine speech with such logic and grammar,
   As must sure raise the envy of Counsellor Garrow;
It would sell for five pounds were it brought to the hammer,
   For it raised all Peru against valiant Pizarro.

Four acts are tol lol, but the fifth's my delight,
   Where history's traced with the pen of a Varro,
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,
   Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro.

I have finished my song if it had but a tune,
   Nancy Dawson won't do, nor the sweet banks of Yarrow,
I vow I would sing it from morning till noon,
   So much am I charmed with the play of Pizarro.

Porson's fondness for Algebra was universally known, but perhaps a more singular proof of this can hardly be adduced than is exhibited in the following equation, composed by him in Greek. The original is comprized in one line.

Τις ὁ αριθμος ον τεμνομενον εις δυο ανισεις μερεις η του μειζονος μεριδος δυναμις μετα του ελαττονος μεταλαμβανομενη ισος εσσεται του ελαττονος δυναμει μετα του μειζονος μεταλαμβανομενῃ.

Required the number, which being divided into two unequal parts, the square of the greater added to the less shall be equal to the square of the less added to the greater. Let the numbers be x and y.

$$x^2 \times y = y^2 \times x$$
$$x^2 - y^2 = x - y$$
$$x + y = 1.$$

CHARADES AND RIDDLES.

I.

If Nature and Fortune had plac'd me with you,
On my first, we my second might hope to obtain;
I might marry you, were I my third, it is true;
But that marriage would only embitter my pain.

II.

My first is the lot that is destin'd by fate,
For my second to meet with in every state:
My third is by many philosophers reckoned,
To bring very often my first to my second.

III.

My first, though your house, nay your life, he defends,
You ungratefully name like the wretch you despise;
My second, I speak it with grief, comprehends
All the brave, and the good, and the learn'd, and the wise.
Of my third I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it tells the departure of day.

IV.

The child of a peasant, Rose thought it no shame
To toil at my first all the day;
When her father grew rich, and a farmer became,
My first to my second gavè way:

Then

Then she married a merchant, who brought her to town;
To this eminent station preferr'd,
Of my first and my second unmindful she's grown,
And gives all her time to my third.

V.

My first is the nymph I adore,
The sum of her charms is my second,
I was going to call it my third,
But I counted a million and more,
Till I found they could never be reckoned;
So I quickly rejected the word.

VI.

My first in ghosts, 'tis said abounds,
And wheresoe'er she walks her rounds,
My second never fails to go,
Yet oft attends her mortal foe.
If with my third you quench your thirst,
You sink for ever in my first.

VII.

My first is expressive of no disrespect,
Yet I never shall call you it while you are by;
If my second you still are resolv'd to reject,
As dead as my third I shall speedily lie.

VIII.

My first of unity's a sign ;
My second ere we knew to plant,
We us'd upon my third to dine,
" If all be true that poets chant."

IX.

Your cat does my first in your ear,
O that I were admitted as near ;
In my second I've held you my fair
So long that I almost despair ;
But my prey if at last I o'ertake,
What a glorious third I shall make.

X.

My first with more than quaker's pride,
At your most solemn duty,
You keep, nor deign to throw aside,
E'en though it veils your beauty.
My second on your cheek or lip,
May kindle Cupid's fire,
While from your eye or nose's tip
It ne'er provokes desire.
But if your third you entertain
For your unhappy poet,
In mercy Chloe spare his pain,
Nor ever let him know it.

The following specimens of good-natured levity and humour were also produced by him, without any study or previous meditation.

The little girl, who was his favourite, as has before been mentioned, one day led him by the hand into the kitchen, to deliver a message to a servant. A young woman who had lived long in the family, and was much respected, was ironing linen. Her name was Susan, and the child desired Porson to write some verses upon her. Porson, as soon as he returned to the parlour, pronounced the following lines.

When lovely Susan irons smocks,
No damsel ere looked neater,
Her eyes are brighter than her box.
And burn me like a heater.

On the extravagant terms of flattery, which Mr. Hayley and Miss Seward used in compliments to one another, Porson frequently indulged much satirical observation. The following dialogue is supposed to take place between the parties.

MISS SEWARD *loquitur.*

Tuneful Poet, Britain's glory,
Mr. Hayley that is you.

HAYLEY *respondet.*

Ma'am, you carry all before you,
Trust me Lichfield Swan you do.

MISS SEWARD.

Ode, didactic, epic, sonnet,
Mr. Hayley you're divine.

MR. HAYLEY.

Ma'am, I'll take my oath upon it,
You yourself are all the Nine.

Copied from Porson's Manuscript, but whether his own or not is uncertain.

DE
CE
LIEU
DIEU
SORT
MORT
SORT
FORT
DUR
MAIS
TRES
SUR

Qu a d t d · p
os nguis irus risti ulcedine avit.
Il sa m Ch m l

Mors mortis morti mortem nisi morte dedisset,
Aeternae vitae janua clausa foret.

FRENCH

FRENCH CHARADES.

A Lise fais tu mon premier,
Qui prend le vrai pour le grossier,
Ne traite ne de gris ses yeux,
Ni de mon second ses cheveux,
On Lise en mon tout se mettra,
Et tes cheveux arrachera.

CHARADE BACCHIQUE.

Je reçu hier de mon cousin,
Pour etrennes tonneau de vin,
C'est mon premier lui m'en repond,
Pour la douceur et pour l'esprit,
Mais puisqu'au moins c'est mon second,
Car c'est gratis comme j'ai dit.
Ouvrons mon tout, rien ne me coute,
Et buvons jusque a ne voir goutte.

Quand vous me fites mon premier,
En ravissant mon cœur, Iris,
Je jurai de vous adorer,
Malgre votre orgueilleux mepris,
Et voici ce que je promis,
J'amuserai jusqu'au dernier point.

Main-

Maintenant je ne songe point,
Aux sermens que je violés,
Ai je tort ? vous en jugerez
Vous etes mon entier toujours.
Plus mon entier encor que belle,
Vous me jouez cent mauvais tours,
Du beau sexe trop vrai modele,
Doit ma constance etre eternelle?

ON THE ENQUIRIES MADE AFTER THE WRITER OF A CERTAIN LEARNED PREFACE.

Perturbed spirits spare your ink,
Nor beat your stupid brains no longer,
Soon to oblivion then shall sink
Your persecuted Preface-monger.

INCERTI AUCTORIS.

RIDDLE.

In every gift of Fortune I abound,
In me is every vice and virtue found,
With black and blue and green myself I paint,
With me an atheist stands before a saint;
Far above Nature, I make Art precede,
And before sovereigns give the poor the lead.
Many who bear the name of learned and wise,
Did I not help them, you would oft despise;

Nay

Nay more, within my grasp together bound
The king, the beggar, and the harlot's found;
In one thing I excel the proudest lords,
You always may depend upon my words.

RIDDLE.

I'm sometimes very honest, sometimes not,
And less sincere at court than in a cot;
Sometimes I pleasure give, and sometimes pain,
And now I praise bestow, and now disdain;
The lovelier I appear when small my throne,
Enlarge but this, and all my beauty's gone;
Sullen and silent when my friends are gone,
I'm e'en invisible if left alone;
Few things there are, at least but few I know,
Which cost so little, and so much bestow.

RIDDLE.

Tho' so light is my weight that no strength is required,
They who take me about are oftentimes tired;
Short, long, narrow, broad, of materials not strong,
The forms I assume to rude fingers belong;
Under thousands of names I am every day seen,
And of very great use to dull people have been;
Nay! often the vulgarest creatures on earth
Take me from the hands of the noblest in birth;
Me the folks of the country in general disown,
So civil and gay, I'm fit only for town;

In

In the coldest of winters my back is quite bare,
Yet so little I find of compassion or care,
That as soon as I'm seen I'm thought worthy of none,
My service is past, and my business is done.

RIDDLE.

What could man do without my aid?
Or what each fair industrious maid?
I lead the first o'er sea and land,
The second takes me by the hand,
Presses me close with care and skill,
And makes me do whate'er she will.
I cannot boast of many charms,
I've neither feet, nor legs, nor arms,
But all allow I have an eye
So fine, it may with beauty vye;
I fear I many wounds impart,
Shed blood, but never touch the heart.
They who would contemplate my end,
For that's the point where I offend,
Sharply to look about must mind,
Or me much sharper they will find.



IT has been mentioned that Porson wrote some notes for Nicholson, to be prefixed to the edition of Xenophon's Anabasis, published at Cambridge, in 1786. One of the copies of that work, given him by the bookseller, he presented to the writer of this article, with an inscription in Latin, written in his most beautiful manner, and expressed in the most flattering terms. A great many years afterwards he happened to take this particular Volume into his hands, and on looking at the inscription, hastily tore it out, promising the owner to write another. He never could be prevailed upon to explain his motive for this act, but it was conceived that some particular form of expression or disposition of the words had appeared erroneous to his better judgment. His friendly sentiments were certainly unchanged, which he manifested by subsequently writing another inscription in the book, expressed in terms, to

the full as flattering as those which preceded. The words were these.

Viro doctissimo
atque
Amicissimo
* * * *
Amicitiæ
Ergo
Donat.
RICARDUS PORSON.
1789.

That he was friendly and social, many examples have already been adduced, sufficiently strong and numerous to prove that Gilbert Wakefield's application to him of the term "Misanthrope" was absurd and unjust. But he was occasionally very playful, and once in a very merry mood, being in company with the young lady, of whom we have before spoken, and for whom he wrote most of the Charades, (printed in this work) he offered a trifling wager, that he could carry her round the room in his teeth. This was accordingly accepted. He fixed a handkerchief round her waist, and by first obtaining a nice balance he actually accomplished his purpose, without any seeming inconvenience.

Upon the tendency of his politics it is not intended to expatiate. It never interrupted an harmonious intercourse of more than twenty years with him, who pays this tribute to his memory, and to whom, in a moment of confidence, he gave, in his own hand-writing, a Pamphlet written in answer to Mr. Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. It is termed, A new Catechism for the use of the Natives of Hampshire. It is written with much vivacity and humour, but strongly marks the incorrigible bitterness of his political prejudices.

The humour of the Tract consists in playing upon the expression of the Swinish Multitude, said to have been applied by Burke to the common people. The beginning and conclusion are inserted as a sufficient specimen.

Q. What is your name?

A. Hog or *Swine.*

Q. Did God make you a *Hog?*

A. No. God made me man in his own image; the *Right Hon.* SUBLIME BEAUTIFUL made me a *Swine.*

Q. How did he make you a Swine?

A. By muttering obscure and uncouth spells. He is a dealer in the black art.

Q. Who

Q. Who feeds you?

A. Our Drivers, the only real *men* in this COUNTY.

Q. How many Hogs are you in all?

A. Seven or eight millions.

Q. How many Drivers?

A. Two or three hundred thousand.

Q. With what do they feed you?

A. Generally with husks, swill, draff, malt, grains, and now and then with a little barley-meal and a few potatoes, and when they have too much butter-milk themselves they give us some.

The following must be allowed not to be destitute of humour.

Q. What are the *Interpreters* * called?

A. The BLACK LETTER SISTERHOOD.

Q. Why do they give the office to women?

A. Because they have a fluent tongue, and a knack of scolding.

Q. How are they are dressed?

A. In gowns and false hair.

Q. What are the principal orders?

A. Three—*Writers*, *Talkers*, and *Hearers*, which last are also called *Deciders*.

* Judges.

Q. What

Q. What is their general business?

A. To discuss the mutual quarrels of the hogs, and to punish their affronts to any or all of the drivers.

* * * * * * *

Q. If two hogs quarrel, how do they apply to the sisterhood?

A. Each hog goes separately to a *Writer.*

Q. What does the *Writer?*

A. She goes to a *Talker.*

Q. What does the *Talker?*

A. She goes to a *Hearer* (or *Decider.*)

Q. What does the *Hearer* decide?

A. What she pleases.

Q. If a hog is decided to be in the right, what is the consequence?

A. He is *almost* ruined.

Q. If in the *wrong*, what?

A. He is *quite* ruined.

After some facetious sneers at the clergy, who are termed peace-makers, the dialogue proceeds.

Q. How are these peace-makers rewarded?

A. With our potatoes.

Q. What with all?

A. Ten per cent. only.

Q. Then

Q. Then you have still ninety left in the hundred?

A. No, we have only forty left.

Q. What becomes of the odd fifty?

A. The drivers take them, partly as a small recompence for their trouble in protecting us, and partly to make money of them, for the prosecution of law-suits with the neighbouring farmers.

Q. You talk very sensibly for a hog; whence had you your information?

A. From *a learned Pig*.

The following is given by way of answer to the question by what ceremony the hog is disenchanted, and resumes his natural shape.

A. The hog that is going to be disenchanted, grovels before the *Chief Driver*, who holds an iron skewer over him, and gives him a smart blow on the shoulder, to remind him at once of his former subjection and future submission. Immediately he starts up, like the devil from Ithuriel's spear, in his proper shape, and ever after goes about with a nick-name. He then beats his hogs without mercy, and when they implore his compassion, and beg him to recollect that he was once their *Fellow Swine*, he denies that ever he was a hog.

This curious dialogue thus concludes :—

Q. What is the general wish of the hogs at present ?

A. To save their bacon.

Chorus of hogs.

Amen.

It may be observed of Porson, as Junius heretofore remarked of himself, that perhaps his own recollection could not always bring before him the numerous things he had written at various times, and on different occasions. Two learned articles of great judgment and acute criticism, may be pointed out, which not improbably Porson never communicated, except to the individuals for whose immediate service they were intended; more particularly as those individuals proudly pursued and sturdily avowed principles and sentiments, in the most determined opposition to those with whom the Professor lived with greater familiarity and intimacy.

The first of these was an article containing very learned and ingenious observations on the Codex Theodori Bezæ Cantabrigiensis, published by Dr. Kipling in 1793.

The reader may remember, that this MS. was so printed, that every page, line, word, letter, and point, as far as types can imitate hand-writing, corresponded with the original. Dr. Woide had done the same thing before with respect to the celebrated Alexandrian MS. But of the two works, the Professor remarks, "that as much as Kipling's work

is superior to Dr. Woide's in its outside, so does it appear to be below it in intrinsic merit."

The Professor objects, in the first instance, to the title prefixed by Dr. Kipling, viz. Codex Theodori Bezæ Cantabrigiensis. It is argued that an ambiguity is here involved, and that the natural construction of the words would make Bezæ, a Cambridge man at least, if not a member of the University. The whole, however, forms a fair and candid specimen of criticism, though the writer persists to the last in assigning the higher rank in point of merit to Dr. Woide's most valuable publication.

The other Critical Essay, to which the Professor materially contributed, was a series of remarks on Wakefield's Lucretius. It could not escape the discernment of so sagacious an observer as Porson manifestly was, that even when performing the office merely of editing a classical author, Wakefield could not resist the impulse he always obeyed of obtruding his opinions on subjects no more connected with Lucretius than with the history of China; and this has extorted the following sentence, sharp enough it must be acknowledged, but unquestionably true. "Mr. W.'s notes are very numerous and various; philological, critical, illustrative, and political, such as he always pours forth with a facility which judgment sometimes limps after in vain."

It is well known to scholars, that the undertaking of collating manuscripts is very far from being an easy task, but in this labour the Professor was remarkably well skilled. It will appear from the observations here alluded to, that Porson actually submitted to the drudgery of collating three of the manuscripts employed by Wakefield. These MSS. were as follows:—

A MS, belonging to the public library at Cambridge, designated in Wakefield's edition by the Greek letter Ω.

A MS. belonging to Edward Poore, Esq. of no great value or antiquity, referred to by O.

And three Harleian MSS. preserved in the British Museum, respectively called in the edition Δ. Π. Σ.

These three last MSS. being immediately within his reach, the Professor carefully collated, and the result of his conclusion was, that Wakefield cannot receive the palm of a skilful and scrupulously accurate collator. It is not intended to assert that the passage which follows, came from Porson's pen, but it is so perfectly true in itself, and characteristic of Wakefield, that it is here inserted.

" In thus examining the present Edition of Lucretius, we feel a strong confidence that we shall not be suspected of being actuated by any resentment against a person, who must himself feel the chief

evils

evils of a restless, impatient, intolerant, mind. We think it, indeed, most lamentable, that a man, whose proper occupations are study and polite literature, should be so little able to command himself, as to fall into extravagances of political conduct, injurious ultimately to himself and family. Too many instances of this spirit appear completely out of their places in this Edition of Lucretius, in the form of political verses, allusions to the glories of France, and aspirations after similar changes here, with prophetic intimations of their approach.

" In such a farrago, abuse of us and our work, as supporting all that Mr. W. wishes to see overthrown, is virtually the highest compliment, and though we owe no gratitude to the author, we cannot but approve the tendency of his conduct towards us.

" We see, however, in his pages not the slightest tincture of that character, which he has, very early in his Preface, bestowed upon himself. 'Si quis unquam diffidens mei.' A most extravagant self-confidence, on the contrary, is every where conspicuous, except in a few of the prefatory flourishes; and though his maturer judgment has enabled him to see in his own 'Silva critica plurima quæ sint juveniliter temeraria απροσδιονυσα prorsus et homine critico indigna,' yet the very same character unimproved, will be found to prevail in his critical conjectures,

jectures, scattered abundantly throughout the notes to his work, and readily accessible by means of his critical index. No author escapes his rage for correction, and Horace and Virgil in particular would have as little knowledge of their own works, were they presented to them reformed à la Wakefield, as we should of the British constitution were it given to his emendation. We can, however, pity while we censure, and most sincerely wish that with a more temperate mind, even in literature, he would give himself exclusively, and without mixture, to those studies, in which, with all his failings, he has certainly made a proficiency not common among scholars of this country."

WHETHER the miscellaneous articles which follow be worthy of insertion, may by some be doubted, but they are genuine, and asperity may be softened by the consideration that they are the last.

If the reader will refer to the edition of Demosthenes, by Wolfius, printed at Frankfort, 1604, at p. 470, he will find the Oration of Æschines contre Ctesiphontem to conclude thus:

Και ειμεν καλως και αξιως τȣ αδικηματ☉ κατηγορηκα, ειπον ως εϐȣλομην, ειδε ενδεεϛερως ως εδυναμην.

Porson has noted a singular coincidence of expression to be found in the 38th verse of the last chapter of the second book of Maccabees.

"And if I have done well and as fitting the story it is that which I desired, but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

PART of a humourous and satirical copy of verses addressed to Dr. W——, on his being appointed Tutor to the D—— of G——, by some attributed to Porson, by some to a hand now Right Reverend.

A POETICAL ADDRESS.

PART I.

Sage W——, Royal William's Tutor,
Thou reverend dilettanti Fluter,
His voice an humble poet raises
To celebrate thy Pupil's praises;
The lovely Boy and senior Gloster,
Shall condescend my muse to foster
With praise—not pay; for you and I know
Our patron's not too full of rhino;
You for a paltry pimping payment,
That scarce will find you food and raiment,
Give up your talents, freedom, leisure,
To do the Royal folks a pleasure;
I, for we poets in all ages,
Have scorned to do our work for wages,
Waste pen, wit, rhyme, and why? the cause is
An hungry hope of lean applauses.

* * * * * * * * * *

Now W—— swears, so goes the rumour,
These squibs more scandal have than humour.

" Oh!

" Oh! curse the rascal, did I know him, *(aside)*
" I'd maul him for his doggrel poem *."
Yet W——, should ill-tempered satire,
Prince William's character bespatter,
Fret not, but check thy rising choler,
For I'll defend thy Royal Scholar.

END OF PART I.

* A scurrilous Ballad, entitled *Christmas Gambols.*

THE

THE Essay which succeeds was discovered after his decease among the manuscripts of the elegant and accomplished youth, whose character will be found in Vol. I. p. 173, et seq. It is supposed to be descriptive of his own particular situation.

Goodness wounds itself,
And sweet affection proves the spring of woe.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE character of Timon of Athens presents a delineation of sudden change in the principles of human action, which, though drawn by the pen of Shakespeare himself, whose knowledge of the heart appears almost intuitive, has been censured as extravagant and unnatural. The glowing generosity, the indefatigable friendship, the expansive openness of soul, which mark the earlier features of the character of Timon, are suddenly, on a change of fortune, which discover treachery in his supposed friends, subverted to their foundation. The whole mental scene, shifting with rapidity and violence, presents in their room the most inveterate and ferocious detestation directed against all mankind. In my mind, the poet has here only afforded another

another proof of the keenness of that penetration, which, glancing through all the springs and mazes of the human soul, fixes the changing features of the mental portrait, and holds a mirror to nature herself. He perceived that on the ruins of our best feelings the temple of misanthropy is ever erected, the force of this truth he has exemplified by characters stamped with the kindliest affections of nature, containing those propensities on which the fairest structure of human happiness is raised, in which those benefits, so far from tending to their proper end, ill-managed and abused, involve their possessors in delusion and misery, and naturally end in a frame of mind inimical to mankind, and incapable of felicity.

Of these Timon is one; although inconsiderate ostentation forms a striking feature in the delineation of Shakespeare, the violence of misanthropy is to be traced to other causes, and we are led to exclaim, from a thorough knowledge of his character, with the faithful Flavius,

> Poor honest Lord, brought low by his own heart;
> Undone by goodness.

To follow the general idea of the poet more closely, to apply it more generally to human nature at large, will probably reward our labour. For this purpose, we may call up before our eyes the

the painful, though too common picture, which the mind, where the glow of fancy triumphs over reason, and the mere impulse of sensibility supersedes reflection and settled principle, exhibits in its progress through the world.

To a mind of high wrought feelings, and heated imagination, the entrance of life is fairy ground. The objects which solicit attention, viewed through the medium of that elevated hope which youth alone inspires, shine with a brilliancy of tint not their own. The face of universal nature impresses the soul with secret influence, a delicious rapture, which gives a new charm to being, and the heart, intoxicated with its own sensations, expands with an unbounded warmth to all existence.

The desert of the world is decorated with the fleeting visions of a raised and glowing fancy, while the eye rests, with unsuspicious wonder, on the splendid prospects which the magic of early expectation calls up on every side. Filled with that strong enthusiasm which elevates whilst it deludes, the mind soon is taught to feel, that in the crowd of pleasures, which court her acceptance, something is still deficient. The finer and more exalted ideas, which stimulate incessantly to action, are still without an object worthy of all their energy. The powers of the soul languish, and are depressed, from the narrowness of the sphere in which they

have yet moved, the master strings of the heart are yet untouched, the higher, stronger passions of the breast are to be rouzed before the keenness of expectation can be gratified. The charms of friendship, the delicate and intoxicating sensations which attend the first delicious emotions of the tender passion, rush on the imagination with violence, to which even the energy of youthful ambition is feeble and impotent in comparison. It seems that but a dream of pleasure, a prospect of bliss, has been presented to the view, which friendship and love alone can realize and render perfect.

The enthusiast now looks eagerly around for the objects, which a heart, yet unacquainted with the realities of things, and wound up to its highest pitch, tells him are alone able to fill that void which still aches within the bosom. In the moment of delusion, the connections are formed which are to stamp existence with happiness or misery in the extreme. A blind impulse overpowers deliberation, and the heart expands itself for the reception of inmates, whose value it has not for a moment paused to ascertain. The measure of happiness is now for a moment full. The mind, conscious that the energy of sentiment no longer languishes in inaction, feels those wishes compleated, which the vividity of imagination had before but imperfectly suggested, and yields without reserve to the novel emotions, which

begin

begin to make part of its existence. On every side the heart is cheered by the smile of affection, on every side the arms of friendship are expanded with inviting openness.

The wand of deception creates a little world around, where nothing meets the eye but the mutual efforts of emulative exertion, and the smile of beneficence exulting over its own work. And love! sacred love! who that has truly felt thy first pure, and delicious influence, but learns, even if the object be delusion, that the few moments which thy power can confer, are of more value than whole existences unanimated by thy holy and vital flame.

But this rapture is not to last. The time is to come when the prospect which depended on the influence of passion, however noble, and prejudice, however honest, shall melt away from the view. The mind, raised to a pitch of enjoyment above the reality of sublunary happiness, is in danger when the faces of things appear at once in their proper colours, of sinking to a degree equally below it. He, who in the glow of his earlier feelings, feasted his eye with increasing transport, on the gay and captivating scenery, with which the creative power of an ardent imagination had overspread the barrenness of reality, now begins to find a thousand little deceptions wear away. The insipidity and nakedness of many an object, which, at a distance, had

had attracted his eagerness, and roused the keenness of his passions, press so close upon him, that even prejudice and enthusiasm fail to operate the accustomed delusion.

The little vanity, so often interwoven with the best natures, receives a variety of unexpected and grievous wounds. As the mists which clouded his better judgment retire, on every side he discovers with astonishment, that a dupe to self-deception, he has, like a blind idolator, fallen prostrate before the gaudy images his own hands have formed and decorated. He perceives that he has walked in a world of his own creation, that life and man are still before him to study, and he only recovers his cooler reason to feel the loss of that mental elevation, that brilliant perception of things, which, though ideal, were so dear to him.

But perhaps this is not all, nor does the discovery which scourges vanity; and detects the harmless fallacies of judgment, alone await him. Perhaps the hour of deception has treasured up disappointment more heavy and intolerable. What are his sensations, if the truth he now begins anxiously and fearfully to learn, is brought immediately home to his own bosom, and he is doomed to feel that the exalted and glowing ideas of friendship, which first expanded his soul, shrink even in his view, and leave his breast void and desolate. When in the heart,

which

which his earliest ideas had imaged as the residence of that sacred passion, the trial of experience detects hollowness and falsehood. When it is his bitter lot to mark the progress of alienated affection, to watch the subsidence of cooling attachment, to feel the ties connected in an honest and unsuspicious bosom with all his first enjoyments of happiness, beginning one by one to untwine. When he is to groan under the pang of the heart, which accompanies the tearing out of the thousand little habits of confidence, the innumerable kindly affections, which long custom had rooted in the soul, and made a part of the pleasantness of existence; or when he is to experience the agony of the moment, when he, in whom the bosom fondly trusted, insults the confidence he has cruelly violated, and aggravates by unfeeling mockery the distress his perfidy has excited.

But if this can be borne, perhaps the last and most fearful shock awaits him; the tenderest strings of his soul are to be more cruelly rent, and the wound, which before smarted almost to madness, rendered at once incurable. There are finer and more exalted ties, comprehending the best feelings the dearest relations of which our natures are capable. Their severing is accompanied by sensations to which the wound of violated friendship itself is feeble, and, to minds of a certain frame, communi-

cates that deadly stroke, to which the power of all other human evils, would have been inadequate. Such are those which unexpected treachery, from that quarter where the soul had gathered up its best and tenderest hope, must call forth, and few are the hearts, round the ruggedness of whose nature so little of the softer feelings are entwined, as not to feel the full keenness of that wound which the tearing of the ties of love inflicts, though its firmness had been inaccessible to the force of common calamities. The distress is more complicated and hopeless from its nature than any other, and the pangs of a thousand discordant passions are crouded and concentrated into that terrible moment which discovers infidelity, where the confiding heart had fondly rested all its prospects of happiness. Under other strokes of calamity the soul gains force and dignity from the greatness of unmerited misfortunes, and rouses every latent power to combat against evil fate.

In the school of distress the energies of the mind are disclosed, and, learning our own powers, we combat against the impression of adversity till we are able to contemn it. But here the sufferer finds himself as it were waked suddenly from a dream of happiness to intolerable misery; with his mind unnerved and weakened by passion, all the resources of fortitude lying dormant, every tender sensation

 doubly

doubly acute, every softening feeling alive. From the object of tenderness and idolatry of one, who was the world to him, he at once finds himself a deserted and despised being; he sees his best and finest feelings blasted for ever, his honest sources of pleasure and peace cut off at one stroke, with the terrible aggravation that the hand to which alone he could look for comfort and healing under the wound of calamity, instead of being stretched out to save him, itself lodges the dagger in his breast.

He is now alone. The ties which bound him to existence, cruelly loosened before, are torn for ever by this last, worst stroke. The prospect which before warmed his heart, is narrowed and darkened on every side. The journey of life is before him dreary and comfortless. The weary path of rugged labour remains to be trodden, when the motives of activity and the rewards of exertion have ceased to exist, when the keenness of expectation can no longer be stimulated, and the spirit of enterprize has subsided into sullen indifference. While he ruminates with agony on the past, he cheerlessly looks forward to a gloomy futurity, and his foreboding mind sees, in the ruin of his first and fondest hopes, the nothingness of the visions of imagination, the destruction of the

thousand little schemes and prospects suggested by an honest ambition, which the exultation of an heart untouched by calamity had fondly and fearlessly indulged. The recollection of those delusions, which cheated his unsuspecting youth, whispers for ever that safety is alone compatible with *apathy*, and cases his heart in impenetrable suspicion. A line of separation is drawn between him and his species.

Deceived, insulted, wounded, from that quarter where his heart had treasured up all hope, where his ideas of human excellence had all concentred confidence in mankind, is in his eyes the weakness of despicable folly, or the extreme of desperate madness. The principles of the soul, already unsettled, are soon shaken to their foundation. The milk of human kindness turns fast to gall; while those very passions, that frame of mind, which operated the first delusion, which stamped the features of unbounded friendship, of enthusiastic beneficence, now all subverted, are applied to exalt the violence of the opposite character. Under this stroke the self-love, which might bear up against the common weight of calamity, receives an incurable and rankling wound, over which the soul gloomily broods. The passions of the misanthrope still flaming with violence, tend, as to a

centre, to the aggravation of abhorrence and distrust of his species, and he hates with a keenness and acrimony proportioned to the strength of disappointed feeling which marked his entrance into life.

H......

THE

THE following Imitations of the Ancients, by Milton and Pope, are printed from a Manuscript of Gilbert Wakefield's, dated Warrington, April 20, 1783.

MILTON'S IMITATION OF THE ANCIENTS.

Book I. l. 594.

As when the sun
In dim eclipse, *disastrous twilight sheds*
On half the nations—

LUCAN. PHARSAL. I. 542.

Involvetque *orbem tenebris, gentesque coegit*
Desperare diem—

Book I. v. 665.

The sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell; highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war.

LUCRET. L II. 325.

Fulgur ibi ad cœlum se tollit, totaque circum
Ære renidescit tellus, subterque, virûm vi,
Excitur pedibus sonitus, clamoreque montes
Ictei rejectant voces ad sidera mundi.

Book II. 220.

This horror will grow mild, this darkness light.

SOPHOC.

SOPHOC. AJAX. 397.

Ιω σκοτ☉ εμον φα☉·
Ερεβ☉ ω φαεννοτατον.

Book III. v. 39.

As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note—

MOSCHUS. Id. III. 9.

Αδονες αἱ πυκινοισιν οδυρομεναι ποτι φυλλοις.

Book III. v. 217.

He asked, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heaven.

IL. κ. 218.

Ὡς ἔφαθ. οι δε αρα παντες ακην εγενοντο σιωπῆ.

See also Revelations, chap. viii. v. 1.

"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

Book IV. v. 323.

Adam the goodliest man of men.

VIRG. ÆN. VII. 55.

Ante alios pulcherrimus omnes
Turnus.

V. 677.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen.

HESIOD, OP. et DI. I. 250.

Τρις γαρ μυριοι εισιν επι χθονι πουλυβοτειρῃ
Αθανατοι Ζην☉, φυλακες θνητων ανθρωπων.

V. 764.

V. 764.

Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings.

OVID AMOR. L. II. 9. 34.

Notaque purpureus tela resumit amor.

Again,

ART. AMAND. I. 232.

Purpureus Bacchi cornua pressit amor.

V. 985.

Satan alarmed,
Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 49.

Rabie fera corda tument, majorque videri
Nec mortale, &c.

Book V. 11.

Sowed the earth with orient pearl.

APUD ARISTOT. POET. β. ωδ. ED. OX.

Σπειρων θεακτιστον φλογα.

V. 7.

And the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough.

SOPHOC. ELECT. 18.

Εωα κινει φθεγματ' ορνιθων σαφη.

V. 165.

Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

THEOG. SENT. V. 3.

Αλλ' αιει πρωτοντε, και υςατον εντεμεσοισιν
Αεισω.

V. 205.

Be bounteous still
To give us only good.

THEOG. V. 4.

Κλυθι ϰ̧ εσθλα διδϐ.

Ver. 896.

Abdiel faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.

SOPHOC. ELECT. 1367.

Ουτ☉ ὃν ποτ' εκ πολλων εγω
Μονον προσευρον πιϛον.

Book VI. 233.

Expert
When to advance or stand.

HOM. IL: H. 237.

Αυτὰρ ἐγὼν ἒυ οἶδα μάχαϛε ανδροκτασίαϛ.
Οἶδ επι δεξια, οἶδ επαριϛερα.

V. 695.

War wearied hath performed.

VIRG. ÆN. VII. 582.

Martemque fatigant.

V. 710.

Go then thou mightiest,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels,
That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh.

HOMER. IL. XVI. 64.

Τυνη δ'ωμοιιν μεν εμα κλυτα τευχεα δυθι, &c. &c.

Book VII. v. 422.

With clang despised the ground.

HORAT. OD. III. 2. 24.

Udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

V. 430.

Over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight.

CICERO DE NAT. DEOR. II. 49.

Pennis cursus avium levatur.

Book VIII. 221.

Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attend thee, and each word each motion forms.

TIBULL.

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

V. 316.

Whom thou soughtst, I am.

VIRG. ÆN. I. 599.

Coram quem quæritus, adsum.

V. 430.

Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt.

HOR. OD. I. 35. 2.

Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus.

V. 513.

V. 513.

The earth
Gave sign of gratulation.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. 166.

Tellus et pronuba Juno
Dant signum.

V. 606.

More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.

HOR. SAT. II. 5. 93.

Carmine gratior aurem
Occupat humanam.

Book XI. v. 505.

Would either not accept
Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down.

GR. EPIG.

Τοινδε δυοιν ἑνὸς ἁιρεσις, η το γενεσθαι
Μηδεποτ' η το θανειν αυτικα τικτομενον.

V. 657.

Others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones.

VIRG. ÆN. X. 130.

Hi jaculis, illi certant defendere saxis.

We could subjoin many other instances, but these may suffice to prove, that he who marked them was not confined to a very circumscribed path of reading. There are, however, some imitations by Pope, which appear worth preserving.

PROLOGUE TO SAT.

Pretty in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms,
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they came there.

MARTIAL. VI. 15.

Dum Phaetonteâ formica vagatur in umbrâ
  Implicuit tenuem succina gutta feram,
Sic modo quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,
  Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis.

ESSAY ON MAN, B. IV.

Or why so long, if long in life can be,
Lent heaven a parent to the poor and me.

VIRG. ÆN. X. 861

Phœbe diu, res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est
Viximus.

MORAL ESSAYS, II.

Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air,
Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall and in it
Catch e'er she change this Cynthia of the minute.

COWLEY'S

Cowley's David.

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
Of a new rainbow ere it fret or fade,
The choicest there cut out.

Moral Essays, III.

Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid this shining mischief under ground,
But when by man's audacious labour won
Flamed forth this rival to its sire the sun.

Cowley's David.

Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold which alone more influence has than he.

Dunciad, Book IV.

Tis true on words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of me or te, of aut or at.

Gr. Epig. in Athen. Lib. V.

Φευγετ' Ἀριςαρχειοι
Γωνιοβομβυκες, μονοσυλλαβοι, οισε μεμηλε
Το σφιν, ϗ σφωιν, ϗ το μιν, ηδε το νιν.

Windsor Forest.

Hills, vales, and woods, appear already crost,
And e'er he starts a thousand steps are lost

Lucret. II. 263.

Nonne vides etiam patefactis tempore puncto
Carceribus, non posse tamen prorumpere equorum
Vim cupidam tam desubito quam mens avet ipsa,
Et seq.

Rape

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Trivial the subject, but not so the praise.

VIRG. GEORG.

In tenui labor, et tenuis non gloria.

WINDSOR FOREST, 337.

First the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned,
The Lodden slow with verdant alders crowned;
Cole whose dark streams his flowery islands lave,
And chalky Wey that rolls a milky wave;
The blue transparent Vandalis appears,
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood,
And sient Darent stained with Danish blood.

CLAUDIAN IN PROB. ET OLYB. CONS. V. 254.

Indigenas fluvios, Italis quicunque suberrant
Montibus, Alpinasque bibunt de more pruinas,
Vulturnusque rapax, et Nar vitiatus odoro
Sulfure, tardatisque suis erroribus usens,
Et Phætonteæ perpessus damna ruinæ,
Eridanus, flavæque terens querceta Maricæ
Liris et Æbaliæ qui temporat arva Galesus.

ART. OF CRIT.

Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.

CLAUDIAN. I. STEL. CONS. II. 127.

despectaque Musæ
Cella levant.

To revert for a moment to Milton, the following similitude will appear very remarkable.

Book IV. v. 159.

As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest, with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

Diodorus Siculus, L. III. c. 45.

Θεια γαρ τις φαινεται και λογου κρειττων ή προς πιπτουσα και κινουσα τας εκαστων αισθησεις ευωδια. Και γαρ τους παραπλεοντας, καιπερ πολυ της χερσου κεχωρισμενους, ουκ αμοιρους ποιει της τοιαυτης απολαυσεως—κατα γαρ την εαρινην ωραν, οταν ανεμος απογειος γενηται, συμβαινει τας απο των σμυρνοφορων δενδρων και των αλλων των τοιαυτων αποπνεομενας ευωδιας διικνεισθαι προς τα πλησιον μερη της θαλαττης.

For the variety of fragrances which here is perpetually exhaled seems somewhat divine, and beyond the power of description; for they who are sailing by, although at a considerable distance from the coast, cannot be insensible of this delight; for in the season of Spring, when the wind blows from the land, it brings with it to the contiguous parts of the sea, the sweet fragrance of myrrh, and other aromatic shrubs.

One

One more resemblance shall suffice.

Book VII. v. 438.

The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.

Silius Italicus, XIV. 190.

Haud secus Eridani stagnis ripâve Caystri
Innatat albus olor, pronoque immobile corpus
Dat fluvio, et pedibus tacitas eremigat undas.

The lines which are subjoined are among the very first poetical productions of the late amiable Mr. Jerningham.

AN IRREGULAR ODE

IN HONOUR OF MISS CAMPBELL,

By Mr. J———m,

Written Impromptu at Lady J———'s Tea Table.

1.

Oh the pride
Of Lord Hyde,
And the care
Of Lord Clare,
And the darling
Of Alderman Starling.

For Venus oft art thou mistaken,
In Bruton-street, by Teddy Bacon *.

3.

Sir Armine †, when he looks at thee,
Forgets his house of Industry.

* Edward Bacon, Esq. Member for Norwich.
† Sir Armine Wodehouse, Bart.

4.

One touch of thy celestial hand,
Tho' shaded by thy brownest glove,
(Such is the power of mighty Love)
Consumes to atoms Mr. Brand *.

Thy rising charms spread such alarms,
That when of late to Berkeley-square †,
(With conquests big) thou didst repair,
Intent thy skill in dancing to display,
The amorous youth for fear kept all away.

In prose or rhyme it cannot told be,
How deep you've wounded Mr. Bowluy.

One of the valiant sons of war
Still wears thy deep imprinted scar,
'Tis Captain—what d'ye call him—Pshaw
The little Adjutant—Fanshaw ‡.

* The Rev. Mr. Brand.

† Alluding to a ball at the Duchess of Beaufort's, at which Miss C. assisted, and to which her Grace invited no young men, for fear they should captivate the heart of Lady Eliz. Compton.

‡ Mr. Fanshaw, of the Guards.

8.

Then to Squallini Brooke * thou'rt such a treat,
The Doctor *sweetly* smiles, and does not—eat.

9.

And when you come to Grosvenor-square,
You make no small confusion there,
Thy beauteous form too briskly urges
The throbbing pulse of Mr. Burges †.

10.

To Mr. Lombe ‡ you give a fever,
For thee he quits his lovely B——r.

11.

Thy beauty casts so warm a ray,
That hearts and bowels melt away,
On warlike Alpe §, of the Militia,
It had th' effect of strong magnesia.

12.

On Wisdom's calm sequester'd seat,
Thou'st dared to rush with impious feet,
And there thou hast been fondly thieving
The heart that's due to Madam Stephen ||.

* The Rev. Dr. Brooke.
† Lady J———'s old butler.
‡ John Lombe, Esq. of Melton.
§ Mr. Hamond Alpe, of Fransham.
|| A piece of scandal on Mr. Leonard Buxton, of Easton.

13.

Now cease, oh Muse, thy too ambitious strain,
To count her charms thou still wouldst strive in vain,
Were you blest with the pen of the Bard of Fernay *, [Quick time.
Or the still keener wit of Sir Hanson Berney †

* The celebrated Voltaire.
† Sir H. B. of Kirby, Bart.

MO[illegible]Y CONTENTS

OF

[illegible]O NOTABLE VOLUMES.

When this same eccentric work was drawing very near to its conclusion, it was objected by a friend, that something more explanatory of the contents of each chapter than the motto prefixed, appeared to be necessary.

The Sexagenarian had himself already done this in numerous instances; the Editor has supplied the rest, and the reader will be at no loss to distinguish the hand of the master from the humble one of the copyist.

MOTLEY CONTENTS

OF

TWO NOTABLE VOLUMES.



CHAP. IX. P. 56.

'Tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true.
First appearance of a really great man

Sapiens, sibique imperiosus
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent,
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores.
Fortis et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus
Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.

CHAP. X. P. 64.

Great merit greatly rewarded.

'Tis a rare fortune (says Montaigne) but of inestimable solace, to have a worthy man, one of a sound judgment, and of manners conformable to your own, who takes delight to be in your company.

CHAP. XI. P. 71.

Shakespeare's words true—
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

CHAP. XII. P. 75

Brings to mind honest Joe Miller. A Bishop in one of his visitations noticed a fine healthy chubby boy playing in the church-yard. His Lordship chucked him under the chin, and asked him of what trade he should like to be. A Bishop, replied the boy. A very good trade, returned the Bishop, provided you can set up for yourself, when you are out of your time.

CHAP. XIII. P. 80.

Introduction to a physician, to whom what Cicero, in one of his letters to Atticus, has observed of his favourite physician Alexion, may be truly applied by all who knew him. Cicero is communicating to his friend the news of Alexion's death.

O factum male de Alexione! Incredibile est quantâ me molestiâ affecerit, nec mehercule ex ea parte maxime quod plerique mecum: ad quem igitur te medicum conferes? Quid mihi jam medico? aut si opus est tanta inopia est? Amorem erga me, humanitatem suavitatemque desidero.

CHAP. XIV. P. 84.

Treats of a certain personage who despised the good old proverb,

Nunquam enim tacuisse nocet, nocet esse locutum.

In other words,

If a word be worth one shekel, silence is worth two.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV. P. 92.

Professes to be unintelligible to the Editor. The author might have in mind a saying of the Jews:

Thy secret is thy prisoner; if thou let it go, thou art a prisoner to it.

CHAP. XVI. P. 96.

Silly enough—First Love soon cured.

The cheese was soft, and the hook would not stick in it; a proof of the adage, that

Prosperity is very hard to bear.

CHAP. XVII. P. 102.

Wellborn—No liquor! nor no credit!
Tapwell—None Sir. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship,
But he dying,
And the twelve hundred a-year coming to you,
Late Mr. Francis, now forlorn Wellborn,
You had a merry time of 't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses, mistresses,
And other such extravagances.
Your lands gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower; no man escaped
Your paper pellets,—I in time
May rise to be overseer of the poor,
Which if I do, on your petition Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen pence a quarter.

CHAP. XVIII. P. 107.

The good effects of method exemplified, with a serious warning against being entangled in law-suits, which "catch flies, and let hornets go free."

CHAP. XIX. P. 113.

The misery of one false step—a modern Messalina.—" She first made love in private as is the common use, but bringing her business about with too much ease, she soon scorned that way, and presently fell to making open love."

CHAP. XX. P. 118.

Concessa pudet ire via.—Least said soonest mended.—Early prejudices not easily forsaken.

CHAP. XXI. P. 123.

A very interesting and amiable character—
Who would not sing for Lycidas?

CHAP. XXII. P. 131.

Fortune's favours not always ill bestowed.
Sœpius Pol ipse fingit fortunam sibi.

CHAP. XXIII. P. 136.

A very whimsical, but most improbable collection of "Supposes."

"If he be Cæsar, let him boldly think himself the greatest captain in the world."

"Presumption is divided into two parts: the one in setting too great a value upon ourselves, and the other in setting too little a value upon others."

CHAP. XXIV. P. 141.

The reader is introduced to a phœnomenon of a very different kind from the Comet which blazed and scorched in the last chapter.

CHAP. XXV. P. 147.

A Blue Stocking Dame of the very highest order, yclept Huniades.—"Her humour as fantastic as her diet. Nothing that is English must come near her. All her delight is in foreign impertinencies. She's for any thing that comes from beyond sea. She must have some decayed persons of quality about her, for the Commons of England are the strangest creatures."

CHAP. XXVI. P. 154.

A young gentleman born to nothing,
Forty marks a-year, which I call nothing,
Enough now to buy a Barony.
Present him with a chair,
The best attendance—the best drink—sometimes
Two glasses of Canary—
The purest air, and the sharpest knife.

CHAP. XXVII. P. 157.

Proves the old Erasmian adage—Mus non uni fidit antro

CHAP. XXVIII. P. 164.

The world is (says Montaigne) a school of inquisition. It is not who shall carry the ring, but who shall run the best courses.

CHAP. XXIX. P. 168.

A new path opened in the pilgrimage of life—Beggars must not be choosers—rather rhapsodical in parts. An old saw exemplified, "Chi ha amor nel petto ha le sprone ne i fianchi." Aliter.

He who has love in his breast has spurs in his side.

CHAP. XXX. P. 173.

The tear my Laura sheds is true,
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true

CHAP. XXXI. P. 180.

Fox-hunting parsons not always coarse, rude, or illiterate. Men of elegant birth, education, and accomplishments, not always polished in their manners, or attractive in their outward appearance.

CHAP. XXXII. P. 189.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

CHAP. XXXIII. P. 194.

Miles Romane, Ægyptum cave, say the Sybilline books. There are who apply the phrase to Pompey alone, who lost his life by trusting himself in Egypt. Its better interpretation seems to be, that the effeminacy and luxury of this enervating country was likely to prove pernicious to the Roman veterans, accustomed to hard fare, and rigid discipline; and in this sense, may be applied to the arrival for the first time of any inexperienced young man in the English metropolis.

CHAP. XXXIV. P. 199.

A new Dramatis Persona introduced upon the stage, who in his time subsequently proved the Roscius of his day. No preternatural appearances marked the infancy of Porson, though it is told of Roscius, that when in his cradle, his nurse discovered a serpent twined round his bosom, which of course induced the Haruspices to foretell, nihil illo puero clarius, nihil nobilius fere.

CHAP. XXXV. P. 204.

CHAP. XXXVI. P. 211.

CHAP. XXXVII. P. 219.

CHAP. XXXVIII. P. 228.

CHAP. XXXIX. P. 236.

On the same subject. "I knew him well Horatio."

CHAP. XL. P. 245.

Wherein is demonstrated the truth of the proverb,

"Qui cum sapientibus versatur, sapiens erit,"

as well as that saying among the Jews,

If I had not lifted up the stone, you would not have found the jewel.

CHAP. XLI. P. 257.

A modern Gracchus.

See Gifford's Juvenal, p. 38, note.

The Gracchi were brothers, nobly descended, and virtuously educated, but unfortunately too ambitious. Cæsars in short born near a century before their time. They proposed an Agrarian law (Spencean) and to get it passed, struck at the root of that liberty of which they professed themselves the champions, conceiving, perhaps, with other hasty reformers, that the end justified the means. They were murdered with every circumstance of barbarity; Tiberius G. in the midst of his followers, by Scipio Nasica, and Caius G. some time after, by a mob more powerful and more profligate than his own. The hero of this chapter died miserably in banishment at Botany Bay, a just victim to the offended laws of his country.

CHAP. XLII. P. 266.

The subject of this chapter is well explained by an old Greek ceremony. It was the custom at Athens to introduce at the marriage ceremony a boy who was covered with prickly branches, and the common acorn, and carrying in his hand baskets full of bread; he was taught to exclaim, εφυγον κακον, ευρον αμεινον, as much as to say, I have exchanged the bad, that is, thorns and acorns, for good, or in other words, for bread. Nor is it less to the purpose to add, that these also were the terms used by those who were initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries—εφυγον κακον, ευρον αμεινον.

CHAP. XLIII. P. 275.

The same subject continued.
" There could be no great ones if there were no little."

CHAP. XLIV. P. 282.

The same subject.
Familiar Epistles.

By the way, it is an error to call Cicero's Epistles, Familiar Epistles. Epistolæ ad familiares, has a distinct meaning.

CHAP. XLV. P. 296.

A really great man.

With a fair wind how steadily and cheerily the vessel scuds along. It is not easy to estimate the value of the help of Theseus; did he not assist Meleager in the destruction of the Caledonian boar? What, without his aid could Perithous have done in his battle with the Centaurs, or Hercules in his contest with the Amazons?

CHAP. XLVI. P. 307.

Virgil tells us that Jupiter was so indignant with Esculapius for restoring Hippolitus to life, that he struck him dead with his thunder.

Nam Pater Omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris
Mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere vitæ,
Ipse repertorem medicinæ natus et artis
Flumine Phœbeginam Stygias detrusit ad undas.

What rare punishments would he not have devised for the accomplished individuals here recapitulated.

CHAP. XLVII. P. 315.

The same subject.

The first personage who is here introduced might exclaim,

Laborum (morborum)
Nulla mihi nova nunc facies inopinaque surgit
Omnia præcepi atque animo mecum ante peregi.

Of the rest, of all of whom it is well known how much their skill and experience have contributed to sooth and soften the calamities of their contemporaries, it is impossible not to be a little out of humour with that surly old fellow, Cato the Censor. Till his time the Romans knew nothing of physicians or physic. They were introduced when he was in office, and after a trial banished at his interposition. Here (says the veteran) have I lived to be fourscore and five, and here too is my wife in extreme old age, and we neither of us ever had or wanted physician or physic. Let them go about their business.

CHAP. XLVIII. P. 324.

To this part of the work, and to this, and some of the subsequent chapters, the title of one of the comedies of Aristophanes might not unaptly be applied, viz. The Ecclesiazuræ, or Women assembling themselves together. Here they will be found assembled of all ages, ranks, conditions, and talents, in almost every variety of that various sex: Widows, Matrons, Virgins, Philosophers, Politicians, and Poets. The Sexagenarian was a well-known advocate for the sex, the reader must not therefore expect any of those hard, wicked, and abusive adages about them, such as the three greatest evils, are Fire, Water, Woman. There are three things which are good for nothing without much beating, a walnut-tree, an ass, and a woman. A man of straw is worth a woman of gold. Three women and a goose make a market. Fie on such vile slanderers!!!—No! no! different opinions will be found here: the maxim here prevalent is, that there is no paradise without women, and that England is the paradise of women. But here a paradox occurs. There is no country in which women have so much influence, nor any language which contains such numerous and abusive reproaches upon women as our own.

CHAP. XLIX. P. 334.

Striking contrasts to the Portrait exhibited in the former chapter.

CHAP. L. P. 339.

The same subject, with a representation of similar virtues exemplified in such trials,

As may startle well but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.

CHAP. LI. P. 344.

Might not she who is concisely characterized in this chapter have exclaimed,

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

CHAP. LII. P. 348.

That same Mr. Pope, who was an arch slanderer of the sex, impudently says, that most women have no characters at all. Here we are introduced to a lady who appears to have combined almost every character in one. A Philosopher, and at the same time obedient to the first impulse of the passions. A writer on the subject of education, and yet violating in her own person the ties of moral obligation, as established in society. An advocate for the best principles that can direct the human heart, and a slave to the worst.

Some

Some of the sages of old held that the body of woman was formed by the good, and her mind by the evil Principle. Such heretical doctrines will find no advocates here, although the chapter and character before us may bring them to remembrance.

CHAP. LIII. P. 357.

The reader will here be reminded of the story of Narcissus, so prettily told by Ovid in the third book of his Metamorphoses, and more particularly of his soliloquy on contemplating his own image in the fountain. The lady whose portrait is given in the chapter which precedes, and she who is here first introduced, may be supposed to address to one another the following words of Narcissus, having been as it were, μια ψυχη.

Cum risi arrides, lacrymas quoque sæpe notavi
Me lacrymante tuas, nurtu quoque signa remittes—
In te ego sum, sensi—
Nunc duo concordes anima moriemur in una.

Nay, it is not quite impossible, but as it is an observation of one of the old commentators upon Plato, that "Furicus Triplex indissolubilis est," but that the third lady also may exult at being considered as one of the honourable fraternity.

Hoc est quod dicitur illud
Fraternum vere dulce sodalitium.

CHAP. LIV. P. 368.

CHAP. LV. P. 376.

CHAP. LVI. P. 378.

These three chapters contain ample matter for a modern novel, at least of three volumes. It would be easy to introduce a few episodes of great, and proud, and unfeeling relations, of prospects blighted, hopes disappointed, ambition marred, and so forth, and many a circulating library would be made to rejoice. The only objection seems to be, that what is here related, is true. There actually was a female so various, so eccentric, and yet so lovely. A doughty candidate for a generalship as fastastical, as conceited, and as amorous; a poet, so characterized by ingenious frenzy; relations as proud, as stupid and as unfeeling, with under Dramatis Personæ of corresponding peculiarities.

CHAP. LVII. P. 385.

The ancients had some very perverse and out of the way phrases about women. They would sometimes talk of a Chalcidian wife, which is variously interpreted, as meaning a very prolific wife, or as applying to one who is the cause of much contention and animosity. They had also a saying of a Thessalian wife, which meant neither more nor less than a witch. They would also wickedly say, that a woman never did any thing in moderation, and that if she played at dice, she always threw worse or better than any body else. But of all their pithy sayings on this pithy subject, it is not easy to find one which will apply to the character here introduced. Terence may perhaps help us—" O pergin mulier esse."

CHAP.

CHAP. LVIII. P. 389.

Devil.—Master bid me not come without the proof. There's Mr. Guzzle, the translator, never keeps me a minute, unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Author.—Why you little sooty, snivelling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagued with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must be pestered with your impertinence.

Devil.—Impertinence! Marry come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year. There's Mr. Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, though he has wrote two volumes of lives in quarto, and has a folio a-coming out in numbers.

CHAP. LIX. P. 395.

A female introduced who cares for no man, but boasts that her protectors are Title-page the publisher, Vamp the bookseller, and Index the printer. A most noble triumvirate!

CHAP. LX. P. 400.

Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper in the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms is aught so fair
As Virtue's friendship.

More

More sublime
The queen-like partner moved; the prime of age
Composed her steps; the presence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow enthroned,
From each majestic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe!

CHAP. LXI. P. 406.

The quotation above is intended to comprehend the subject of this chapter also.

The parties may be conceived as addressing one another in the words of Plautus.

Certe ego quod te amo, operam nusquam melius potui ponere,
Bene igitur ratio accepte atque expensi inter nos convenit
Tu me amas—ego tu amo; merito id fieri uterque existumat
Hæc qui gaudent, gaudeant perpetuo suo semper bono.

CHAP. LXII. P. 410.

"That little which is good fills the trencher."

CHAP. LXIII. P. 412.

Moliere —— furnishes us with a very apt motto for the portrait here delineated.

Que du nom de savante on honore en tous lieux,
Fachez ainsi que moi de vous montrer sa fille
Aspirez aux chartes qui sont dans la famille,
Et vous rendez sensible aux charmantes douceurs,
Que l'amour de l'etude epanches—dans les cœurs;

Loin

Loin d'etre aux loix d'un homme en esclave asservie,
Mariez vous, ma sœur a la philosophie,
Qui nous monte au-dessus de tout le genre-humain,
Et donne a la raison l'Empire Suverain.

CHAP. LXIV. P. 416.

Ambo florentes ætatibus. Arcades ambo
Et certare pares et respondere paretiæ.

By the way it may be asked, as a sort of desultory question, at what period did these same Arcadians redeem their character? In primitive times, they were considered as a mighty stupid people, celebrated, as they afterwards became, as poets. Athenæus tells us, that they despised music, and refused to receive the art among them. Lucian also, in his Treatise on Astrology, relates that they were the only people who refused and despised it, and professed themselves to be of greater antiquity than the moon.

The Tragi-Comedy of the Fœminæ Concurientes, or women assembling themselves together, here concludes.

CHAP. LXV. P. 421.

Of the venerable personage here depicted, it may be truly said, that he

Sinks to the grave by unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,
And all his prospects brightning to the last,
His heaven commences ere this world be past.

CHAP. LXVI. P. 427.

" As one who destin'd, from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again, erewhile
To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart.
Thus loved associates, *
Teachers of wisdom,
I now resign you, nor with fainting heart,
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons, may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore,
When freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind, shall with mind, direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits, meet to part no more.

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POSTSCRIPT.

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IT will not perhaps be a very easy matter, at this period of the work, to recal the mind of the reader from fiction to reality, and to persuade him of the melancholy truth, that THE SEXAGENARIAN IS NOW NO MORE. The circumstances attending this event are of an interesting, almost even of an awful nature. To engage the attention more deeply in his narrative, and to relieve it of the egotism attached to self-biography, the Sexagenarian had adopted the third person instead of the first in many parts of the work. He had supposed that after his death a friend had discovered a number of scattered materials, from which these volumes were to be formed, and had so supplied the connecting links as to make the history complete. In adopting this

plan,

plan, he was enabled to give the narrative many little lively turns, which the natural playfulness of his mind suggested. In this manner he had proceeded, sustaining the character of himself and his friend, within a few pages of the conclusion of his work, and had even corrected the press down to the present sheet. Little perhaps did he think how prophetic was his plan, and that on his own death-bed he should in reality entrust to a friend that office, which in fiction he had supposed to have been committed to his care. To present these Memoirs to the world, and explain the peculiar circumstances under which they are published, was the dying request of the Sexagenarian to one who knew and who valued his worth. He had scarcely entered upon his sixtieth year, and had just entitled himself to the appellation which in his work he had assumed, when he was suddenly called from an existence of much bodily pain and suffering. His life had been chequered by various events both of a prosperous and of an adverse nature. In the

the paths of literature his exertions had been attended with the most gratifying success. He had moved in the first circles of life; he had been fostered by the great, and rewarded by the good. No man, perhaps, of his age, possessed larger or more varied resources of curious and entertaining scholarship. In literary anecdote, he was rich and fertile; in neat and appropriate citations, he was unrivalled. His conversation was easy, elegant, and communicative; and no scholar could leave his company without an addition to his stock of knowledge. As a friend, he was respected and beloved; among his acquaintance, indeed, his good-humour was almost proverbial. His open and generous nature was too often a dupe to the treacherous, and a prey to the designing. His latter days were spent in retirement from those busy scenes, in which he had formerly borne a conspicuous part. In the last two years of his life, he amused himself with the composition of the preceding Memoirs, which display an extensive knowledge of

the events and the characters of a former day. Many of the personages there described, like the hand which records them, are now in the dust, and have left their name only and their memories behind.

Would the reader enquire the end of the Sexagenarian; would he know how a life so spent was concluded; let him be assured, that his last hours were those of a good and pious man; that he departed in the same faith and fear in which he had lived. And happy will he be, who, after a life so actively and so usefully employed, shall repose upon a death-bed so calm, and so Christian, as that of the SEXAGENARIAN.

FINIS.

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